Collier's
TEN CENTS
OCTOBER 20, 1945

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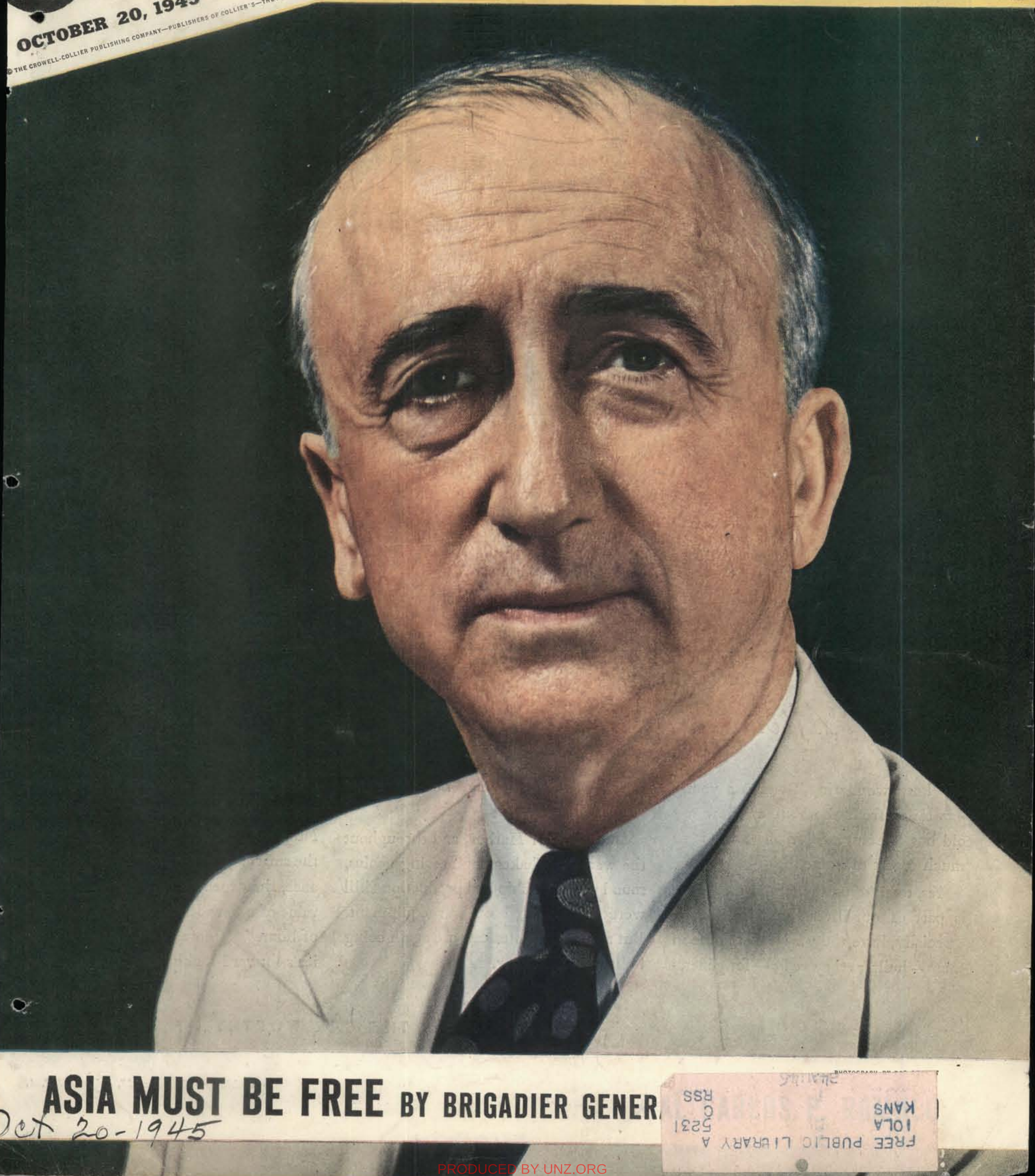
NEW STATESMEN—NEW WORLD

RECONVERSION IN OUR STATE DEPARTMENT

BY FRANK GERVASI

Iola, Kansas



JAMES F. BYRNES, Secretary of State

ASIA MUST BE FREE BY BRIGADIER GENER

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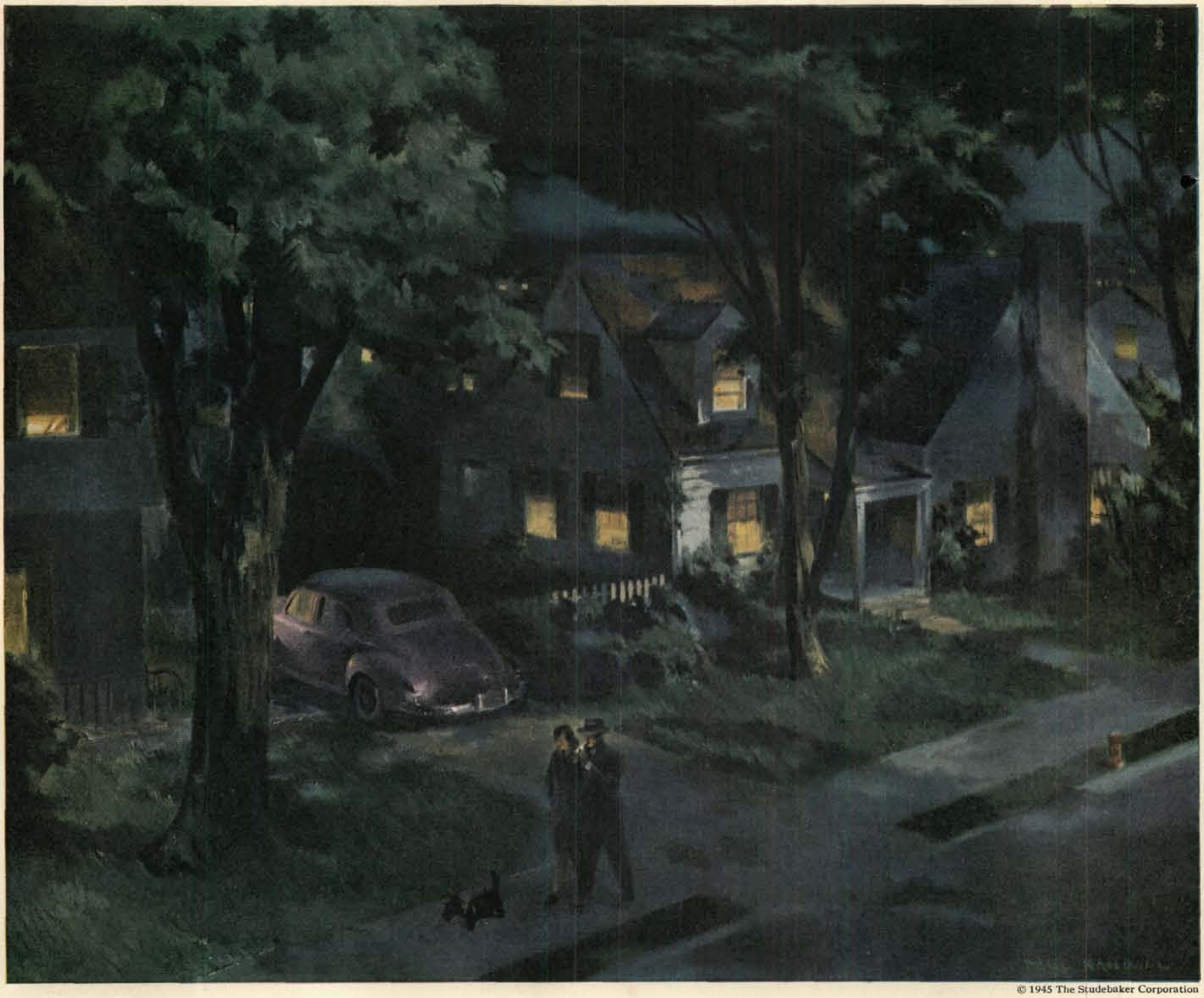


© 1945 The Studebaker Corporation

"After all, a car is so much a part of home"

"I keep wondering," writes a young sailor from the Pacific, "how my old bus is doing. After all, a car is so much a part of home."

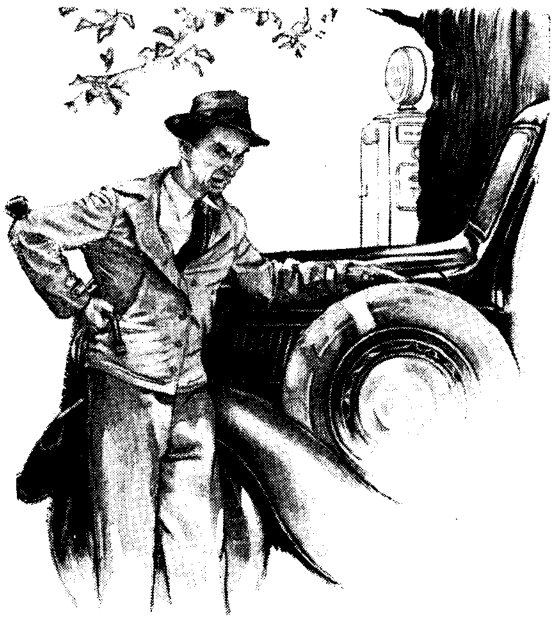
Yes, to all of us, the family motor car is part of our lives. Studebaker cars, especially, have the very feel of home in them — built, as they've been for generations, by home-loving, home-owning craftsmen.

Before Pearl Harbor, and throughout the war, Studebaker engineering genius, sound workmanship and production skill were concentrated on war equipment. But now, fine motor cars are again being built by Studebaker.

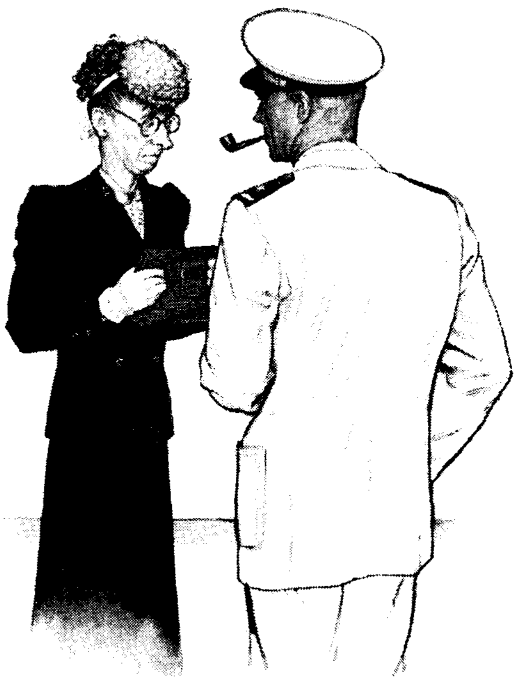
Many have had the good fortune to own Studebakers through the war years. Now, at last, the time is beginning when the smart styling, the brilliant performance, the dependable long life and solid value of a new Studebaker can be "part of home" to more and more of America's forward-looking families.

Studebaker THE CAR WORTHY OF YOUR HOME

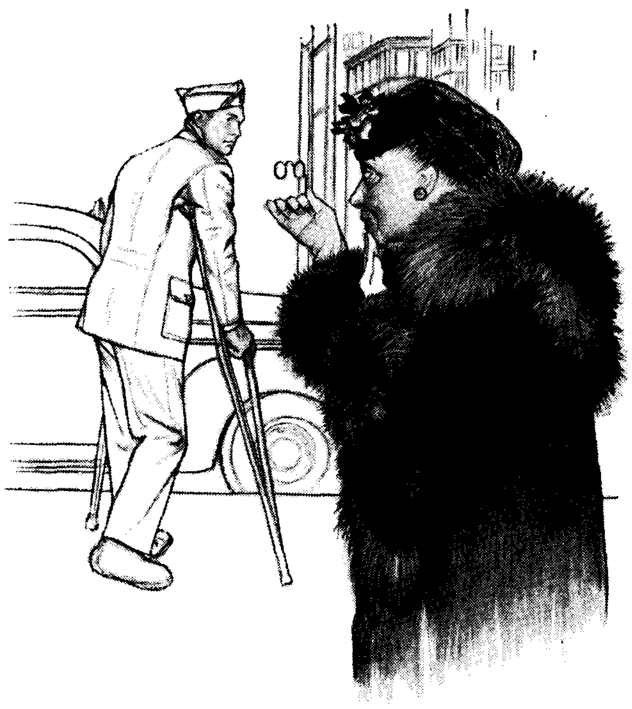
Studebaker • South Bend 27, Indiana, U. S. A.



Motor Martyr. Okinawa may have been tough all right, but wait'll you hear this civilian on the rigors of rationed driving.



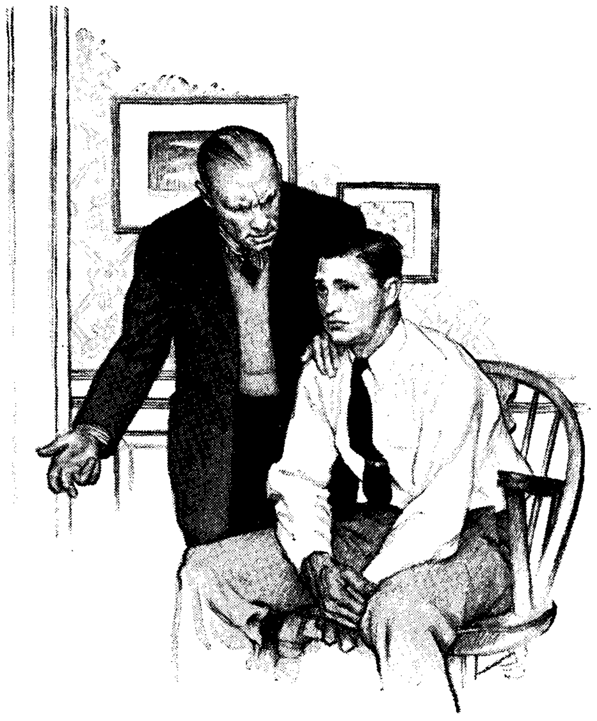
Lady with the needle nose. "Tell me how it feels to be wounded, Ensign. Did you bleed much?"



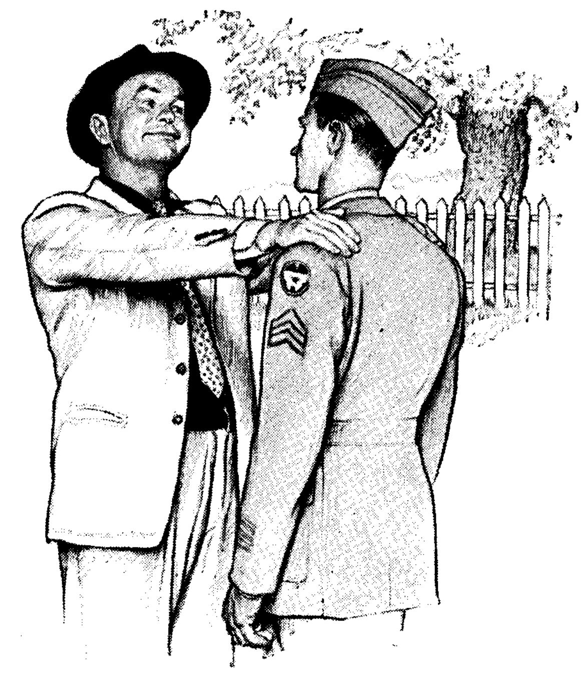
The Tsk-Tsk Sister. Just can't take her eyes off a disabled soldier. Thinks it's awful, and what's more, lets him know it.

Norman Rockwell asks:

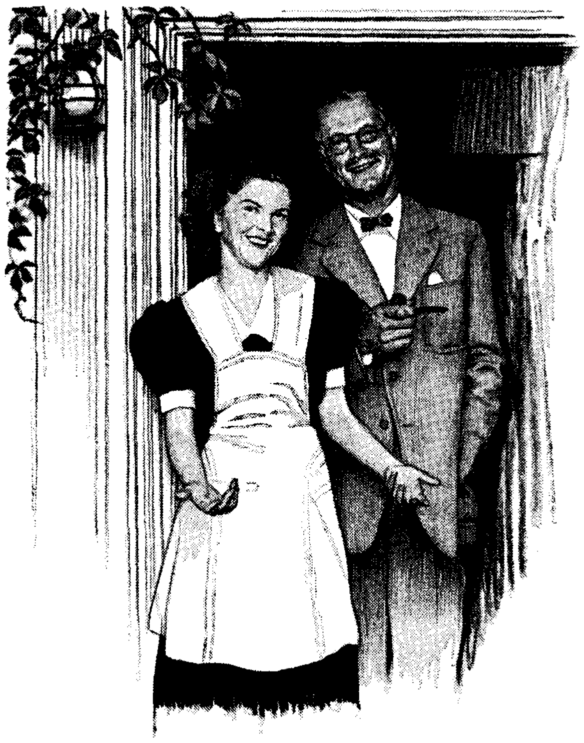
"Would a Veteran find You here?"



The no-nonsense type. "You've been home a whole week, son. Isn't it time to look for a job? Can't pamper ourselves, you know."



Yankee Doodle boy. "Drop in and see me anytime—after you get a job, that is."



Americans, first-class. "Welcome home, soldier!" *Here's* where a veteran would probably find *you*, glad to see him and eager to help. Because the great majority of Americans are too grateful to these veterans to make the mistakes shown here.

Good Americans don't prod the veteran with questions if he doesn't want to talk. They don't act sorry for him. Nor tell him life has been hard here. (He's been where it *is* hard.) And they don't stare at any disability he may have.

Above all, they remember that his experiences have made him an even more resourceful, capable citizen. They make it their job to help him get back into normal civilian life. Let's *all* be like them!

Prepared by the War Advertising Council, Inc., in Cooperation with the Office of War Information and the Retraining and Reemployment Administration.

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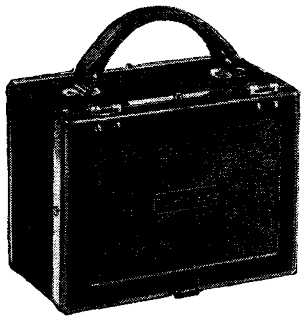
Builds Your New

PORTABLE RADIO

Nerve-center of front-line battle communications, the Motorola "Handie Talkie" is a complete sending and receiving set that can be carried in a man's hand. Turning from war to peace, the makers of the "Handie Talkie" bring you the finest portable radio your money can buy.



Motorola "PLAYBOY"

The Midget with the Giant's Voice

Tiny as a brownie camera, yet with all the range and power of sets many times its size, the new PLAYBOY operates on its own batteries, and/or AC-DC electric current.

Motorola "PLAYMATE"

A portable radio that gives you "living room quality" tone wherever you play it. A-C, D-C or battery operation. The new Playmate incorporates all the refinements made possible by Motorola's wartime experience.

GALVIN Mfg. Corporation • Chicago 51

Motorola A-M F-M Radio

F-M AND A-M HOME RADIO • AUTO RADIO
AUTOMATIC PHONOGRAPHS • TELEVISION

Collier's
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any week

WE HAVE a complaint from a gentleman in Detroit who wishes it known that the police of that city are not co-operating in Mr. Truman's efforts to make reconversion speedy, happy and generally profitable. This fellow was arrested for selling marijuana cigarettes. "I had gone to great pains and thought," says he, "to make a better reefer, flavoring same with whisky and paregoric. Then these police step in. What have we been fighting for?"

HENRY BOLTINOFF

DROPPING into a usually quiet saloon for our weekly glass of beer, we were surprised to hear two customers in an unquiet argument. One of the disputants, a dignified gentleman, was saying: "To whom do you refer?" The other guy was not so dignified. Didn't look like a gentleman, either. He replied, "Youm, thass whom." So we finished our beer and went home.

NOBODY'S asked us who the next mayor of New York will be and it's just as well, because we don't know. But it's a pretty fight. It got so bad recently that Mr. George Hallett, secretary of the Citizens Union and Citizens Non-Partisan Committee sent to the press a correction of "an unfortunate error" in his latest advice to the public. The last line of that advice had it that "We have a winning ticket that will be found able to bear the terrific impact of the hopeless Morris candidacy." Mr. Hallett has advised us that the word should have been trivial, not terrific.

WE REMEMBER a campaign in Oklahoma when one candidate, whose name we have forgotten, addressed his audience thus: "I should be glad to give you my estimate of the candidate opposing me, dear friends, but to do so would necessitate mention of his name and it has ever been one of my cardinal principles to keep my speeches clean." Oh, yes, we remember him. The Honorable Alfalfa Bill Murray.

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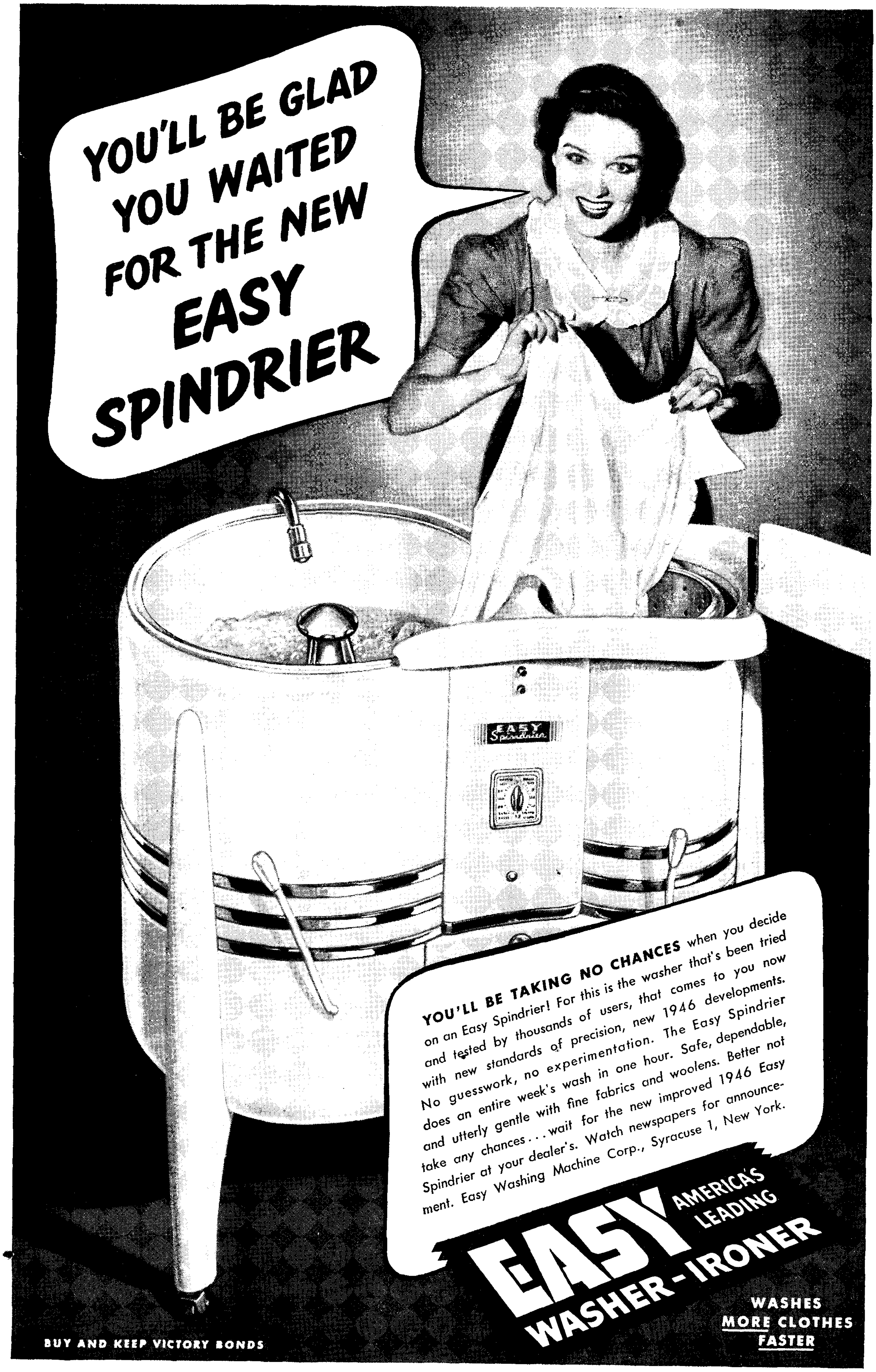


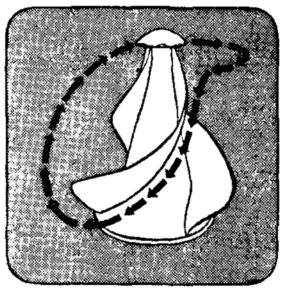
YOU'LL BE TAKING NO CHANCES when you decide on an Easy Spindrier! For this is the washer that's been tried and tested by thousands of users, that comes to you now with new standards of precision, new 1946 developments. No guesswork, no experimentation. The Easy Spindrier does an entire week's wash in one hour. Safe, dependable, and utterly gentle with fine fabrics and woolens. Better not take any chances . . . wait for the new improved 1946 Easy Spindrier at your dealer's. Watch newspapers for announcement. Easy Washing Machine Corp., Syracuse 1, New York.

EASY AMERICA'S LEADING **WASHER-IRONER**

WASHES
MORE CLOTHES
FASTER

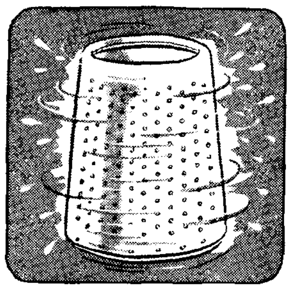
BUY AND KEEP VICTORY BONDS

1 FAST WASHING. Spindrier's twin tubs do the average family wash in less than one hour. One tub washes while the other damp-dries!



2 GENTLE ACTION. Easy's patented "Spiralator" is as gentle as a baby's handclasp. Washes *all* the clothes in *all* parts of the tub.

3 QUICK DRYING. Spindrier whirls out up to 25% *more* water. Clothes dry faster indoors on rainy days. Less fading outdoors.



4 NO WRINGING. The Spindrier's second tub takes more water out than old time methods . . . no slow piece-by-piece feeding necessary.

5 FASTER IRONING. The Spindrier's whirling action can't put deep-creased wrinkles into fabrics. Can't break buttons or ruin zippers!

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MORE and more Florsheim Shoes are reaching your Dealer daily. The demand may still exceed the supply, and you may have to wait for your size in your favorite style . . . but, as you know, Florsheim Shoes are worth waiting for.

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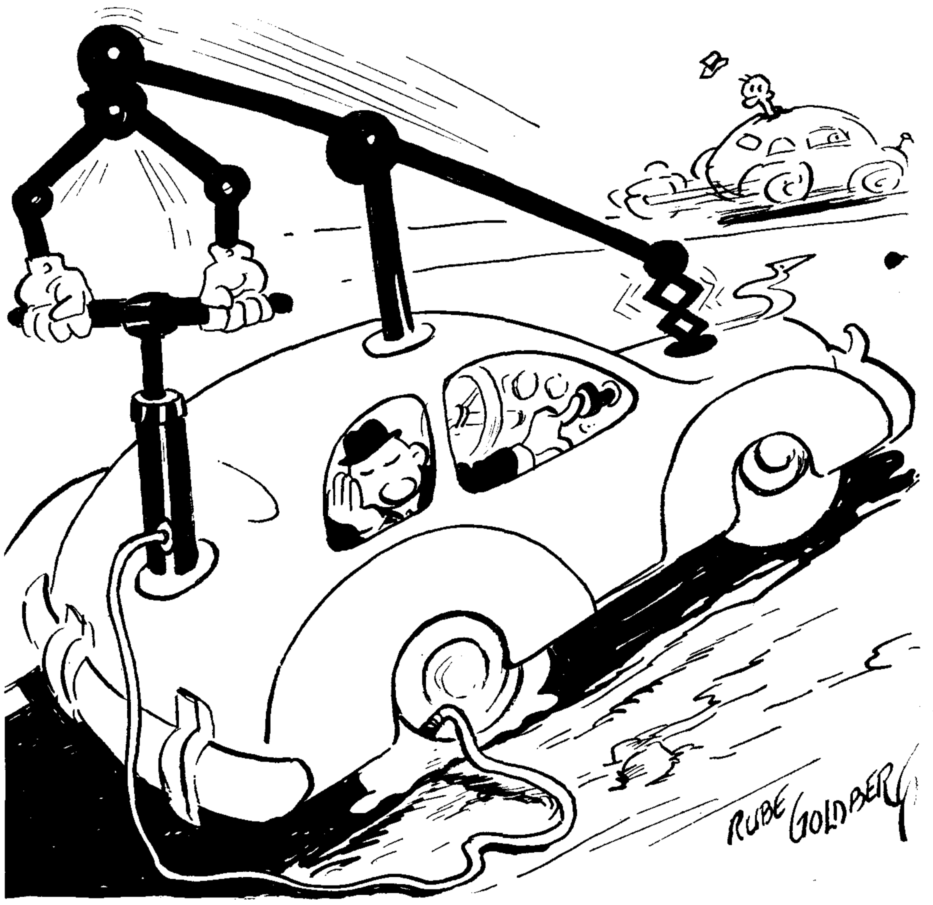


Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

A device which has been used in a certain type of Army vehicle and will probably be installed in future motorcars indicates the air pressure in each tire and enables the driver to inflate or deflate any one of them when necessary by merely turning the proper valve.

Although the bubonic plague has appeared in most countries of the world at varying intervals and has caused the death of countless millions since the third century B.C., only 504 cases, resulting in 319 deaths, have been recorded in the United States—and all have occurred in the past 45 years.

The highest price ever paid for the motion-picture rights of a novel before it had received a stage presentation was the $250,000 which was given, on March 10, 1945, for A Lion is in the Streets by Adria Locke Langley.

A stage illusion, a creation of the American magician, Horace Goldin, who presented it in various countries some years ago, was so mystifying that, as far as is known, no one ever discovered exactly how it was done. The trick (called From a Film to Life) consisted of Goldin walking on the stage and up in front of a screen on which was being projected a silent moving picture of a girl. As they flirted, he motioned for her to join him, but she refused and motioned for him to join her. Whereupon, he stepped up, walked into and became a part of the picture. After a minute or two of pantomime between them, Goldin returned to the stage, expecting the girl to follow him. Finding she was still on the screen and afraid to come down by herself, he offered his hand and she, grasping it, stepped out of the picture, being transformed while emerging, as Goldin had been a moment before, from a shadow into a human being.

Some birds require such tremendous quantities of food that they evidently have to devote all their time, between dawn and dusk, to the task of finding it. As illustrations, the cuckoo eats daily about 225 worms and caterpillars, the flicker 3,000 ants, and the chickadee 5,500 cankerworm eggs.

As a disinfectant, a 25 per cent solution of alcohol will kill bacteria in an hour and a 70 per cent solution will kill them immediately. But absolute or pure alcohol has a dehydrating instead of a lethal effect on germs and leaves them in an inanimate state from which they can revive if moistened with water.

While the sound waves of television, being frequency modulated, are free of static, the picture waves are subject to various kinds of distortion, particularly by the short waves of electrical equipment operating in the neighborhood of the receiver. For example, a diathermy machine causes a herringbone pattern, and the ignition system of a motor vehicle causes a snowstorm effect on the screen of the set. As these television waves are also reflected by obstructions, such as a high building, several pictures instead of one may be received, thus producing overlapping images.

The trotters and pacers in harness races wear shoes having individual weights and shapes, which are prescribed by their trainers to improve their gaits, the shoes on the forefeet generally being much heavier and set at a different angle from those on the hind feet.

Every 24 hours, the 950 radio stations in this country broadcast about 17,000 programs containing some 20,000,000 words, which are equivalent to the number of words found in 250 full-length novels.—*By Robert L. Kendig, Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania.*

Despite the fact that the North and South poles are known for their "long winter nights," these regions have only 1,913 hours of total darkness annually compared with 3,495 hours of total darkness at the equator.

Only 31 states and the District of Columbia allow women to serve on juries.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

What's Charlie got that you haven't?

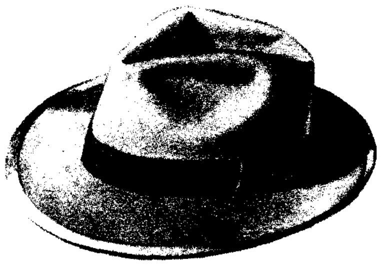
1. If you think we're going to say that Charlie is a wow because he wears the clothes shown below — including that Royal Stetson Whippet — you're wrong.

No, Charlie is a success because of the kind of fellow he is. But, *being* that kind of fellow, Charlie is very thoughtful about being dressed correctly for the occasion.

For example, take a close-up look at that blue-gray suit and topcoat he's wearing...

2. Charlie knows that a worsted suit and covert topcoat aren't an open sesame to social success. But he also knows that for dress-up occasions they're tops in taste.

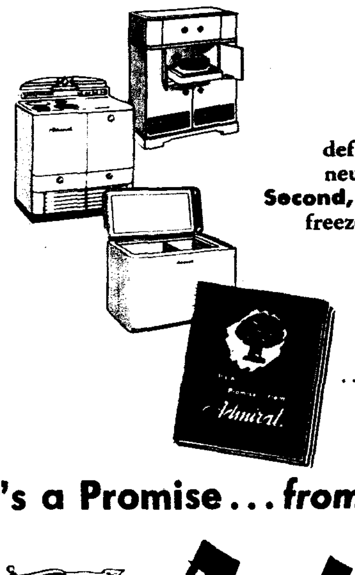
3. Charlie chose that white shirt and that red-and-blue tie to add a little warmth to the proceedings. And, of course, gray gloves and black shoes are right on the button.



4. To top this outfit, Charlie picked the Royal Stetson Whippet, in Caribou Gray. Medium proportions and smart styling make it right for any semi-formal occasion. It's $10.

Right for stepping out — The Royal STETSON Whippet

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, U. S. AND CANADA, HATS FOR MEN AND WOMEN



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OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. NAVY

Vice-Adm. R. K. Turner (left) fought for air-support control. His salesman was Capt. R. F. Whitehead (right), now boss of the Shangri-La

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

TO CAPTAIN RICHARD FRANCIS WHITEHEAD, United States Navy, life is just about the doggonedest thing. Dick Whitehead is fifty-one years old, which is to say that he has been around long enough to have got used to living. But if you should spend a day with him, you'll have met a man who seems every morning to have discovered anew what it means to be alive.

His junior officers (who adore him) say that at the center of his physical being there isn't a heart at all but a detonator. And his immediate boss, Vice-Admiral Richmond Kelly Turner, commander of amphibious operations in the Pacific, has been known to shudder when Dick Whitehead approaches, surcharged with a brand-new idea, and to cry, "Now, Captain, I will not be pushed around today. No, sir, I positively won't." Whereupon the pushing around starts.

Until recently, Dick Whitehead was Admiral Turner's CASCU—Commander of Air Support Control Units. In October, 1943, the Navy had just about decided that to coordinate, control and co-operate its air arm in support of Marine and Army ground troops was only a beautiful theory.

The theory was simple: to set up radio coordinated communication between troops, planes and ships so that a swift and methodical attack on all enemy interference with the advance of our troops could be maintained from the moment the troops hit the beach until they had won their objectives. It had been tried in China and in Africa. It had failed for no better reason than that both the British RAF and our own Army Air Forces shied off, fearful that they'd lose their identities in such co-operation.

Among the pitifully few Navy men who still believed that air-support control was not only workable but imperative was Admiral Turner. As an attack function, he knew, it would never justify itself as long as it was in the hands of men who didn't believe in it. What he needed was a salesman. The Navy Department was teeming with brass hats who had to be sold out of the idea that air-support control was unworkable because it hadn't worked. It is Admiral Turner's odd theory that even so simple a mechanism as a wheelbarrow won't work unless somebody grabs the handles and keeps pushing. He called in Captain Whitehead.

After he'd outlined his plan for about fifteen minutes, the captain took over. For the next half-hour, he was working on the admiral, selling air-support control as if Turner had been its devoutest skeptic. Presently the admiral halted the captain, demanding to know whose idea this was, anyway. The captain promptly replied, "It's mine now," and left in what witnesses describe as a gale of enthusiasm—clearly an understatement.

For the next month, Dick Whitehead was wooshing up and down Washington making sales talks to four and five groups of admirals a day. In the late afternoons he galloped from cocktail party to cocktail party, still selling. Until far into the night he sat in on poker and bridge sessions—selling. And the next thing the Department knew, it had established air-support control classes at San Diego, California. Even the admirals who were still doubtful agreed to the establishment, saying among themselves that this was as good a way as any to get rid of Dick Whitehead.

IN THREE months he had turned out fourteen teams of fifty-five men and from sixteen to twenty officers each. The Department still scoffed, and Whitehead made their scoffing heartier when he promised that, properly equipped, a team would not only get air assistance to endangered ground troops in thirty minutes or less but that his teams would also supervise naval gunfire on enemy blocks where planes were not immediately available and would cut in half the time it had been taking to rescue pilots who had been downed in the ocean.

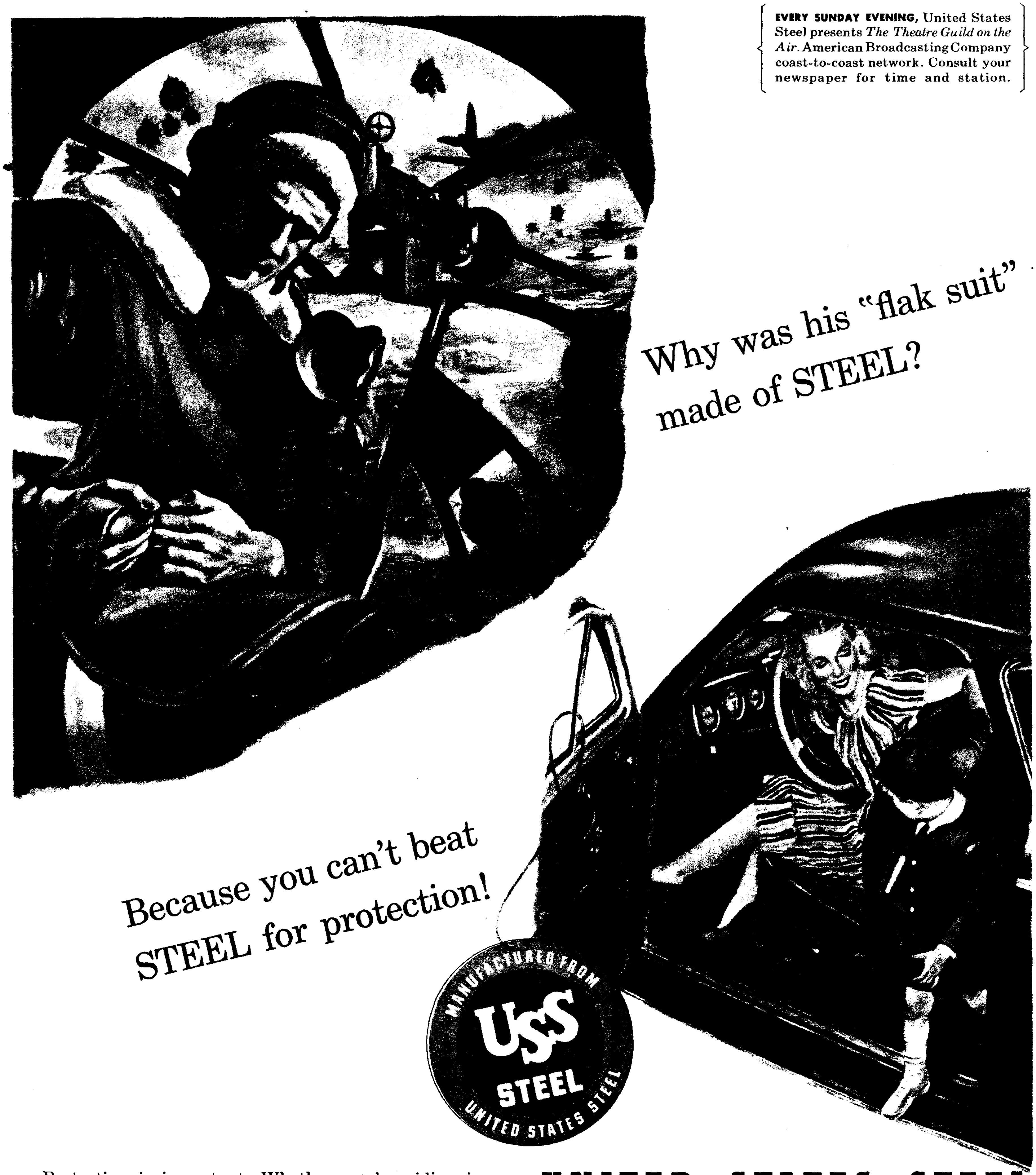
It worked in the Marshalls, in the Gilberts, in the Marianas. The Department, now convinced, began to fit out command ships in accordance with Dick Whitehead's ideas. At Okinawa, it was due to air-support control that our landing on that tail of the Jap dragon cost us so few lives in the initial phase.

Thus in eighteen months, Dick Whitehead not only raised air-support control from the dead but developed it to a point where it has become almost a military arm rather than a mere adjunct of amphibious warfare. Having put it over, the captain was relieved as CASCU and given command of the U.S.S. Shangri-La, a big, fast aircraft carrier, which, incidentally, had better be fast if it wants to keep up. It is no easy matter to keep up with Dick Whitehead.

He is an ardent believer in keeping his men in a ferment. It's not important what the ferment should be—just keep them stirred up, even if you have to make them mad. For example, when he was CASCU, he would saunter into an air-support control room of a morning, having just got out of bed after five or six hours of refreshing sleep, and smilingly and gently say: "Good morning,

(Continued on page 80)

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING, United States Steel presents *The Theatre Guild on the Air.* American Broadcasting Company coast-to-coast network. Consult your newspaper for time and station.



Why was his "flak suit" made of STEEL?

Because you can't beat STEEL for protection!

Protection is important. Whether you're riding in a bomber or an automobile. And *steel* has no rival when it comes to protection. The improved steels of war, many of them developments of United States Steel laboratories, will also provide greater strength, longer life, increased efficiency and good looks in thousands of peacetime products. When you are able to buy civilian goods of steel once again, remember to look for the U · S · S Label. It is your assurance of quality steel.

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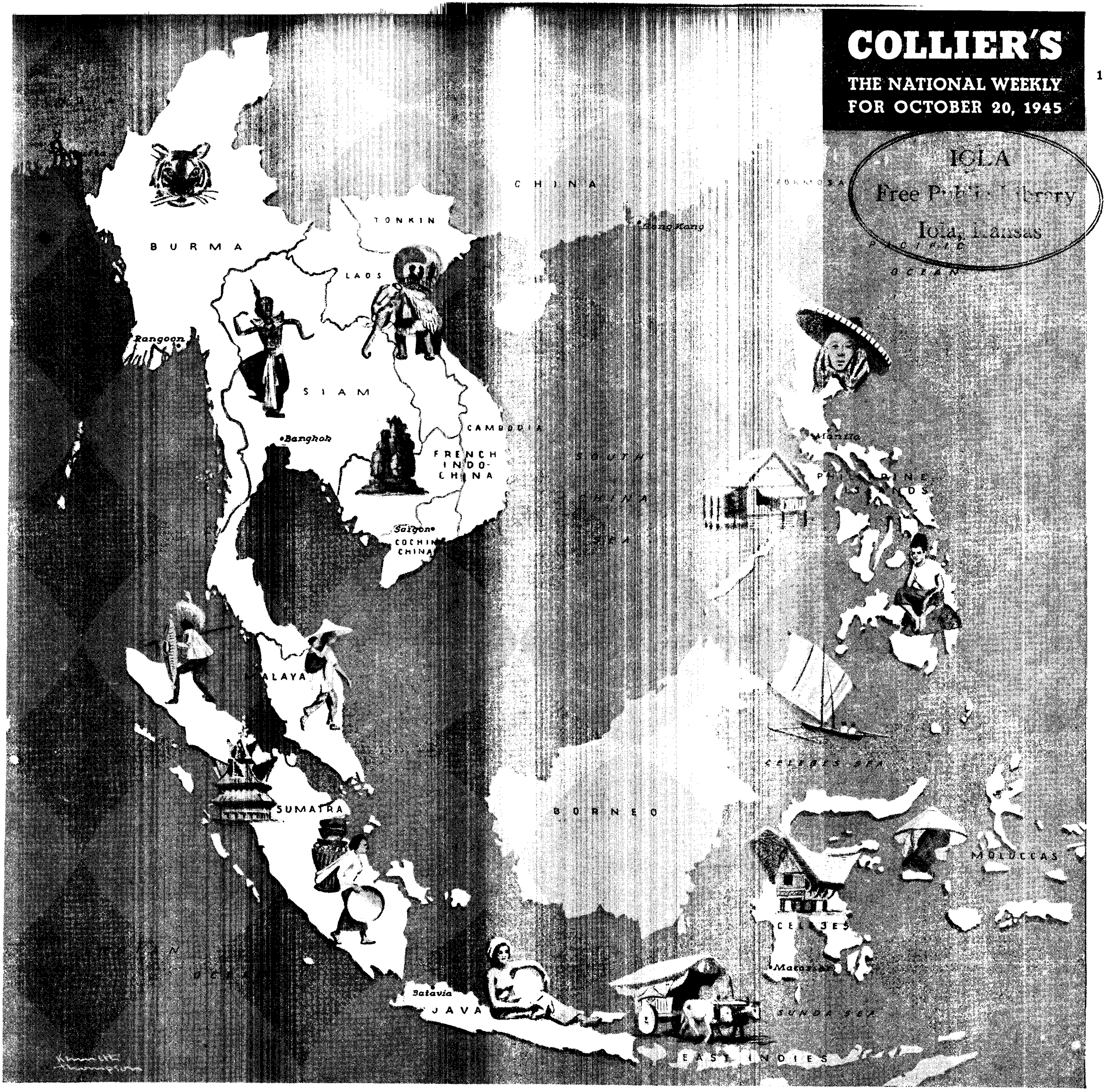


The Malay federation proposed by Philippines President Osmeña: Political and economic union for 200,000,000 ethnically related people

ASIA MUST BE FREE

BY BRIGADIER GENERAL CARLOS P. ROMULO

RESIDENT COMMISSIONER OF THE PHILIPPINES TO THE UNITED STATES

MAP BY KENNETH THOMPSON

A billion Asiatics, watching the Philippines, have seen what freedom really means. They like what they've seen—enough to fight for it if necessary

PEACE in the Pacific is a supreme issue for all countries and for all people. With it we lay the basis for world peace; without it we face chaos again. The atomic bomb has outmoded wealth and power as coercive weapons. Obviously, then, we need a new pattern of living in the Pacific, since the divine right of colonization does not mix congenially in the same world with the divine right of peace.

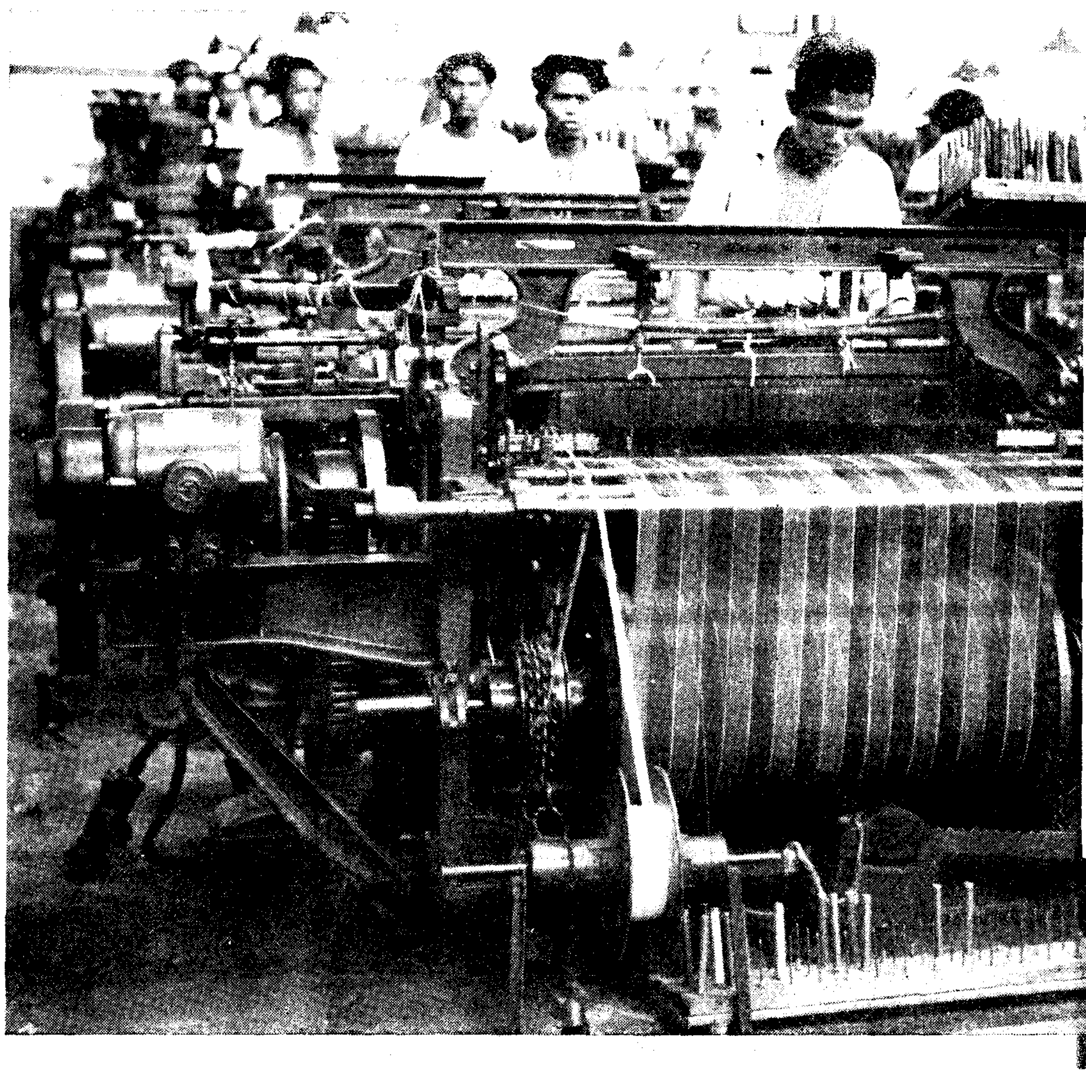
The new peace treaties will not bring contentment to one billion Asiatics in the vast Pacific area if, after four years of fighting injustice, we once more set up everyday patterns of living which offer another brand of systematic injustice to those one billion individuals. We cannot ask them again to become mere hewers of wood and carriers of water for the rest of the world and expect them to be satisfied.

We stopped Japanese aggression, but we did not destroy an idea the Japanese brought with them and nurtured in very fertile soil for four years. This idea called for a "Co-Prosperity Sphere"—a geographic area where peoples of the same ways, the same color, the same temperament and the same traditions could join themselves into a political whole to foster and assert the genius of their race.

Actually this siren call didn't work out that way under Japanese management. It became Asia for the Japanese. But that was Japanese crudity. The idea itself is still basic, still valid, still morally unassailable. We can't kill that idea even with the atomic bomb. It is in Asia for keeps. It cannot be labeled unrest or revolt. It is the renaissance of the Far East.

But Westerners can build upon, and with, this rebirth. They can help construct it into a tremendous force for peace. Instead of letting it sever East from West, it could be made to bring the two closer. Instead of color prejudice and hostility being the cohesive element in such a movement, progress, well-being and internationalism could energize it.

The Japanese plan attempted to gather all races and countries of Asia into a single body. It was too arbitrary, too gigantic, too unwieldy a combine. Wouldn't it be more reasonable to expect the great heterogeneous mass of Asiatics to divide along their natural lines of race cleavage? We would gain three large, three distinct, three natural



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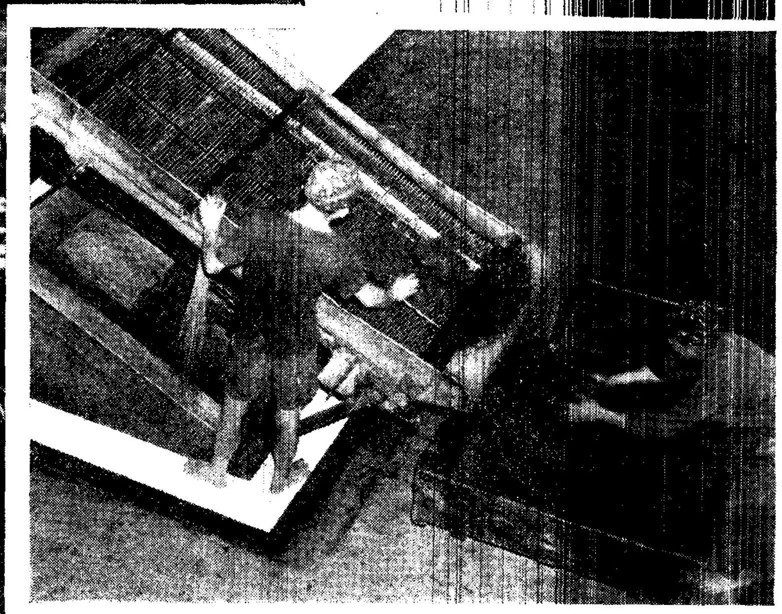

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federations—all Malayans, all Chinese, all Indians.

My case is Malayan federation. I second a proposal President Osmeña of the Philippine Commonwealth made some months ago—a proposal to unite in a political and economic body the 200,000,000 Malayan-speaking people who live in a vast Pacific circle in southern Asia. These are the people of the Philippines, Java, Celebes, the Moluccas, Sumatra, the Malaya Peninsula, Siam, Burma, Cambodia, Annam, Tonkin and the other two states of Indo-China, Cochin and Laos.

Federation is a successful pattern in the West. The varying peoples in America have experienced prosperity and great development under a federation of states. Likewise the federation pattern of Soviet nationals produces each month still more amazing and heartening examples of its success for the peoples in its combine. Arabic-speaking tribes have just federated themselves. Many in European and in South American countries believe it is the solution for their spheres. There is no fundamental reason why this pattern shouldn't produce the same beneficent results in the Far East if statesmanship, tolerance and wisdom are permitted major roles.

This is the trend today—hemispheric regions of solidarity. Certainly world interdependence has a greater chance for success between a dozen large blocs than between fifty or sixty small partitions.

Progress in government has grown out of humanity's discontent with established conventions and institutions. Reading from the past, we see feudalism was accepted in civilized countries for centuries. French, Spanish and English histories revolt us now with their shocking recitations of practices of men who were considered above the law, of the feudal rights of a lord or king over his serfs. Then feudalism fell through protest. It no longer satisfied enough men. And imperialism grew to be a form of government—whereby the divine right of kings gave way to the divine right of one nation to govern another, the divine right to impose its will, customs, religion and government on distant strangers.

But the shot that was fired at Lexington in 1775 made the first dent in imperialism. It was proof that colonization was outmoded and dangerous. That shot was heard, and is still being heard, in the world. Never was its sound louder or more imperative than it is now.

There is discontent today in the Pacific. Asiatic nations want home rule under unprejudiced supervision, with the goal of self-rule, and the dates for it set in advance.

In reporting this I am not dealing in surmises. Asia is my home. I was born there and grew up there. Directly before this war began I traveled and talked among the Malayans in Thailand, Burma, Java and the Straits Settlements. Wherever I went I found a fierce hunger for freedom and a sense of betrayal at white hands.

All Classes Want Self-Rule

In Java, underground leaders—representing tens of millions of Javanese farmers—were holding midnight meetings in caves and forest hide-outs to organize themselves for freedom. Mass clamor for it in Burma could be heard everywhere—amongst street cleaners, cinnabar miners, boatmen, students, merchants and government officials.

Also, wherever I went I saw odious distinctions of race that violate human dignities. I saw gentle Burmese women automatically stepping into gutters to make way on sidewalks for white men. I saw Malayan gentlemen barred from British dining rooms and British clubs in Singapore and Penang. I saw professors—graduates of Cambridge and Oxford—refused teaching positions even in primary schools in their own country because they didn't bow low at the approach of a Dutch overseer.

Everywhere there were pinched brown bodies in filthy sarongs, and faces that had become inhuman with misery. There were no children playing amongst them. Those wretched dwarfed beings sold into economic slavery by their starving parents could not be called children. They didn't know how to romp; they had never had the vitality.

Thus when the lid blew off this pot of seething racial resentment out there, it is easy to understand why white men—everywhere but in the Philippines—were obliged to fight for their lives not only against oncoming Japanese, but against the Malayans they had treated so contemptuously for so many years. Since Japanese imperialism was a means of getting rid of white imperialism, these Asiatics gladly accepted it and set themselves to pray for the next step in freedom.

This prayer seemed answered in the Atlantic Charter's words, pledging self-government to subject nations. Instead, Far Eastern countries found these promises provided freedom for white peoples caught under the Nazi yoke, but not for them. The fact that freedom was not for the brown man, not for Asia, was to them clinching proof of white perfidy.

They looked upon themselves as a billion people betrayed, a billion people to be fought over and shuffled about in the white man's scramble for colonies again. They felt that nothing had come of their many personal and tragic struggles for freedom. The Japanese scheme of Asia for the Asiatics received its biggest impetus when Churchill said: "I have not become the King's First Minister in order to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire."

Incidentally, those Malayans beyond the Philippines have no word yet for democracy. They find the word *America* more convenient, and use it. For "We hope and pray for democracy for our people" they say "We hope and pray for *America* for our people." This way it conveys to them a system of living where there is freedom, together with shared courtesy and mutual interest between the white men and the brown. The American record in the Philippines is responsible for this. It is also a substantial demonstration of the workability of the principles imperialists say are untenable, impractical and idealistic.

Likewise, imperialists agree that a federation of Malayan states would be impractical and unsuccessful.

Their first reason: There is no precedent in history for union among these diverse Malayans. Basically they are of the same stock, but in the great epic sweep of migrations back and forth across South Asia, they have intermarried and bred new and different types. While their language is of Malayan root, they speak entirely dissimilar dialects today; so much so they cannot even talk with one another. They fought one another frequently before Occidentals colonized that region and stopped intertribal wars. Their religions—Christian, Mohammedan, Buddhist, Brahman—are antagonistic.

Their second reason: The record shows that Orientals are exploited far, far more under native rulers than under Occidentals. Taxation is oppressive and hideously corrupt, collected sometimes twenty years in advance and going into the coffers of innumerable princelings who spend it on living in potentate splendor. Civil courts of justice do not exist for the common man, nor are there police systems to protect him.

Their third reason: These backward people are not ready yet for the complexities of self-government in such a swift-paced world. They are still feudal-minded. The machinery of government cannot be entrusted to politically simple children, especially when the prime requisite of government-making today means an acute knowledge of international affairs, international economics and international feeling. They must first be allowed to grow up mentally and socially. Such growth takes time amongst a population of 200,000,000; it cannot be accomplished, or assumed to have been accomplished, in one generation without endangering the peace of the rest of the world.

Now let us examine the case for federation of Malayan peoples.

First: Freedom is indivisible. How can we dare say: "Freedom is right for the Filipinos and the Dutch, but it is not right for the Javanese. It is right for the Chinese, but not for the Indians. It is right for the English, but not for the Burmese. It is right for the French, but not for the Indo-Chinese." The essence of our world struggle is that all men shall be free.

No Serious Bar to Racial Unity

Second: These ethnic kinsmen have been affiliated before at two different periods in two great empires—once for five centuries (7th to 12th) during the Srivijaya empire, and again in the 14th century during the Madjapahit empire. It is true that there are certain superficial differences in these islanders. But nothing like the seismic differences between Europeans and Malayans. Essentially they are the same people. There are language variations, but that is not an insurmountable barrier. We have five or six separate languages within the Philippines itself, and yet share a common interest. As a girl, my wife's dialect was different from mine, but that did not keep us apart. I made love to her in English.

Third: The record *does* show gross exploitation of my people by their own rulers. However, the most damning evidence in that record was piled up three hundred years ago. It is true that justice has been established in civil courts wherever the Occidental has colonized, that good police systems have been installed, that taxes are a fair and orderly procedure.

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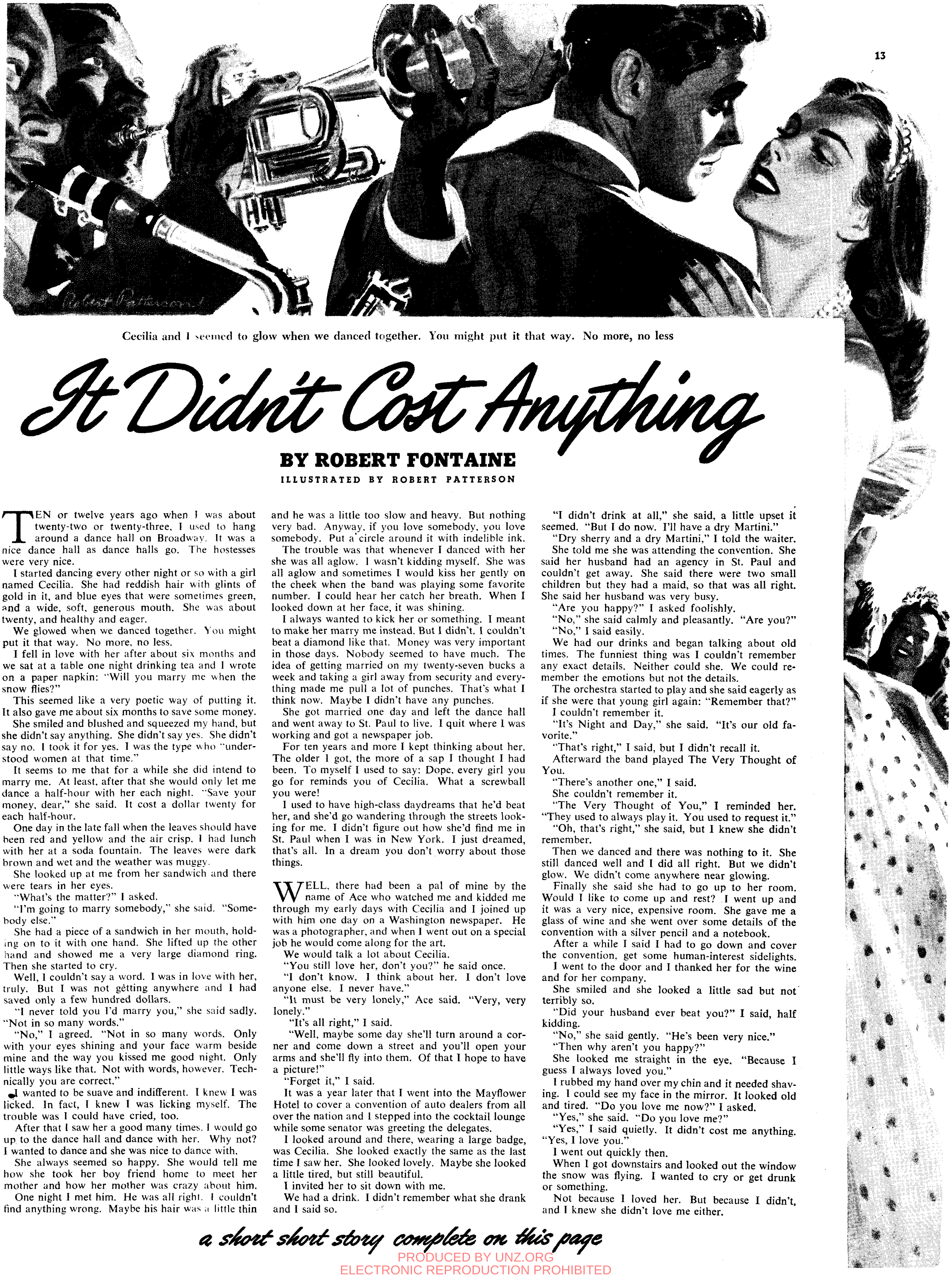


Cecilia and I seemed to glow when we danced together. You might put it that way. No more, no less

It Didn't Cost Anything

BY ROBERT FONTAINE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

TEN or twelve years ago when I was about twenty-two or twenty-three, I used to hang around a dance hall on Broadway. It was a nice dance hall as dance halls go. The hostesses were very nice.

I started dancing every other night or so with a girl named Cecilia. She had reddish hair with glints of gold in it, and blue eyes that were sometimes green, and a wide, soft, generous mouth. She was about twenty, and healthy and eager.

We glowed when we danced together. You might put it that way. No more, no less.

I fell in love with her after about six months and we sat at a table one night drinking tea and I wrote on a paper napkin: "Will you marry me when the snow flies?"

This seemed like a very poetic way of putting it. It also gave me about six months to save some money.

She smiled and blushed and squeezed my hand, but she didn't say anything. She didn't say yes. She didn't say no. I took it for yes. I was the type who "understood women at that time."

It seems to me that for a while she did intend to marry me. At least, after that she would only let me dance a half-hour with her each night. "Save your money, dear," she said. It cost a dollar twenty for each half-hour.

One day in the late fall when the leaves should have been red and yellow and the air crisp, I had lunch with her at a soda fountain. The leaves were dark brown and wet and the weather was muggy.

She looked up at me from her sandwich and there were tears in her eyes.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I'm going to marry somebody," she said. "Somebody else."

She had a piece of a sandwich in her mouth, holding on to it with one hand. She lifted up the other hand and showed me a very large diamond ring. Then she started to cry.

Well, I couldn't say a word. I was in love with her, truly. But I was not getting anywhere and I had saved only a few hundred dollars.

"I never told you I'd marry you," she said sadly. "Not in so many words."

"No," I agreed. "Not in so many words. Only with your eyes shining and your face warm beside mine and the way you kissed me good night. Only little ways like that. Not with words, however. Technically you are correct."

I wanted to be suave and indifferent. I knew I was licked. In fact, I knew I was licking myself. The trouble was I could have cried, too.

After that I saw her a good many times. I would go up to the dance hall and dance with her. Why not? I wanted to dance and she was nice to dance with.

She always seemed so happy. She would tell me how she took her boy friend home to meet her mother and how her mother was crazy about him.

One night I met him. He was all right. I couldn't find anything wrong. Maybe his hair was a little thin and he was a little too slow and heavy. But nothing very bad. Anyway, if you love somebody, you love somebody. Put a circle around it with indelible ink.

The trouble was that whenever I danced with her she was all aglow. I wasn't kidding myself. She was all aglow and sometimes I would kiss her gently on the cheek when the band was playing some favorite number. I could hear her catch her breath. When I looked down at her face, it was shining.

I always wanted to kick her or something. I meant to make her marry me instead. But I didn't. I couldn't beat a diamond like that. Money was very important in those days. Nobody seemed to have much. The idea of getting married on my twenty-seven bucks a week and taking a girl away from security and everything made me pull a lot of punches. That's what I think now. Maybe I didn't have any punches.

She got married one day and left the dance hall and went away to St. Paul to live. I quit where I was working and got a newspaper job.

For ten years and more I kept thinking about her. The older I got, the more of a sap I thought I had been. To myself I used to say: Dope, every girl you go for reminds you of Cecilia. What a screwball you were!

I used to have high-class daydreams that he'd beat her, and she'd go wandering through the streets looking for me. I didn't figure out how she'd find me in St. Paul when I was in New York. I just dreamed, that's all. In a dream you don't worry about those things.

WELL, there had been a pal of mine by the name of Ace who watched me and kidded me through my early days with Cecilia and I joined up with him one day on a Washington newspaper. He was a photographer, and when I went out on a special job he would come along for the art.

We would talk a lot about Cecilia.

"You still love her, don't you?" he said once.

"I don't know. I think about her. I don't love anyone else. I never have."

"It must be very lonely," Ace said. "Very, very lonely."

"It's all right," I said.

"Well, maybe some day she'll turn around a corner and come down a street and you'll open your arms and she'll fly into them. Of that I hope to have a picture!"

"Forget it," I said.

It was a year later that I went into the Mayflower Hotel to cover a convention of auto dealers from all over the nation and I stepped into the cocktail lounge while some senator was greeting the delegates.

I looked around and there, wearing a large badge, was Cecilia. She looked exactly the same as the last time I saw her. She looked lovely. Maybe she looked a little tired, but still beautiful.

I invited her to sit down with me.

We had a drink. I didn't remember what she drank and I said so.

"I didn't drink at all," she said, a little upset it seemed. "But I do now. I'll have a dry Martini."

"Dry sherry and a dry Martini," I told the waiter.

She told me she was attending the convention. She said her husband had an agency in St. Paul and couldn't get away. She said there were two small children but they had a maid, so that was all right. She said her husband was very busy.

"Are you happy?" I asked foolishly.

"No," she said calmly and pleasantly. "Are you?"

"No," I said easily.

We had our drinks and began talking about old times. The funniest thing was I couldn't remember any exact details. Neither could she. We could remember the emotions but not the details.

The orchestra started to play and she said eagerly as if she were that young girl again: "Remember that?"

I couldn't remember it.

"It's Night and Day," she said. "It's our old favorite."

"That's right," I said, but I didn't recall it.

Afterward the band played The Very Thought of You.

"There's another one," I said.

She couldn't remember it.

"The Very Thought of You," I reminded her. "They used to always play it. You used to request it."

"Oh, that's right," she said, but I knew she didn't remember.

Then we danced and there was nothing to it. She still danced well and I did all right. But we didn't glow. We didn't come anywhere near glowing.

Finally she said she had to go up to her room. Would I like to come up and rest? I went up and it was a very nice, expensive room. She gave me a glass of wine and she went over some details of the convention with a silver pencil and a notebook.

After a while I said I had to go down and cover the convention, get some human-interest sidelights.

I went to the door and I thanked her for the wine and for her company.

She smiled and she looked a little sad but not terribly so.

"Did your husband ever beat you?" I said, half kidding.

"No," she said gently. "He's been very nice."

"Then why aren't you happy?"

She looked me straight in the eye. "Because I guess I always loved you."

I rubbed my hand over my chin and it needed shaving. I could see my face in the mirror. It looked old and tired. "Do you love me now?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "Do you love me?"

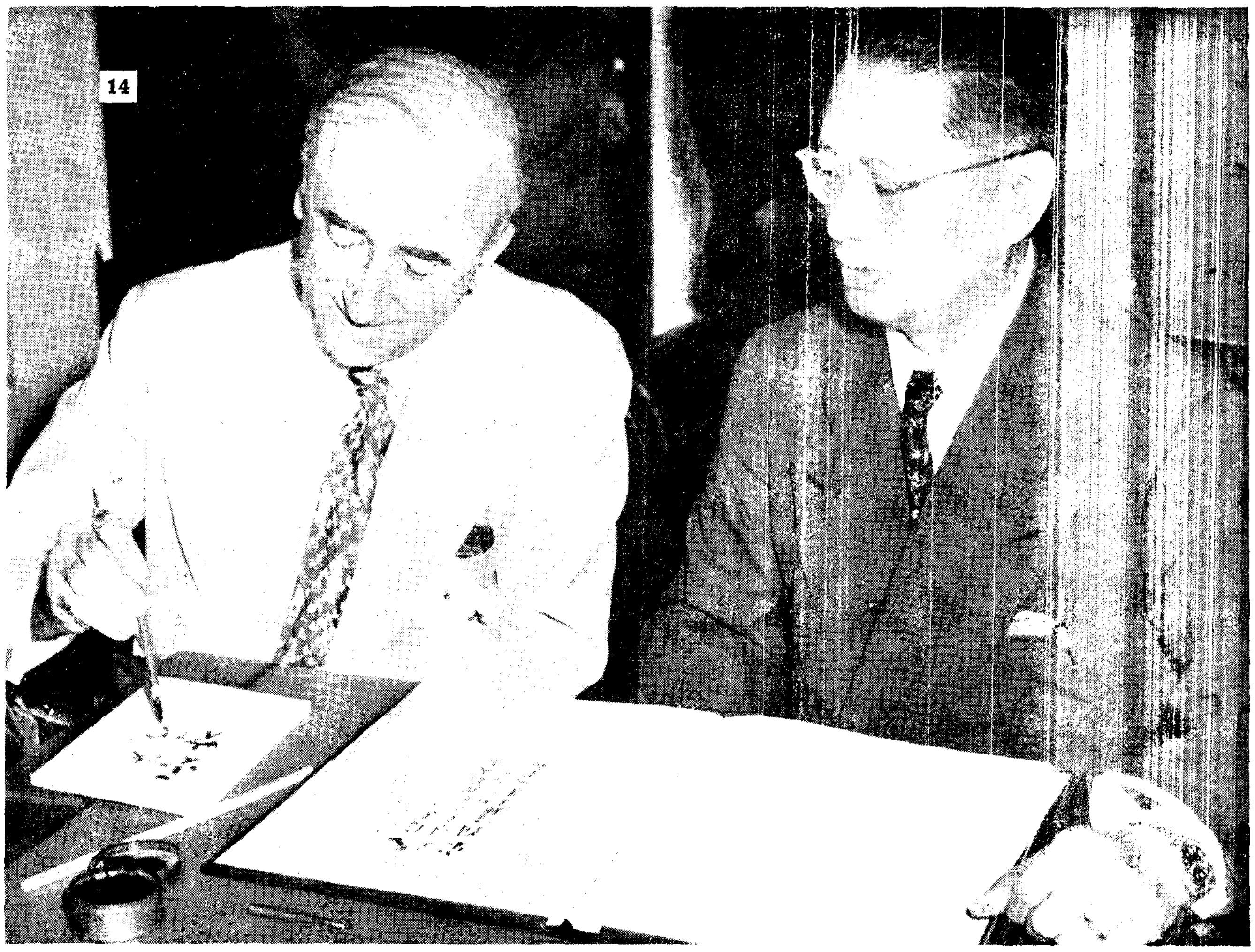
"Yes," I said quietly. It didn't cost me anything. "Yes, I love you."

I went out quickly then.

When I got downstairs and looked out the window the snow was flying. I wanted to cry or get drunk or something.

Not because I loved her. But because I didn't, and I knew she didn't love me either.

a short short story complete on this page



An unscheduled lesson in Chinese writing amuses Secretary of State James F. Byrnes. His tutor is China's Premier, T. V. Soong. The document between them is the World Security Charter, which Soong has signed

MR. ACHESON
Assistant Secretary of State

LEAVITT

Undersecretary Dean G. Acheson is a career man and a liberal. His views won't clash with those of his boss

NEW STATESMEN-NEW WORLD

BY FRANK GERVASI

Our State Department is squaring off to the biggest job in all its history—the diplomatic leadership of the world. Here are our new statesmen, and the tasks they face in the tense days to come

JAMES FRANCIS BYRNES was born on the wrong side of the social-economic fence known as Broad Street, in Charleston, South Carolina. He ended his formal schooling considerably short of Groton and Harvard at the age of 15 to go to work to help his widowed mother. But when he stood nearly 50 years later and raised his glass at the climactic dinner of the fateful Yalta Conference last February, he knew what to say.

The small, spare half-Irishman with the sad *blue-gray eyes and pink face, who had* slugged his way up to the House and the Senate from a circuit court clerkship, was an old hand at the game of politics and a new one at diplomacy, which is politics in striped pants. Unknown to him were the niceties of the diplomatic toast, a postprandial ritual of protocol.

Byrnes glanced at the impassive countenance of Winston Churchill and looked upon the wan, drawn face of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, his friend but never his "boss." Neither could tell him, now, what to say. Then, looking directly at his enigmatic host, Joseph Stalin, Byrnes spoke.

"Gentlemen," he said in the soft, oval speech of his native state, "I drink to the peoples of the United Nations. May they understand and like one another. If they do we shall have peace. If they don't these documents we have been discussing cannot save us."

Byrnes unmistakably accented the word "peoples" and his words ignited the diners' enthusiasms. There was a clatter of applause from the principals, their advisers and aides, as robust as the meal they had just consumed, as warm as the vodka with which they solemnized their work of hastening the defeat of Germany and Japan and of blueprinting the reconstruction of a war-shattered world.

One man left his place at the great table, *strode through the whorls of tobacco smoke* to where Byrnes stood, slapped him lustily on the back, clinked glasses with him and drank down his own vodka in one well-practiced gulp. It was Joseph Stalin, and to Byrnes the Russian was no longer an enigma. Of the dozen top men present only they—Stalin and Byrnes—had ever worked with their hands, known hunger and cold. They talked the same language.

Byrnes' concern with human relations was a sincere expression of a lifelong preoccupation with peoples' will and welfare. It reflected the teachings of Champ Clark, the South Carolinian's early tutor in his fresh*man days in the House.*

"You'll find you'll get a lot of letters while you're here," the veteran told him. "But always remember that they're written by about five per cent of the people you represent. They're the habitual and professional letter writers, the vocal minority. Never forget that you represent the other ninety-five per cent, too."

Byrnes didn't forget, and two things happened to him. He was returned with metronomic regularity to Congress and he became, in his zeal to serve most of the people all of the time, a middle-of-the-road Democrat. In the Senate he tacked from support of the Wagner Act to disapproval of sit-down strikes; he was for New Dealizing the Supreme Court in 1937 but against the New Deal purge of the Democratic Party hierarchy in 1938. He wasn't, in brief, a "Roosevelt man."

But the Byrnes with whom this piece is concerned is not so much the comparative conservative of Democratic Party politics as the man who, as far back as 1938, evidenced a flair for international politics. He sensed, if he didn't know, that war was coming. He saw in the people of Great Britain the best friends the people of America had and he supported a bill authorizing us to swap our surplus cotton for some extra rubber the British had. He bulldogged the bill through *the opposition of* less enlightened opponents who were later to acknowledge the wisdom of similar acts such as the Destroyer-Bases deal and Lend-Lease.

Backed F.D.R. on Larger Issues

Byrnes has since become Secretary of State, next to the Presidency the most important office in the land and, therefore, in the world. In this connection it is pertinent to record Byrnes' support of repeal of the Neutrality Act, which enabled us to aid England by sending our ships into belligerent waters, armed so that they might defend themselves against Axis aggression. He backed Lend-Lease and in other ways set aside whatever differences he may have had with his friend Roosevelt on national issues to support him in international politics.

Byrnes is also the man who, as a young district attorney back in his native South Carolina, a state often described as being "more Southern than the South itself" in matters like white supremacy, had the visceral fortitude to prosecute two white men for shooting a Negro. For such a complex of reasons, political and moral, the country applauded when, last July, Byrnes took the oath as Secretary of State to succeed the outwardly smileful but inwardly unhappy Edward R. Stettinius, Jr.

Byrnes was probably the one man in the land upon whom left wingers and right wingers in both major parties could agree as a suitable heir to the office so brilliantly filled in the past by Thomas Jefferson, John Quincy Adams and Cordell Hull.

The State Department may have had good reasons for its appeasement of Franco's Spain, for helping to arm the Japs with oil and scrap steel, for supporting undemocratic regimes in Europe and for its manifest antagonism to revolutionary movements generally in a changing world. But if it did, the Department didn't make those reasons sufficiently clear to the people to inspire either their confidence or their admiration. The Department became the target for criticism from everyone from Walter Lippmann to John O'Donnell, from The Nation to the Chicago Tribune.

Once before, the country had unanimously applauded when, in that grim October of 1942, F.D.R. summoned Jimmy Byrnes down from the sober remoteness of the United States Supreme Court back to the political pits. He was put in charge of the Office of War Mobilization, given a desk in the White House and assigned to the job of quelling quarrels in Congress, conciliating differences between departmental and war bureau heads and otherwise ruling an unruly roost of politicians and prima donnas suddenly encharged with the herculean but unfamiliar task of winning two wars.

Jimmy became in effect Assistant President, in which there was more than a touch of politically poetic justice. He had been slated for the Vice-Presidential nomination at the 1940 Democratic Convention, but he lost it to Henry Wallace in an intramural fight that almost split the party from bow to stern. Jimmy helped to prevent that breach by stepping aside for Henry, and was rewarded by a place on the Supreme Court bench.

There Byrnes might comfortably and honorably have remained, his prestige, influence and financial future secure, but for his loyalty to Roosevelt and his desire to serve. He might easily have passed the rest of his life in the somber robes of a Justice, although the sedentary aloofness of the Court irked him. He expressed his irritation to a friend.

"I've got ants in my pants," he confessed at the close of a Court session. "I've been listening all day to some fellows here arguing about something that happened fifteen years ago and, frankly, I don't give a damn about what happened then. My country's at war and I want to be in it. I don't think I can stand the abstractions of jurisprudence at a time like this."

Soon after this, Roosevelt handed him the Office of War Mobilization job, one which deals with a minimum of abstractions and with a maximum of hard realities. How well he did it may be partly measured by the volume of wartime production which America achieved and partly by the smoothness with which Congress functioned in the war years. It was as a master manager on the Hill, particularly in the Senate where Byrnes has many friends on both sides of the aisle, that he distinguished himself.

On issues vital to the efficient prosecution of the war it was Byrnes who talked dissidents out of killing Administration measures and often turned what looked like an opposition majority into a losing minority. Byrnes can tell you within three or four votes how Congress will ballot on any important bill. He managed Congress for Roosevelt with one hand and with the other co-ordinated the efforts of such mercurial minions as Jesse Jones, Leon Henderson, Donald Nelson and Paul V. McNutt and a host of professors, industrialists, politicians and brass-hat egocentrics puffed with new-found authority.

Byrnes was the compromiser and arbiter of those mid-war years and yet, his intimates say, he never compromised on the principles involved in any issue. Appeasement, they insist, is not in his nature.

Not a Stickler for Precedent

The gifts implicit in his good record as a war mobilizer and reflected in his impatience with abstractions make Byrnes eminently suited to be Secretary of State. He's a man who doesn't "give a damn" about the past and is, therefore, presumably concerned with the future rather than with precedent and tradition. These qualities alone ought to make the liberal critics of the old State Department cheer.

But perhaps Byrnes' greatest single attribute is his ability to influence the Senate. He has such friends there as Senators Lister Hill, Alben Barkley, Hayden, Maybank and George and many more. The Constitution conferred on the President and the Secretary of State a virtual monopoly on making and applying foreign policy, but with the "advice and consent" of the Senate in making treaties and alliances. The intimate relationship between the new Secretary of State and the Upper House should give the conservatives reason to cheer, too.

It has been the contention of the more cautious critics of the State Department and of our foreign policy generally that the people had little or no voice in international affairs. The President has the Constitutional power to conduct foreign affairs by executive agreement, independently of Congress, a power used frequently by the late Franklin D. Roosevelt, as in the case of the Destroyer-Bases deal. But with both a President and a Secretary of State in office who are ex-Senators and enjoy at least equal prestige and support in the Upper House, it is altogether likely that the taxpayers will have more influence than in the past on the conduct of relations with foreign countries.

This new relationship between the Hill, the White House and the State Department may be a force for good and it may be one for evil, depending on the mood of the country to participate in or withdraw from the affairs of the world. President Harry S. Truman and Secretary of State Byrnes can now be more easily influenced in one direction or the other. Likewise the responsibility for any future disasters will fall more nearly on the peoples' shoulders than ever before. Now, probably more so than ever before, the Presidency and the Department of State belong to the people.

Mobilizing for World Peace

Byrnes' new job is infinitely more difficult and vital than the one he filled as OWM administrator. Much depended on how well he performed as war mobilizer. Far more hangs upon his performance as one of the chief mobilizers of the peace. He will be one of a handful of men in the world who will determine the prosperity, welfare and happiness of what's left of some 2,500,000,000 people on this earth for maybe a century or more.

If, of all the statesmen concerned, he particularly acts with firmness and wisdom and imagination, it is altogether conceivable that war may be abolished as an instrument of policy. This is due to two unique circumstances. One is that Byrnes is his own Secretary of State. Truman told Jimmy he'd run his own show in the Department. Another is the obvious fact that America has emerged from World War II the greatest single economic and military power on earth, and only its self-assertion as a comparable political force is needed to ensure realization of this nation's full destiny of world leadership.

Byrnes and Truman have, in other words, inherited a vast powerhouse of financial and military energy. If they can use that energy to generate political power commensurate with the country's economic and armed might, this can indeed be an American century in the best possible sense of the term.

Immediately on taking office, Byrnes indicated his awareness of the enormity of the job ahead of him. He began what he called a "reorganization to end all reorganizations" of the State Department, the great, sprawling and poorly articulated machinery for obtaining, assembling and analyzing the political and economic information that provides the

(Continued on page 80)

BOB LEAVITT

William Benton's job in Public Relations means he must "sell" the Department at home as well as abroad

BOB LEAVITT

Economist Leo Pasvolsky, handling International Organization and Security, is a politically wise economist

BOB LEAVITT

Youngest new man is Col. Frank J. McCarthy, 33, whose job is to reorganize administrative machinery

BOB LEAVITT

Experienced James C. Dunn remains as head of European, Near Eastern, African and Far Eastern Affairs

Spruille Braden, American Republic Affairs, is a career man who earned his diplomatic spurs in Argentina

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Washington reporters cover State Department activities from the new $10,000 pressroom installed as part of Ex-Secretary Stettinius' renovation program

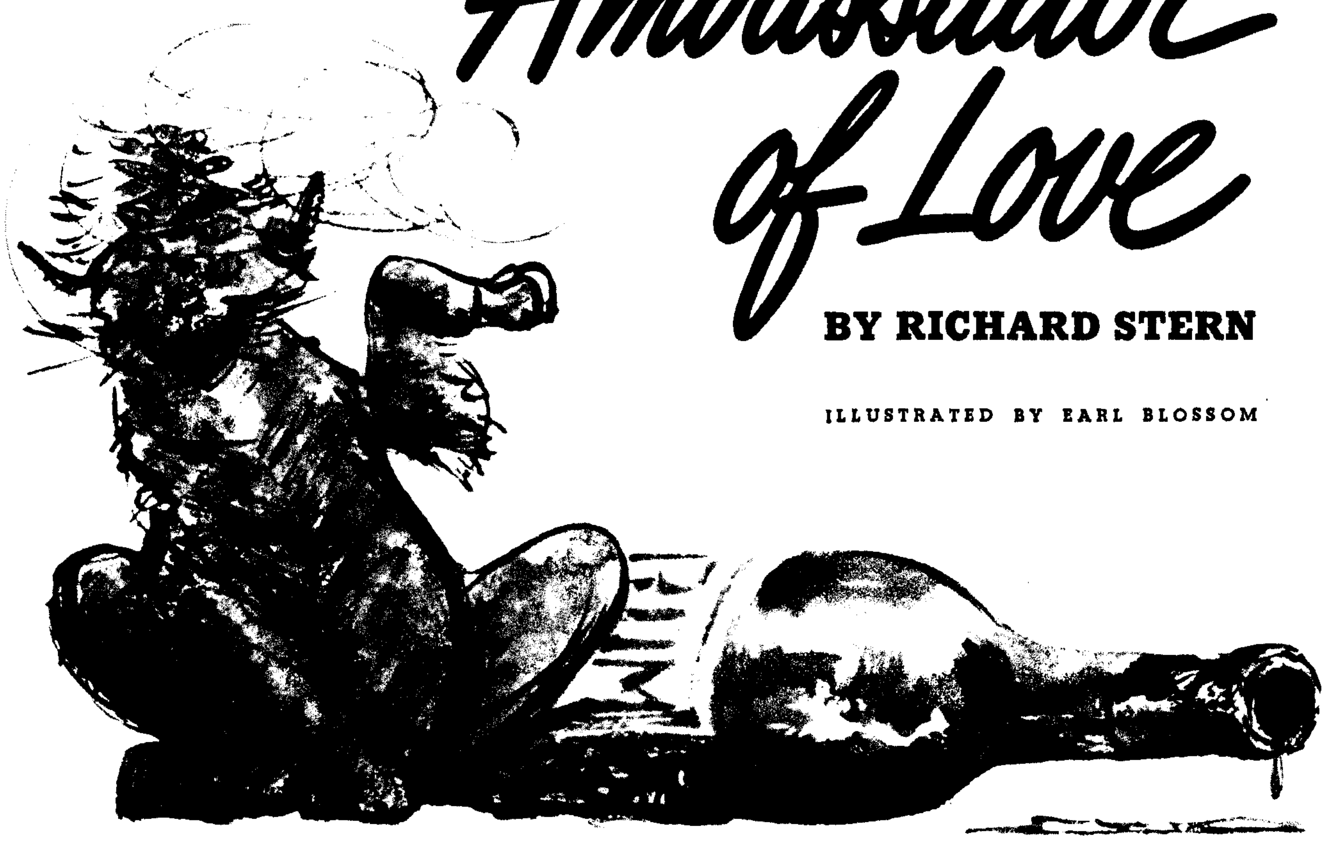
BOB LEAVITT

Ultra New Dealer Ben Cohen, as the State Dept. Counselor, will probably be Byrnes' liaison man with Congress

ACME

George was a cat with a taste for rum and a yen for flowers. That was all right, but when he began to play Cupid, his technique just about wrecked a household and a marriage

Ambassador of Love



BY RICHARD STERN

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

THE day did not even begin well. Cook found Lucas' note first thing when she opened the kitchen. The note was pinned to the cupboard over the sink and it said, briefly: "George is not to be allowed in the front of the house this morning. Put some rum in his milk if he objects."

Cook said, "Lawsh!" and she looked at George who was beneath the stove scratching himself and yawning as cats do when they awaken. Cook was afraid of George. George was big and his whiskers were long and his tail was a mere stub which could express in rapid, lucid succession, satisfaction, displeasure, happiness and anger. And George's habits, too, generated fear in Cook's mind, for they smacked of the supernatural.

There was George's taste for rum which savored of hellfire and brimstone and the devil's prompting, but which was actually traceable to Tim McCoy's teaching one hot summer afternoon. There was also his penchant for fighting which was sheer ebullience and joy in prowess, and had resulted in complete domination of everything in the neighborhood that walked on four legs. Except the Doberman two doors away who was penned and who was allowed out only on a lead and who was not consequently available for combat.

And then there was George's habit of picking a flower from the garden and trotting proudly with it into Tim's and Lucas' bedroom each morning. This habit was not explicable. It had already been well established when Cook came to the McCoys. Neither Tim nor Lucas, as a matter of fact, could remember its origin or its cause, and George never bothered to explain.

Beneath the stove, George completed his morning bath. He stretched once more and yawned cavernously and, ignoring Cook, he trotted to the back door, his stub tail high. He pushed the door with his shoulder and trotted out into the yard. Cook read the note again and muttered to herself, then set about her preparations.

When George returned, he carried a pink-and-white carnation crosswise in his mouth as a Spanish dancer might carry a rose. His tail was high and his whiskers curled briskly and his attitude was that of a man bent on a pleasant errand. Then he saw the closed door to the dining room and he stopped short in the middle of the kitchen floor. He looked at Cook.

Cook said, "I can't help it, George. Them's my orders." And she gestured toward the note.

George's stub tail dropped and began to twitch.

"It ain't my fault," Cook repeated, and her voice rose. She seized the saucer of milk from the sink and held it out. "Here," she said soothingly, "I've fixed you some nice warm milk with rum in it." She held the saucer down in front of George's nose and he sniffed at it appreciatively. Cook extended her other hand. "Won't you give me the flower?" she cooed.

George, mollified by the milk and by the tempting aroma of rum, cast habit to the winds. He dropped the carnation into Cook's hand and he followed the saucer as she moved it over under the stove. He looked at her only once before he crouched, and his pink tongue began to lap with the steady beat of a paddle wheel.

Cook felt relieved and superior. She indulged her superiority. "You'll get drunk," she said loftily.

George paid no heed. . . .

While George lapped up his rum, the rest of the family began to stir slowly. Lucas awakened first. Her hair was in her eyes and her nightie was twisted and her covers were out at the foot. Her dreams had not been pleasant. She looked across at Tim. He was supine and his mouth was closed and his chest rose and fell rhythmically without a sound. His covers were undisturbed.

"You're like a sloth!" Lucas said sharply, without reason. "You don't move and you don't twitch and you look so—so damned comfortable!"

Tim was awake on the final word. He awakened as he slept, easily and quickly, and his mind seemed to be in focus.

"Good morning," he said. Automatically he looked around the room. "Where's George?" And then he remembered. "Oh!"

Lucas said, "I will not have that shaggy beast in the front of my house, let alone in my bedroom. Putting his claws into the furniture and shedding like a pine tree. We went through that last night."

Tim took it calmly. George had been banned before. He stretched and reached for a cigarette. "I miss George," he said. "He'll stop bringing flowers, you know, now that we won't let him in."

Lucas was hunting for mules and robe. "I don't care. He can't come in. I told Cook not to let him through—"

"He may take Cook's leg off," Tim pointed out.

"And I told Cook to give him some rum in his milk just to keep him happy." She had her robe and one mule, but the other was beneath the bed and she could not reach it. She straightened up and stamped her bare foot. "He's probably guzzling his rum now. The sot!"

"Hey," said Tim softly. He caught her arm as she went by his bed and he pulled her down across his chest. "Hey," he repeated, rumpling her hair. She struggled for a moment and then was relaxed and he held her tight and kissed the tip of her ear. "Hey," he whispered, and she burrowed against his shoulder.

She said softly: "I don't know what it is. I'm sorry. I guess I just got up on the wrong side of the bed."

THIS day which had not started right continued the same way. It was Saturday. Tim lay in bed and smoked cigarettes and read the papers, disrupting the breakfast and the housecleaning schedules. Cook burned herself on the edge of the frying pan. Lucas dulled Tim's last razor blade shaving her legs and cut herself vigorously on the right shin where it would show even through her hose.

George, after an hour's nap beneath the stove got up feeling his rum and sallied forth into the garden where he waylaid and killed, after a brief, magnificent brawl, the long-toothed old gopher who had been undermining the carnations. He brought the gopher in to Cook, thinking perhaps that more rum would be forthcoming. But Cook's feeling of superiority had not disappeared, and George fled ignominiously from Cook's waving broom. It was not a good day.

In the bedroom after lunch as they dressed, Tim for golf, she for a bridge tea, Lucas said sweetly, "Darling, it would be nice if you could have only four or five drinks in the clubhouse this afternoon and manage to get home on time. The Grigsbys and the Towles will be here at seven o'clock and, of course, you'll want to see as much of the Grigsby woman as you can."

Tim came out of his closet with his shirt in his hand. "What do you mean by that?" he demanded.

Lucas' smile was angelic. "Nothing, darling. Nothing at all." She took her purse and her gloves from the bed. At the door she stopped. "Just as a favor to me, sweet," she said, "if you must neck with the Grigsby tonight, please, couldn't you make it a little less obvious than usual?" The accusation was not justified and Lucas knew it. It was only the senseless temper of the day.

At two-thirty that afternoon, George's enemy, the Doberman, got over the fence of his pen for the first time and rampaged jubilantly through the two intervening yards. He caught George sunning himself on the warm cement of the driveway, still brooding from the ignominy of his flight from Cook's broom, and before either George or the Doberman had fully grasped the situation, atavism and instinct had taken charge, and George was on top of the garage roof.

By the time George had his instincts under control and was working himself up to the proper pitch for counter-offensive, the Doberman in an unsportsmanlike fashion declared the battle at an end and snorted disdainfully and trotted down the driveway. By the time George could get down off the garage roof, the Doberman was gone. Cook was a witness to the entire operation and the sight of Cook's face grinning out of the kitchen window did nothing to raise George's spirits.

At her bridge tea, Lucas lost two dollars and sixty-four cents at a twentieth of a cent a point, and out of politeness ate three *pâté de foie gras* sandwiches which she loathed.

Tim sliced into the gulch on the seventeenth hole and took eight strokes getting back to the fairway, and then was low man with the poker dice in the clubhouse and paid for the drinks. He left the club late and unhappy.

Lucas was almost dressed when Tim got home. She was standing in front of her mirror, in her slip, brushing her shining hair when he arrived at the bedroom door with a sturdy highball in his hand. He stood watching her for a time, admiring her, taking pleasure in the sight of her slim legs and her white shoulders and her rounded body. She turned from the mirror and faced him, her brush in her hand and the *pâté de foie gras* sandwiches in her mind.

"Darling," she said, "it isn't that I mind, but our guests wonder sometimes why you can't even talk by dinnertime."

Tim set his drink down slowly. He raised one leg and shucked off his shoe and let it lie where it dropped. He scratched his knee absently. "Perhaps if the food were better—" he began.

Lucas said sharply, "For your information, we're having steaks tonight. Thick, juicy porterhouse steaks. They took all of the points I've been saving."

"Your affair with the butcher," Tim said, "has paid off." He got off his other shoe and let it drop and roll under the bed.

"It's twenty minutes of seven," Lucas said tartly. "It would be nice if there were a host to meet our guests."

Tim sat down on the edge of Lucas' bed, lighted a cigarette. "You know that seventeenth hole—" he began.

"Tim!"

Tim got up from the bed. He picked up his empty glass and ambled out of the bedroom through the front room to the dining room and into the kitchen and mixed himself another drink.

THE Grigsbys and the Towles arrived together at seven-ten. They were old friends, and Lucas always enjoyed their company, but tonight as she met them at the door alone, she wondered what she had found in them. She wondered particularly what had kept her these several years from the throat of the Grigsby woman.

The Grigsby was tall and slim and luscious, and her red hair and her blue eyes were an envy. She had a way of smiling with her red lips slightly parted and the corners of her eyes acrinkle as if at the memory of secret thoughts. She had known Tim since dancing school.

"Tim's still dressing," Lucas said.

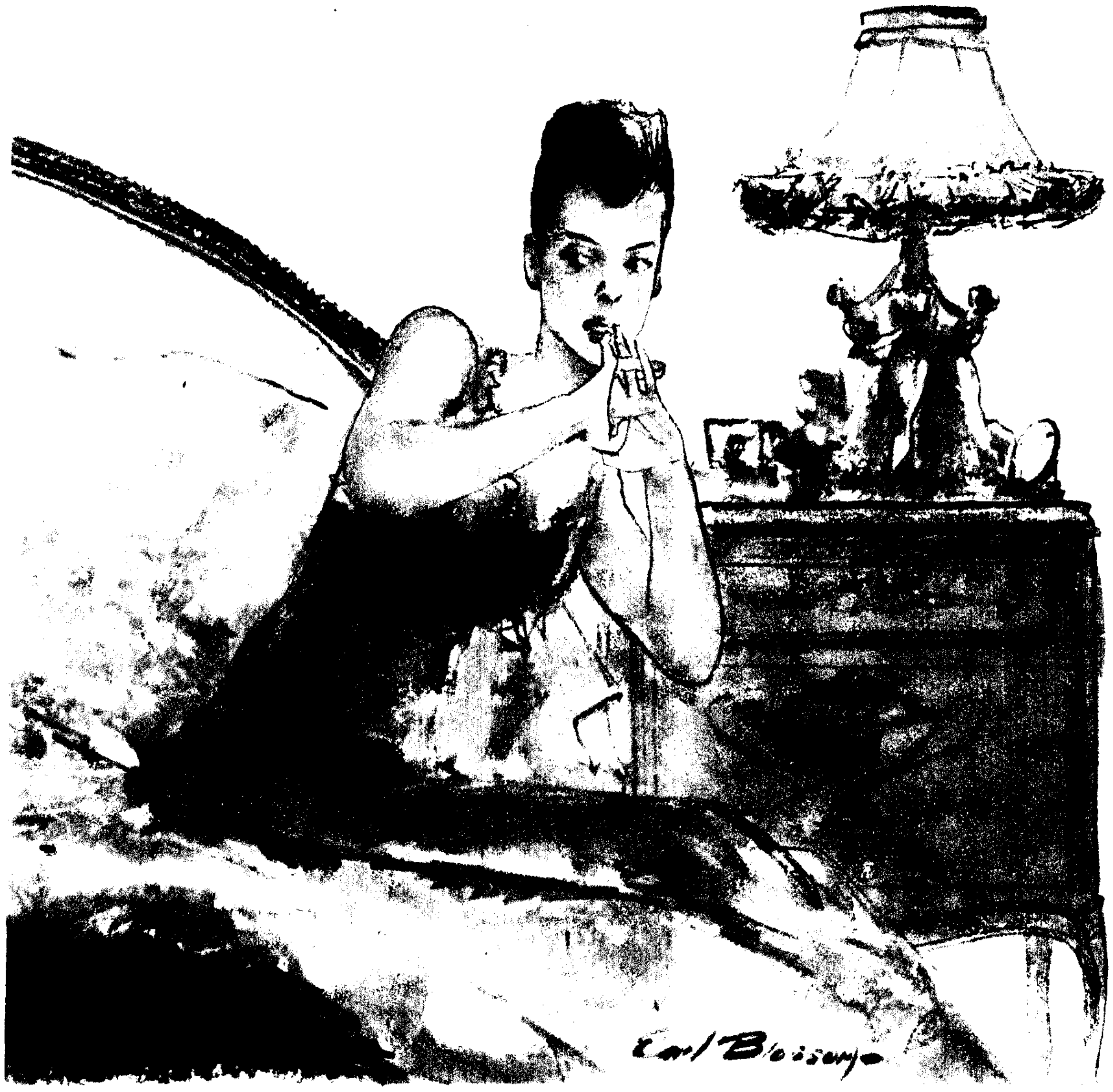
The Grigsby smiled her secret smile. "He was off his game today," she said. "He was always infuriating when he was off his game." It was a statement, maddening in its assurance. *I know him so well,* she seemed to say. *I understand him.*

And Lucas surprised even herself. "I guess he hasn't changed much," she said, "since you lived with him," although she knew it wasn't true.

But the Grigsby was imperturbable. Her secret smile only deepened a little. "Why, darling! Has he told you?"

Lucas retired in some confusion. "I must check on our drinks," she said, "and on the dinner." And she went through the dining room and into the kitchen hating the day and hating the night and hating the Grigsby.

She mixed the highballs in brooding silence, ignoring Cook who nursed her burned hand. Even the sight of the two thick steaks on the sideboard failed to raise Lucas' spirits. When the drinks were finished and *(Continued on page 69)*



Lucas regarded George wide-eyed, in surprise. She saw the carnation between his jaws and she saw the note wrapped tightly around its stem. "Tim sent you," she said

Southward Passage

By Georges Carousso

ETCHING BY FRANK BENSON

When ducks are on the wing, migrating from breeding grounds in Canada and northern United States, you can thank one of the greatest conservation projects ever undertaken. This fall they will be a-wing in huge numbers—over 100 millions as compared to only 30 millions a decade ago

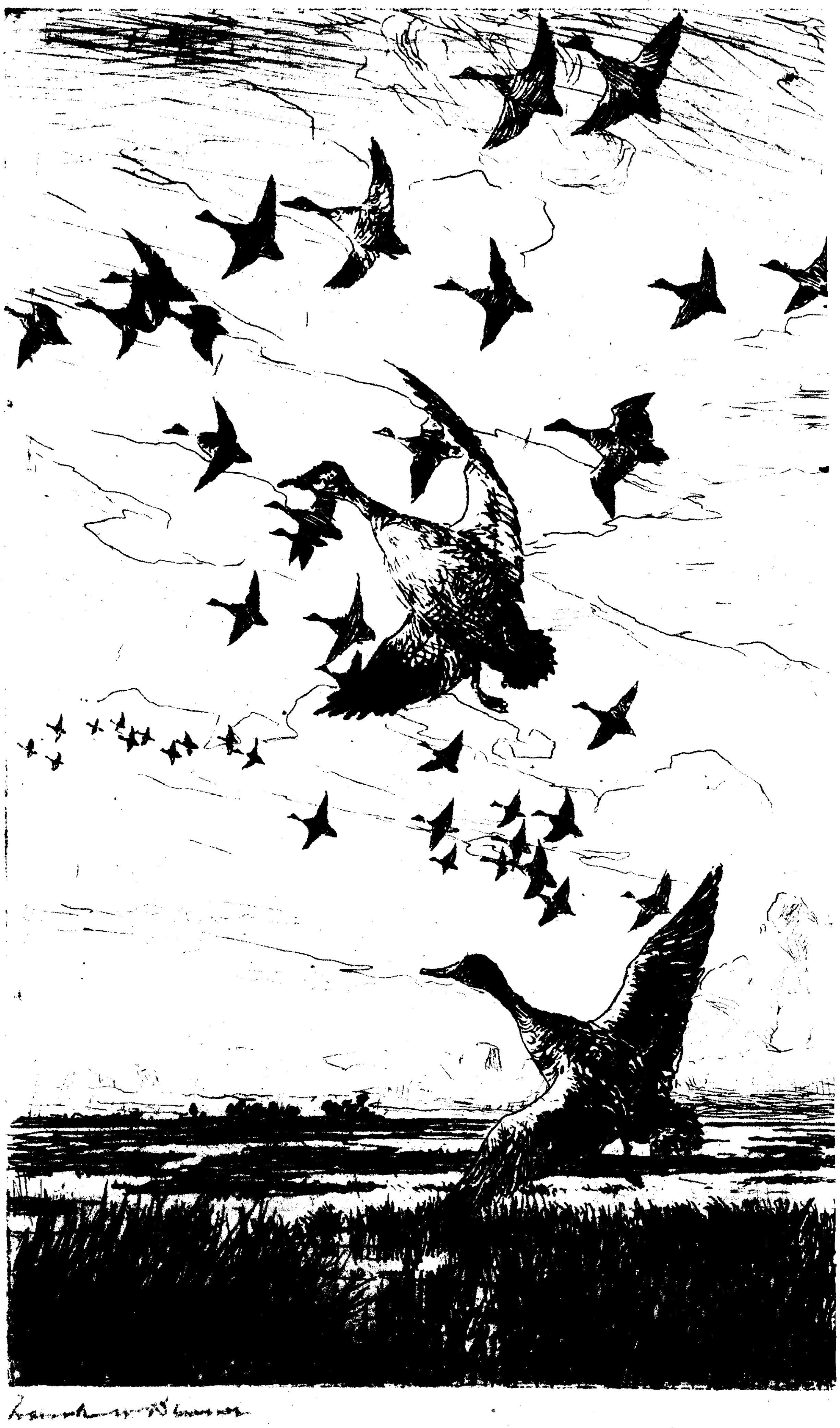
IF YOU ask a group of veterans what they are looking forward to upon their return, their embarrassed answers may be confused, but no matter how vaguely they may express their thoughts, one thing will be clear and positive . . . they want to get back home, and be free to work hard and live hard, and fish when they feel like fishing, and hunt when they feel like hunting . . . if there is anything left for them to fish and hunt.

They know that war usually devastates the natural wealth of a country, even if bombs and shells don't fall on it, and they'll be worried that when they come back, they will find their streams and lakes emptied of fish, and their forests stripped of lumber and game, and the skies denuded of birds. They remember tales of the vast buffalo herds that once blackened the prairies, but that was before their day, and the buffalo now are found only in national parks and in museum exhibits. They've read about the passenger pigeons whose wings once eclipsed the sun like a living cloud, but that, too, was before their day.

But, best of all, they remember the ducks. They saw the ducks with their own eyes—the mallard, and the redheads, and the pintails and the canvasbacks. Wherever they have lived, on the Pacific coast or the Atlantic, along the Mississippi, or in the bayous of Louisiana, they've seen the vast hosts of ducks winging their brilliant paths across America. When they were kids, they had looked with eager eyes to the skies above their snow-mantled land, searching for the first V-shaped flight winging northward with a promise of spring to follow. They had watched them coming back months later when the leaves were blowing in crisp confusion before the first breath of winter.

Each year they had watched, and each year the flights had passed over them. But the time came when they looked up at the sky, at the sound of whirring wings, and, instead of joy, their faces clouded with wonder and worry. The flights were smaller. The roar of wings had diminished to a whisper. A few dozen, a few hundred, winged southward, prompted by the great migratory urge. Then, the sky was empty. It remained empty. The vast hordes did not return. The thousands and the millions had vanished. The ducks on the North American continent were on the road to joining the past, to becoming a brilliant, sad chapter of our history and folklore. A glass museum case was to be the final monument to their memory—unless something was done about it!

That was the fate that faced the wildfowl



". . . the vast hosts of ducks winging their brilliant paths across America . . . northward with a promise of spring to follow . . . coming back when the leaves were blowing before the first breath of winter . . ."

population of America ten years ago. But America is jealous of its natural wealth, and Americans have never hesitated to fight for it. It was only natural that some of the early fighting was governed by fear rather than knowledge, but at least the bird fanciers and nature lovers, sportsmen and waterfowlers were not accepting this fate with stoicism. They were up in arms, and they were going to do something about it. What happened to the buffalo and the passenger pigeon was not going to happen to the wildfowl.

The fight began. The most frightened took the most obvious line of attack. Their reasoning was simple and to the point. Ducks were decreasing. Hunters killed ducks. Therefore, ducks were decreasing because hunters were killing them. The solution sounded equally simple: Prohibit all hunting and confiscate the sportsmen's guns. This program sounded logical enough to attract many sincere advocates. Fortunately, however, it met with widespread disapproval. The Biological Survey and the government agencies working on our wildlife resources knew very well that the ducks were disappearing at a much faster rate than the hunters were killing them.

There was enough sense to the program to bring about more stringent hunting regulations, cutting the number of hunting days allowed and placing a number of the rarer species on a protected list. Bag limits were cut from twenty-five to ten, and dawn and dusk shooting was forbidden. But still the ducks decreased. Obviously, the solution lay in a different direction.

In 1930, five years before the general public became alarmed at the disappearance of the North American ducks, a group of nationally known businessmen and sportsmen formed More Game Birds in America, Inc., and financed extensive research into the status of our game birds and waterfowl. The organization published its findings in a book, More Waterfowl by Assisting Nature. The ducks were not disappearing due to "lead poisoning" inflicted by the hunters. Their disappearance was directly traceable to a more virulent disease known as the "march of civilization." They were dying in the apparent peace of their own breeding grounds!

Crows Find a Tasty Dish

Civilization, with its highways and farms and sprawling villages, had encroached on the natural habitats of these great migratory flocks. With the farms, came the crows, who found that duck eggs and ducklings were much more palatable than the farmers' crops. These crows wreaked enormous damage to the duck population right in its own breeding grounds. But the most devastating blow was delivered by World War I. The cry, at that time, was for wheat and more wheat, and vast tracks of marshlands that had seemed worthless for anything but duck breeding grounds suddenly appeared as endless valleys of opportunity. Speculators bought them up by the mile, drained and sold them to wheat farmers.

The attempt to raise wheat in the highly alkaline soil proved a dismal failure, and eventually the farmers abandoned the land to the wildfowl. But the damage already had been done! The ground surface, with its moisture-retaining roots had been ripped up. The little water that used to stay on this land all through the summer seeped into the porous earth and disappeared. The windswept clouds of soil from the newly created dust bowl darkened the sky. The ducks perished.

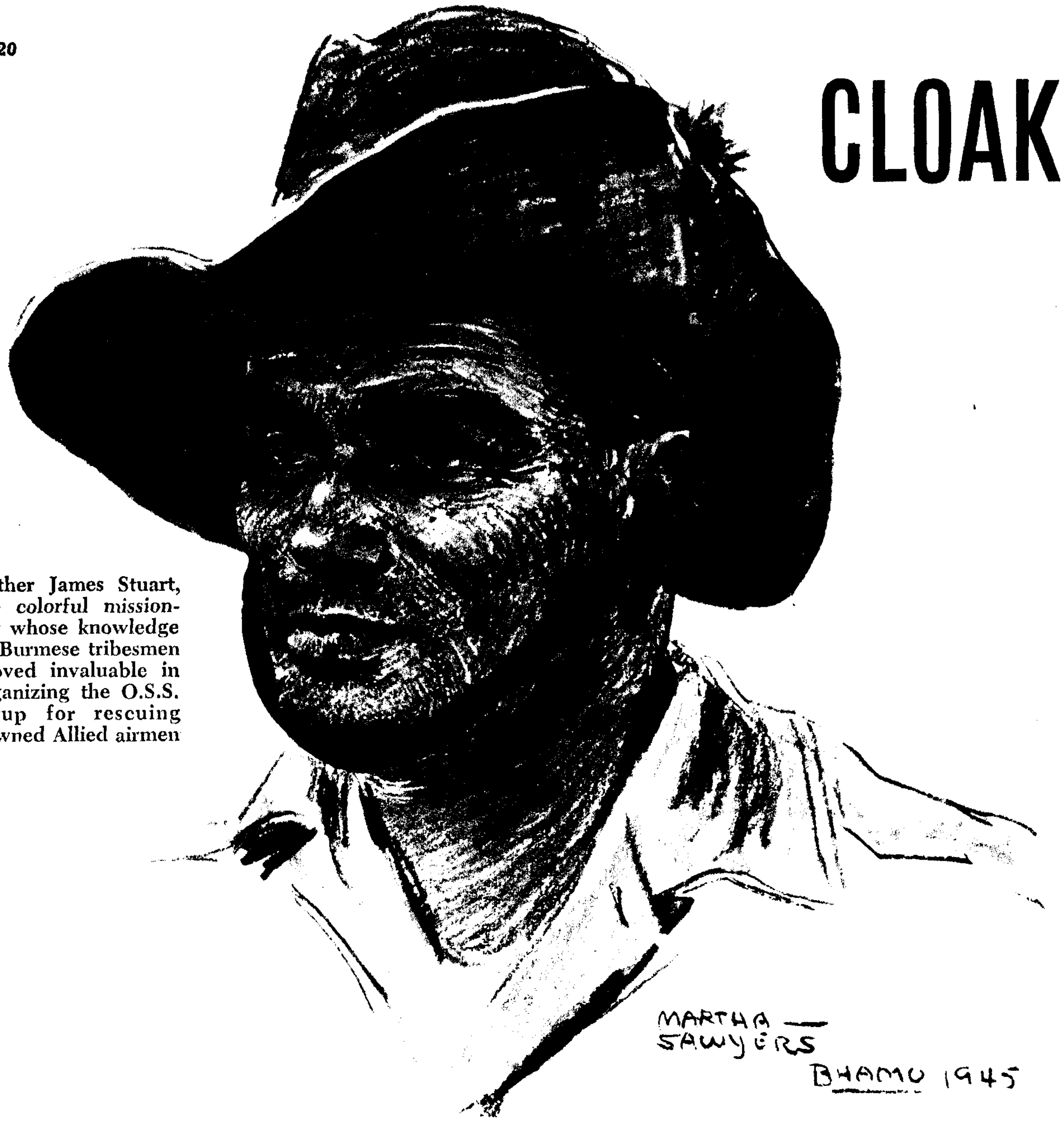
For countless centuries, they had used these grounds. Some prenatal memory drew them back to the land where they had always found food and water and safety. In the spring, they still came to that land. It was still there, gleaming below them with the waters of the melted snows. With a great

(Continued on page 86)

CLOAK AND DAGGER

By Lieut. Col. Corey Ford
and Major Alastair Mac Bain

From Burma to the Balkans, thousands of Allied airmen lived to fight again, as O.S.S. literally snatched them out of enemy hands



Father James Stuart, *the colorful missionary* whose knowledge of Burmese tribesmen proved invaluable in organizing the O.S.S. setup for rescuing downed Allied airmen

American airmen, a few of the 1,000 rescued from Rumania in a single operation, celebrate with happy horseplay

U.S. ARMY AIR FORCES

III

IT HAPPENED on a strafing mission in north Burma. Jap ack-ack hit the engine of his P-40 and set it afire. He was too low to jump; all he could do was belly-land the airplane in a jungle clearing of elephant grass, climb out, and hit the ground running. His one hope was to put enough distance between himself and that seething Jap bivouac a half mile away. He stumbled, fell, got to his feet and ran some more. He lost a shoe and wasted valuable time retrieving it; his pistol dropped out of its holster and disappeared in the thick grass. He made the edge of the jungle at last, his lungs about to burst, and paused to listen.

He could not hear a sound, but somehow his instinct warned him that he was being followed. The head-high grass along the path he had just made seemed to be moving a little. As he watched intently, the blades parted and the head of a purposeful-looking native rose, peering in his direction. He whirled and plunged wildly into the jungle.

He had no idea where he was going. Hour after hour he hurtled through thickets of bamboo, floundered up to his hips in black muck to throw off his pursuer. He knew he was in head-hunter country, and he knew the price the Japs had put on American fliers' heads. He halted for breath, the throbbing of his heart sounded like a jungle tomtom. Above its rapid beat he was sure he could hear the soft padding of bare feet, the approaching rustle of leaves along his trail. He forced himself to get up and run on in the stifling heat.

Thorns ripped off his shirt, blood ran into his eyes. He came to the bank of a swift river and leaped in, heedless of crocodiles. As he reached the opposite shore and clambered onto a sand bar, he saw his relentless pursuer emerge from the bushes and scamper lightly across the river on a fallen tree trunk. He hauled himself forward again, tripping over roots, crawling on his hands and knees. His lungs ached with each breath, his strength was gone. A twig snapped directly behind him. He turned like a cornered animal.

The Kachin halted a few feet from him, holding out a square of cardboard. On it, typed in English, the dazed pilot read: "Follow this guide. He will lead you to safety." Nonchalantly the native handed him the pistol he had dropped, and motioned him to come along.

A Rendezvous of Oddly Dressed Allies

They reached the rescue camp two days later; and he looked on a scene which hundreds of other American fliers, forced down in the Burma jungles, had gazed at with equally incredulous and grateful eyes. Neat straw-thatched *bashas*, a mess hall, a well-equipped hospital were grouped around the square dirt compound. American G.I.s in strangely assorted dress—some with bright-colored *longyi* skirts wrapped around their naked waists, others wearing nothing but a pair of combat boots—mingled with armed Kachin hillsmen, many of them in the uniform of the Burma Rifles.

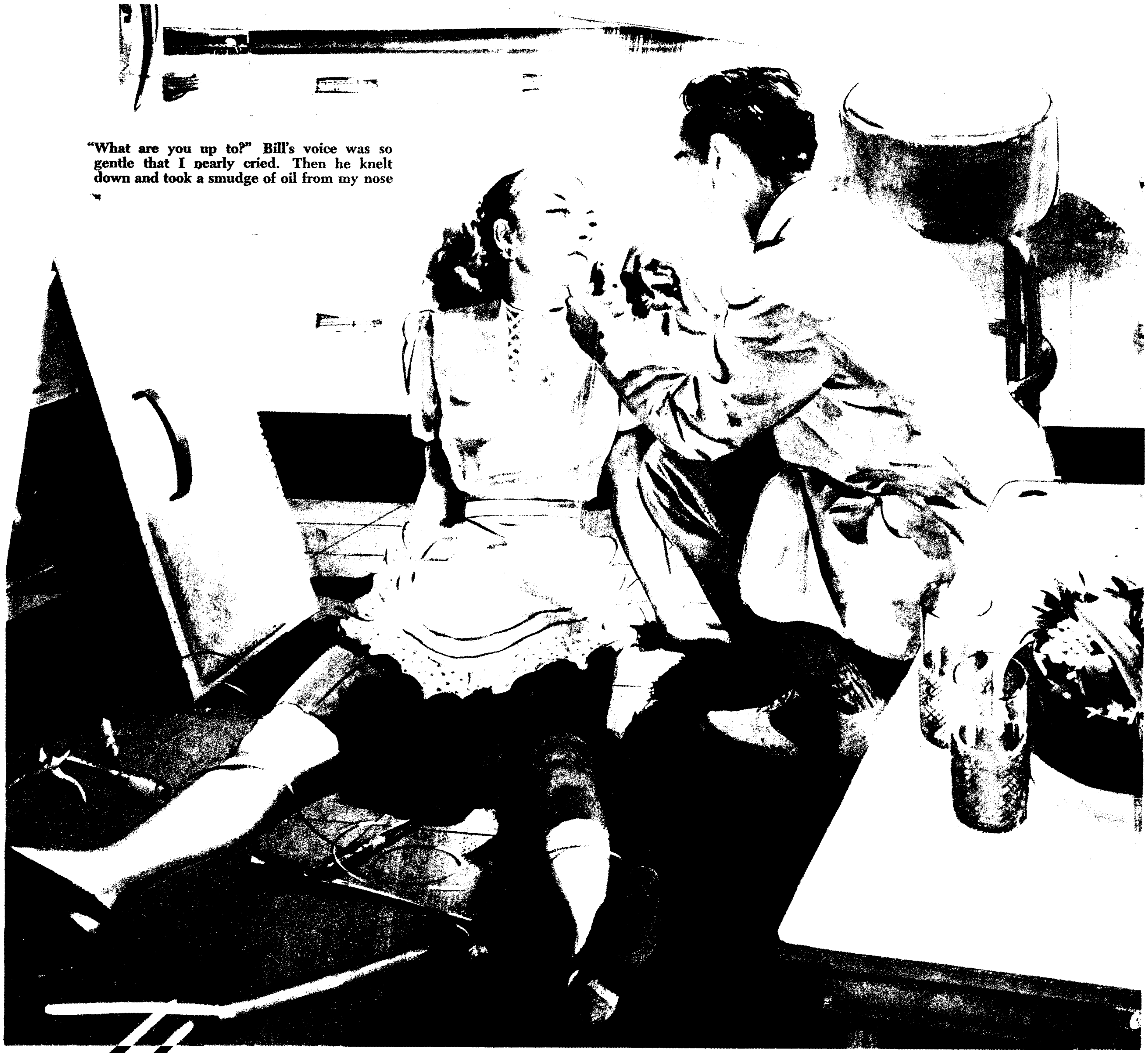
There were doctors, Protestant and Catholic missionaries, British soldiers from Wingate's Special Force, even a few Japanese: loyal Nisei Americans who were working with the unit as interpreters. Mortars, bazookas, crates of ammunition were stacked beneath a camouflaged net of woven vines. An L-5 Cub plane was warming up at one end of a dry rice paddy.

This was the top-secret headquarters of Detachment 101: a special operational unit of the Office of Strategic Services. In the fall of 1942, shortly after General Stilwell took his hell of a licking and led his troops in ignominious retreat to Assam, the first planeload of twenty Americans had parachuted from the door of a C-47 into that green hell of hostile jungle. Their leader was burly Colonel Carl Eifler, a former chief of the U.S. Treasury's Mexican Border Patrol. All they had was a gun apiece and an idea. That idea was to make friends with the proud warrior Kachins, establish themselves as leaders and direct the naked jungle army in a guerrilla campaign of raids and ambush against the million Japs in Burma.

Their plan was not so quixotic as it sounded. For nine years a legendary character named Father James Stuart, a missionary priest, had roamed the wild Burmese hinterland, a battered Gurkha hat shoved back on his head and a .45 at his belt, talking the Kachin language with a thick Irish brogue.

(Continued on page 34)

DRAWING BY MARTHA SAWYERS



"What are you up to?" Bill's voice was so gentle that I nearly cried. Then he knelt down and took a smudge of oil from my nose

The ICEBOX STOPS ON FRIDAY

BY BETTY BYRD

Come the new electrical appliance and this story couldn't happen, all about two girls and a man who found a hot problem in a very cold spot

WHEN I first fell in love with Bill I had no idea he was an inventor. He looked perfectly normal aside from being abnormally attractive in a dark dangerous way. He didn't say a word about the characteristics of triodes, he didn't so much as mention an ohm. But it wasn't long until I discovered to my horror that he was working on some electrical gadget so complicated that I couldn't possibly follow his conversation past the point of a patent applied for.

Jane, of course, could. And it was obvious to me from the very beginning that she was not only interested in handling the patent (she's a lawyer) but that she was utilizing every trick she knew to attract him; and her tricks were legion. She'd get all dressed up in slinky black, mix him a drink and then prattle for hours about unit plate loads and shielded grid tubes and whether or not a light beam caused turbidity, or something.

I hadn't realized when Jane moved in with me to share expenses that we wouldn't get along together. At first she was charming—it wasn't until we had lived together for a couple of months that I discovered she really didn't like me at all. She tolerated me only because she liked the atmosphere of the little old house and the cobbled street, the fireplace and the rose-papered living room. And until Bill came into the picture we lived with a sort of truce. She fixed the furnace if it broke down and repaired the icebox, which was nearly always broken. In return, I did the marketing and the cooking and the housecleaning. It was pretty tiresome after writing radio scripts all day, but actually I was a little afraid of Jane. She was so damn' clever.

The night she brought Bill home the first time, I was vacuuming the living room, and as always when I touch any sort of appliance or gadget, it gave a little sigh, wheezed and died on the rug. I heard Jane's voice from the doorway.

"Shirley," she said, "this is Bill Courtland."

I looked up and beheld one of those tall lank men that are just my type because I'm little, and immediately I was conscious of the fact that I was wearing no make-up and that my hair straggled. Then he smiled at me, and the vacuum recovered.

"She's a mechanical idiot," said Jane, in just the proper amused tone of voice to make him think she was being motherly. "Everything she touches acts funny. But of course, she's so *cute* everyone overlooks those things, don't we, dear?"

"Yes," I said miserably. I hauled the vacuum out of the room, and Bill followed me with the cord and wound it around the vacuum's tummy.

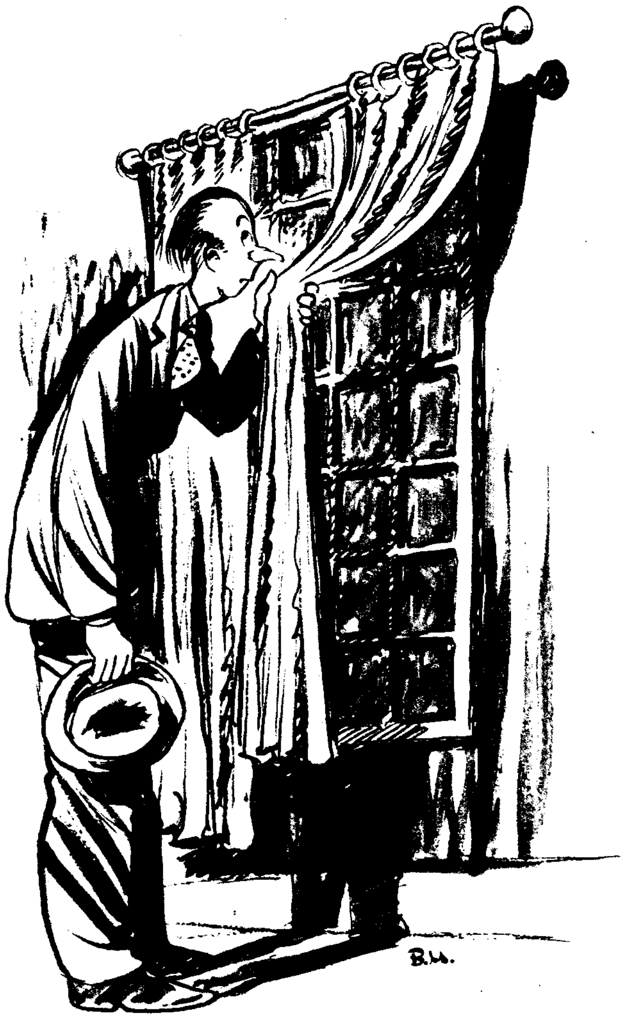
"She's afraid to use any of the attachments except the floor brush," said Jane relentlessly, "so of course the apartment's awfully dusty."

"I could teach you to use them in five minutes," said Bill, reaching for one of the gadgets. "Look. See, all you do . . ."

I looked at Jane. "Never mind," I said hastily. "Honestly, it's sweet of you but people are always trying to show me things and I never seem to learn." I got out of the room as fast as I could and curled up with a book in the bedroom, but I couldn't read. I kept seeing myself as Bill had seen me—in that awful faded cotton dress and dirty white sandals. If he had caught Jane vacuuming, every lacquered hair would have been pristine, and

(Continued on page 65)

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING



No smoking was allowed in the house. They might come around and sniff the curtains

Ex G.I.

By Bill Mauldin

THEY made us wait in a chapel for our discharge. It was a smart thing to do, because we had been waiting for this for many years. The afternoon was hot, and a major was making several hundred soldiers sweat while he guzzled a beer in the Post Exchange, with our discharges under his arm. The only way you can keep soldiers from rioting under those circumstances is to make them sit in a chapel.

The major came in, wiped the froth from his lips and made a speech. He thanked us for serving our country in its hour of need and he told us that "Once a soldier, always a soldier," and he asked us not to say bad things about the Army after we got out, because, after all, we were part of the Army and we shared the responsibility of building it, and if we knocked it, we were only reflecting discredit upon ourselves. He sounded almost frantic. Then he handed us our discharge certificates—for all the world like a graduation ceremony—shook our hands, returned our salutes (our last), and we got the hell out of that hot chapel.

You expect a great soaring of spirits when you walk out of the gate. You have been thinking of this for a long time, and it has been built up in your mind until somehow you expect your clothes to change magically into pin stripes, and a bellboy to meet you with a little bow and carry your barracks bag as you walk on clouds to the ticket window and get a first class reservation home.

Instead, you feel disgustingly normal. It's just like taking off on a week-end pass. The MP checks you out of the gate, you sweat out a grimy, crowded bus, loaded with other free men who can't realize it yet, and when you get to town, an MP reminds you to stay in line at the ticket window. This is the moment you've been dreaming about. You are going to tell him off. You are going to point at your discharge emblem and tell him to blow it out his barracks bag. But you don't. You get into line, because you would feel a little silly doing otherwise. It's hard to get out of the Army.

The biggest moment of all is going into the clothing store. You have been dreaming of this for a long time, too. You are going to kill the salesman if he offers you a brown suit. You are going to make a ceremony of donning the loudest, most colorful clothes you can find, and of burning your ODs right in the middle of the store.

But you don't. You try on a coat and you find it's awfully loose around the waist. You ask very timidly if you could try a smaller size. It's hard to forget supply sergeants. You try a smaller size, and it fits okay around the waist, but too small in the shoulders. Then the clerk informs you that he got out a few months ago himself and found it awfully hard to get used to the fact that civvies are baggy.

He's your pal now. You meekly stand there while he sells you a brown coat, a white shirt, gray slacks, and a maroon tie. You look in the mirror and it's a hell of a sensation. There's nothing like it. You don't recognize yourself. You're a knockout. But you feel self-conscious. You step away from the mirror, expecting everybody in the store to pivot around and goggle at you. But they don't. You have become one of them. And it takes a little while to remember that you felt just as funny the first time you wore a uniform.

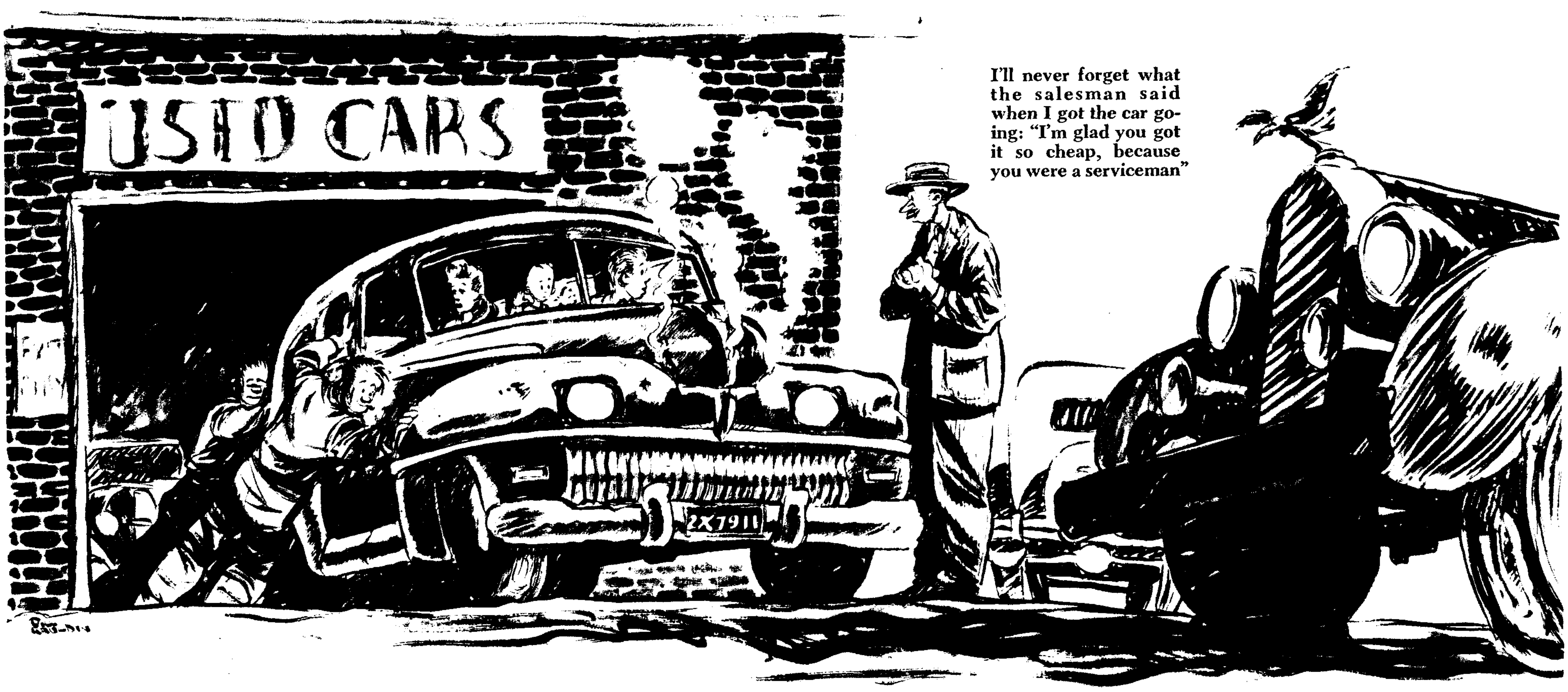
That Wonderful Clothing Clerk

The Army is still asserting itself. It doesn't occur to you to question the clerk's choice. He's the supply sergeant and he gave you a fit and was nice to you, and so you pay for the clothes and walk out feeling that the clerk is one of the most wonderful people on earth because he didn't throw you anything that was handy and tell you if you didn't like it to take your business someplace else.

You notice that you paid twice as much for stuff that's half as good as it was before the war, and the first time you bend your knee it leaves a bag in the pants, but it doesn't really matter right now. You're a mister and you love the world. It is a little surprising that everybody else on the street doesn't share your joy. You want to buy them all a drink.

A couple of soldiers wearing the Good Conduct Medal give you a contemptuous look and you wonder about that for a while but it isn't important. Your service isn't quite as fast when you walk into a coffee joint, and you notice that a sailor who came in after you did got served first, but it doesn't bother you. You're awfully happy, and it takes some time for it to wear off.

One of the first pieces of clothing I bought was a sports shirt, and I didn't see any point in putting my discharge button on a shirt, so I didn't wear it for a few days. I discovered that the darn' thing really does you a lot of good.



I'll never forget what the salesman said when I got the car going: "I'm glad you got it so cheap, because you were a serviceman"

The famous creator of Joe and Willie Dogface, himself a one-time infantryman, reports the progress of his personal reconversion to the ways of peace. So far, he seems to be doing okay

Without it you are just another 4F, and here are a lot of soldiers and sailors who are esentful about people being civilians. The unny thing about that is that the freshest ecruits are the worst; and a lot of people in tores who have relatives in the service are he same way. The discharge button is a valuable thing. I punched a hole in my new ports shirt and put on the button.

My wife and I were invited to spend Sunday with some old friends of hers, and one of the guests was a large lady who has a son n India. I waltzed in with my sports shirt and button, and she nodded at me with great coolness when we were introduced. I had a feeling that she regarded me as a draft dodger.

She inquired about my button, and when I explained it she softened up a little and told me about her son in India. He works in an aircraft repair base as a mechanic, has two battle stars, the Asiatic-Pacific ribbon, and the Good Conduct Medal. He has been overseas eight months. She has even written the President about this unhappy case and she feels very strongly about it. He should come home and let some other boy go over where he is for a while.

I got the impression that she felt I would be a likely candidate, and I believe she thinks I wrote to the President also, with better results.

If you have a sense of humor you can have a lot of fun out of these little incidents. I have picked up a dozen or so uniformed hitchhikers in the past few weeks, and each one has been different. The first was an apprentice seaman with one of the tags still hanging on his new dress blues. We rode along in silence for a few blocks, and then he spoke.

"Nice car," he commented.

"Thank you," I said.

"It must be nice to drive a car like this," he said.

"It is," I agreed.

We drove a few more blocks.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Twenty-three."

"I just wondered," he said.

More silence and more blocks.

"Guess I gotta go back to the South Pacific," he said. "It's hell down there."

"Must be," I agreed.

"Anzio was tough, too," he said.

"That's what I heard," I replied.

"I'll never forget them V-2s at Anzio," he said.

"Did they use V-2s at Anzio?" I asked. "I didn't read about that."

"Did they use V-2s! You never seen such V-2s. There was a Liberty ship tied up at the dock with a load of ammunition, and an oil tanker next to it. They hit the ammo ship, and both ships blew up. What a mess!"

"I didn't know they tied Liberties up at the dock at Anzio," I said. "The way I read it, only landing craft tied up, and the big ships stayed out in the harbor."

A Tale That'll Never Be Told

"That's the trouble," he said. "You people never got the facts back here. There was things went on over there you'll never hear about."

"I guess so," I said.

He got out a few minutes later, and I noticed another tag on his dress blues.

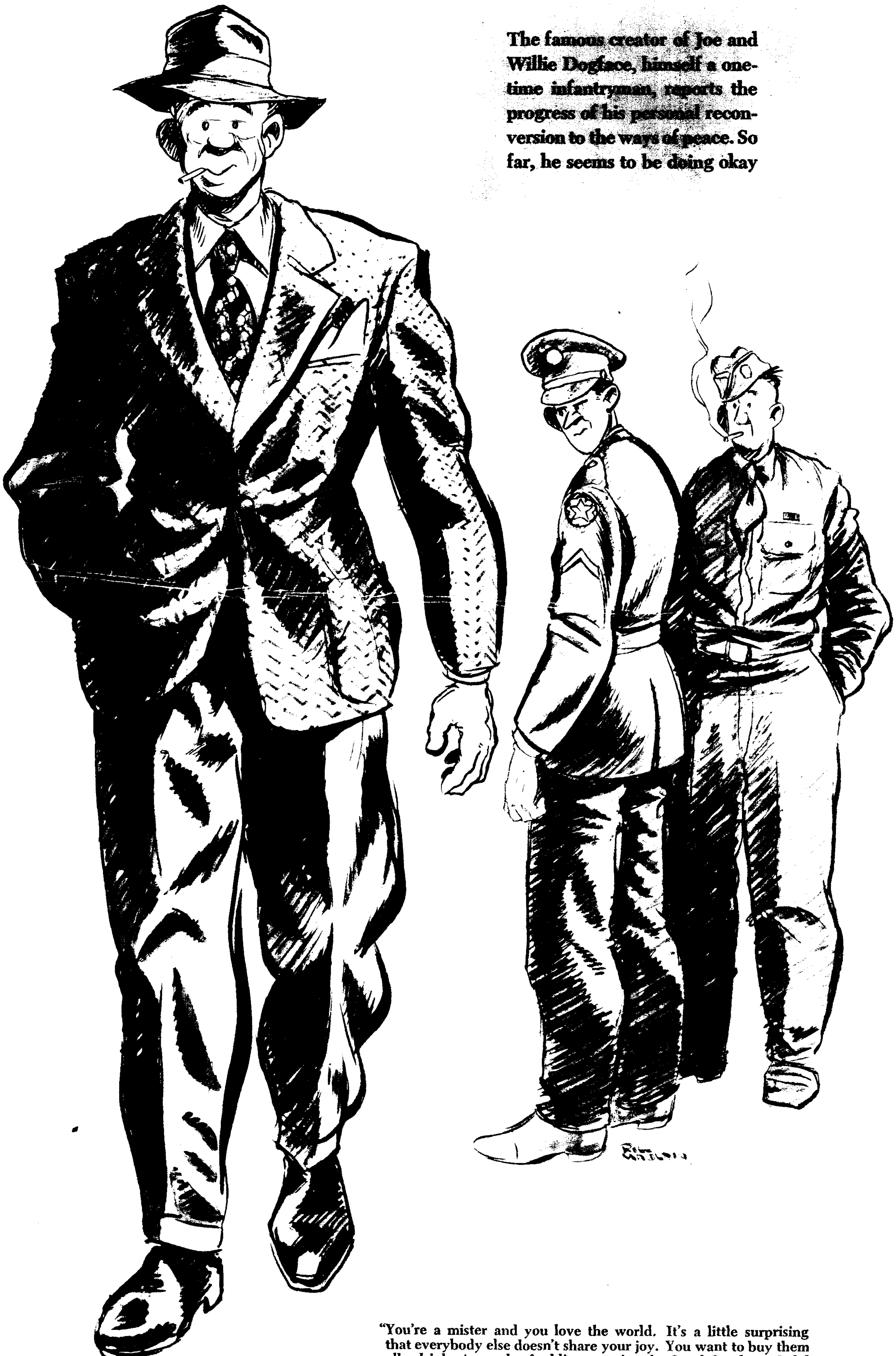
"Better wax that car," he said. "You got a dull spot on the right front fender." He had a sly look.

Buying that car was my first real introduction to civilian life. I got it from a used-car dealer, and he looks like the war has done okay by him. His salesman kept saying, "I wouldn't show you this car if you weren't a returned serviceman," and "We try to give the boys who have been across a good deal." If I got a good deal, I guess I haven't found out about it yet.

Every car in the place had a speedometer reading of 43,000 miles. Some had 43,358 and others had 43,990. Only one had more than that. It was a 1929 model with a reading of 46,300.

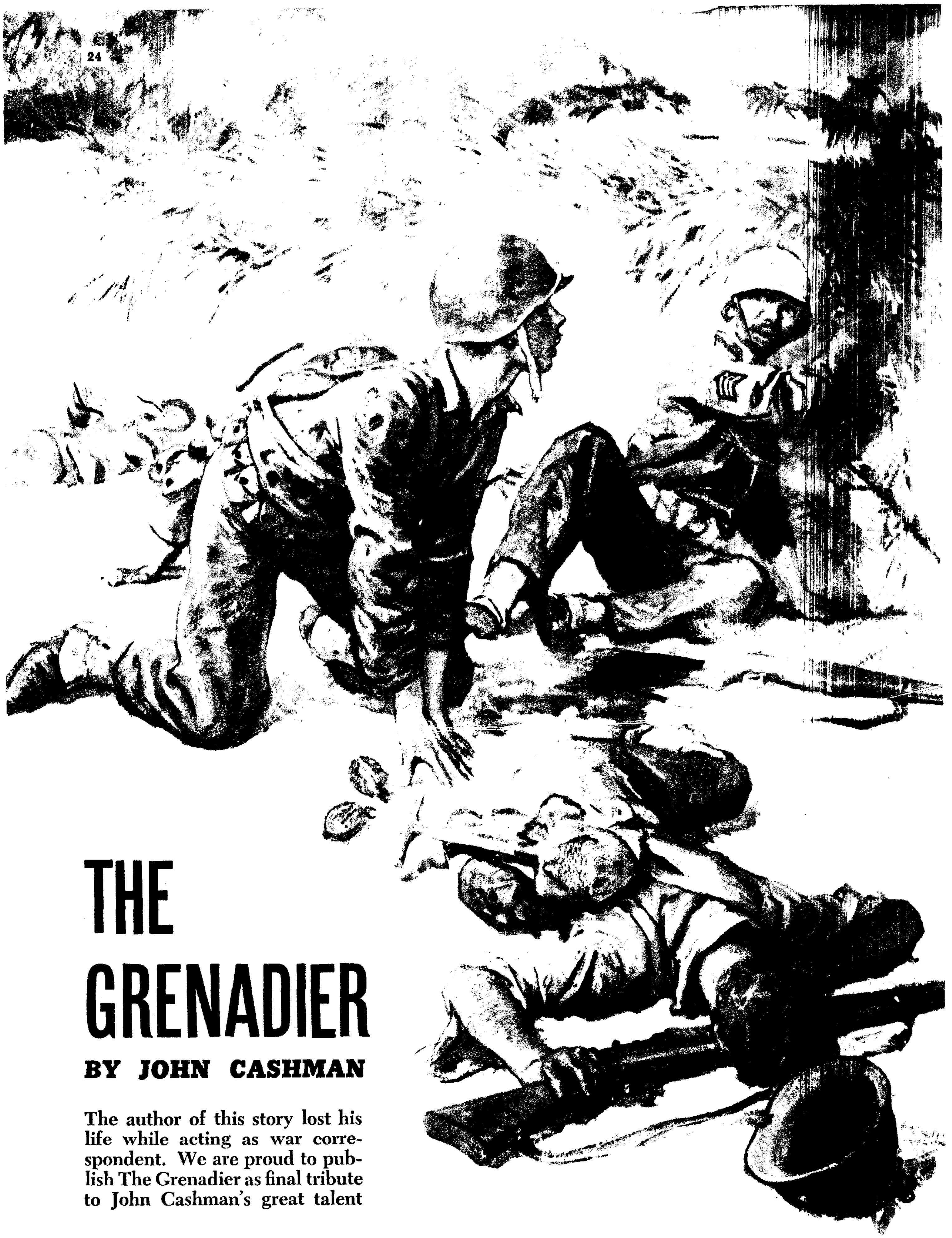
The best-looking car in the place was a 1942 sedan. The speedometer said 43,300, and it drove very nicely, at first. The tires

(Continued on page 38)



"You're a mister and you love the world. It's a little surprising that everybody else doesn't share your joy. You want to buy them all a drink. A couple of soldiers wearing the Good Conduct Medal give you a contemptuous look, and you wonder about that. . . . You're awfully happy and it takes some time for it to wear off"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



I couldn't believe my ears, but I had t believe my eyes. Smoke was drifting fro the machine gunner's slit and the gu was silent. Smithersgreen had done i

THE GRENADIER

BY JOHN CASHMAN

The author of this story lost his life while acting as war correspondent. We are proud to publish The Grenadier as final tribute to John Cashman's great talent

PVT. SMITHERSGREEN was, from the very first, made as unwelcome among us as was possible without actually flinging him into the guardhouse. He was the sort of person to whom everyone, even the most derelict, could take an instant and self-congratulatory dislike. It was his appearance, mainly, which worked against him, and even the crudest and most uncouth in the regiment instinctively turned from this slovenly hillbilly with his flying mop of yellow hair and moist gaping mouth. He was one of those unaccountable creatures which are seen in the service on occasions: illiterate, half-savage, all but dumb; an idiot bumblebee which had managed somehow to get through the mosquito screen.

When he was transferred to my platoon two months before we left the States, I made an immediate plea to the colonel, who merely shook his head and said, "It's too late, Sergeant, just too damned late. I know how you feel exactly, but you are doomed."

So, I kept Smithersgreen as a slob-of-all-tasks and after what seemed a long, long while, I got sort of used to him. By stages, we reached an agreement in which he was to keep out of the colonel's sight as much as possible, so as not to arouse the good man's ire by outraging his sense of decency, and at the same time keep himself available for the more distasteful jobs. Smithersgreen developed a furtive but industrious routine which kept him busy and unobtrusively helpful. He policed the area, volunteered for K.P. and garbage detail, hauled stores, always silently and always alone. While others griped and grumbled, he labored on in solitary fashion, grinning stupidly in the secret knowledge of some meaningless glee.

The men took little or no notice of him. They taunted him at first and I noticed it was around this time that Wilson turned up with an ugly-looking lip and Corning reported to the dispensary with a deep and jagged gash in his cheek. A ripple of something shameful and hidden shuddered through the regiment, manifesting itself in blushing, angry silences and baffled glances at Smithersgreen's shambling, emaciated figure.

After these incidents, on which neither Wilson nor Corning proved willing to shed light, the heckling of Smithersgreen died off. Smithersgreen became a foolishly grinning shadow, always on the edge of things but never in them, accepted by none. Seeing him, sometimes, goggling wordlessly and uninvited on the fringe of a crap game or sitting off by himself at the movies, a blanketed, mirthless creature squatting on an orange crate, I felt very deeply for his loneliness; but, when I found his rifle in a filthy state or saw him walking about with his pants half-buttoned, I grew furious with him all over again.

There were little things in Smithersgreen's barren and solitary life which seemed to hav an odd significance without making ver much sense. About once every two week he went off alone on a drunk and returned still friendless even in drunkenness, yowlin the twanging, tuneless songs of his native Tennessee hills. The Tennesseeans, men of th hills, shook their heads and said they neve before had heard those songs and didn' know where they had come from. No one of course, thought to ask Smithersgreen.

On a night not long before we left for th Southwest Pacific, Smithersgreen was escorted back to camp by two MPs. He wa in bad shape. His clothes were as loose o his big spare frame as they could be withou falling off and he was soaked with sweat. I was *only* by keeping his knees *stiff* that h was able to keep on his feet. He had lost hi cap, and his hair stuck out from his scalp i all directions like a carelessly bundled shock of hay. He was so closely on the verge o unconsciousness that once or twice his eyeballs rolled back in their sockets and it wa only by what appeared to be a tremendou effort of will that he focused those light blu lunatic orbs on me when I spoke to him.

One of the MPs drew me aside. "Sergeant," he half whispered, "I'm telling you you got a maniac on your hands. This guy' got the strength of a gorilla and no more sense than a flea. We caught him in town tearing down barber poles. Ripping them right out by the roots. *Barber poles,* with his *bare hands!"*

I looked at the gangling, slobbering mountaineer, weaving like a palm in a tall wind, and I wondered.

WHEN we finally got into action in the Pacific, Smithersgreen's performance was about what you would expect, except that he was protected by the most wonderful and senseless luck. Once, on a recon patrol, Smithersgreen was in a jeep which hit a land mine; three others in the jeep were killed and Smithersgreen escaped without a bruise. Again, a mortar shell fell straight into the regimental command post just as Smithersgreen arrived with a message. Two were seriously injured and died later, two others were cut up and Smithersgreen came out of it with a leg bruise incurred when he was hit by a flying helmet.

After things of this sort happened and Smithersgreen emerged from the smoking pits of wreckage and torn flesh, pale but grinning and unharmed, the men snarled among themselves, flinging their most curdling obscenities skyward to a God who would take their friends and leave them this shuffling, drooling half-wit. So even his good luck, you see, was bad luck. He plodded along, however, in his own uninquiring fashion, silent on the move when others talked, alone and off by himself when we stopped to eat or rest. He even managed to kill a couple of Japs, although he first expended about two thousand rounds of .30-caliber ammunition and negated once and for all the theory that all backwoodsmen become crack rifleshots.

It was not until we reached Udengue that Smithersgreen came to rank as he does today, with the greatest names in the history of our Army.

It began to take shape, this deathless legend, after we had landed on the southern beaches of Udengue. The first few waves, contrary to our expectations, had taken a terrible pounding. The Japs had good flanking machine-gun positions, perfectly camouflaged and unobserved from the air, and they were ripping our lines up and down like insane tailors with jagged scissors. I spotted the dugout on the left, gestured toward a group of five, right behind me, and started crawling. Smithersgreen was one of the five.

We spread out in a fairly wide semicircle and advanced by inches; there was a slowly rising ridge of sand held fast by scrubby brush which curved around the front and right side of the dugout, and we dug in right under the lip of the ridge.

(Continued on page 89)

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

How to make a Sphinx talk

Among your friends there is probably a quiet, reserved fellow who's practically a sphinx when it comes to praising anything.

Well, next time he drops in, serve him a highball made with Four Roses.

We sincerely believe that after the first sip, the "sphinx" will speak right up and say that he's never before tasted a whiskey exactly like Four Roses.

That's because Four Roses is an exclusive combination of specially distilled whiskies, selected to achieve a smooth, mellow *distinctively different* flavor.

Nor has the quality of Four Roses been changed. It is still the same great whiskey it was before the war.

FOUR ROSES

The same great whiskey today as before the war

• • •

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

Clicquot Club
Extra Dry Ginger Ale
CONTENTS 1 QUART (946 CC'S)
Clicquot Club
Full Quart
Ginger PALE DRY Ale

BUY WAR BONDS FOR KEEPS

both owe their tempting taste to long, slow "flavor-aging"

You know the luscious succulence and flavor of grapes that have slowly sun-ripened on the vine. The same kind of slow "FLAVOR-AGING"—blending the finest Jamaica ginger and other choice ingredients and aging them for months—explains the full-bodied richness of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale.

Clicquot Club
Full Quart
PALE DRY

Clicquot Club

Ginger Ale

OVER 50 YEARS A FAVORITE

N. W. AYER & SON

SHOES and SHIPS and SEALING WAX

BY PHIL KELLY AND BAKE YOUNG

[illegible] the Surplus Property Board, [illegible] of more [illegible] the Walrus talked [illegible] be a total of sev-[illegible] hundred billion dollars

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING–PIX

All sorts of things are made from reconverted surplus property. Here a baby dozes in a sling, once a pilot's seat

CENTURIES ago the Prophet Isaiah predicted that nations would "beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks." Today sharp-witted surplus traders, who specialize in buying and selling war materials, have already surpassed the Biblical prophecy. Obsolete shell cases have been beaten into lamps and ash trays. Scrapped plastic gun turrets have become sparkling Lucite costume jewelry. Six hundred thousand tank-tread wheels were used on children's toys, and torpedo director boxes have been transformed into fishing-tackle kits. The largest profits—as well as the greatest risks—in this fast-moving business are in converting apparently worthless items into marketable wares. The operations of the much-maligned speculators who ingeniously find methods of selling surplus goods is one of the most fascinating sidelights of the war.

Only about three billion dollars worth of military supplies have been declared surplus so far, a mere trickle of the flood to come. Estimates of the probable total run to over one hundred billion dollars. One authority places its cost as equal to a third of the value of every man-made article—from the smallest pin to Boulder Dam—that this country contained less than ten years ago. How to dispose of this enormous inventory without disrupting our economy is one of the most intricate and pressing national problems. Our national debt is now more than two hundred and fifty billion dollars, compared to 1940's forty-three billion dollars. Every dollar realized from surplus sales will help reduce this staggering burden and lighten tax loads.

The legitimate surplus trader of today is a new type of businessman who emerged from the wild scramble that characterized surplus disposal after World War I. The business philosophy of these men was simple: They were first, last and always "risk takers" serving a function unattractive to normal entrepreneurs. But the risks were usually calculated shrewdly with the knowledge that "if you buy merchandise cheap enough, there will always be a market, somewhere." They bought white silk gunpowder bags for a song and sold them as casket linings. Army helmets became flowerpots and bird baths. Gas mask canisters were made into flower holders. Canvas grenade carriers sold as utility vests for sportsmen, and leather saber knots turned up as umbrella straps.

One trader bought a $21,000,000 Army camp for $267,000. A sprawling mass of hundreds of wooden buildings miles from any town, it seemed a bad risk, for to salvage the wood and equipment and ship it to lumber yards would have been a gigantic task. But this merchandiser had other ideas. Instead of attempting to dismantle the buildings and sell them piecemeal to scattered markets, he decided to bring the markets to the camp. Advertisements in newspapers throughout the area offered citizens a chance to select any building, tear it down and haul away both lumber and fixtures under an "Own Your Own Home for $100" plan. The response was immediate. People came from 150 miles around, and in a few weeks the camp disappeared. The result was a tidy profit for the trader; homes, barns, garages for hundreds—and money in the government's pocket.

Nor was that all. One building unexpectedly yielded the trader over 100,000 bugles. With war over and bugling definitely on the way out, there seemed little prospect of finding buyers. But again an idea produced results. The bugles were buffed, polished, packed in boxes and sold within three months—to Boy Scouts all over the world.

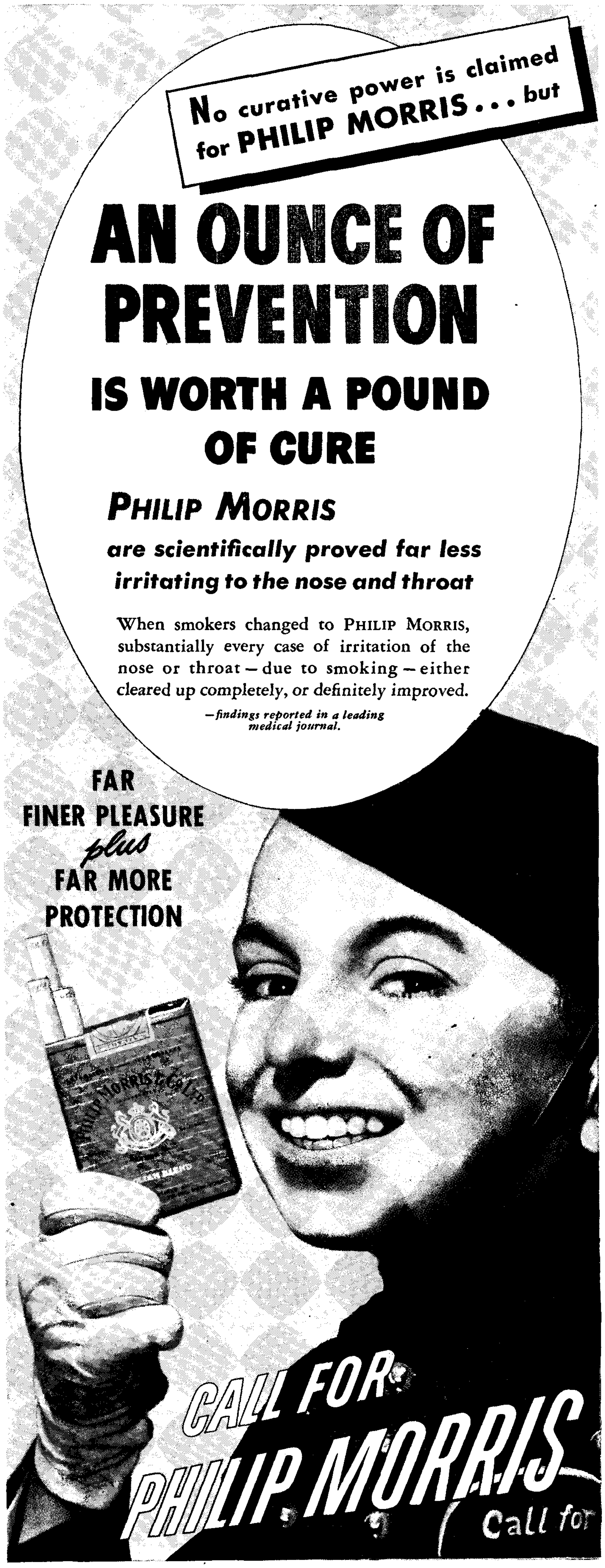
After traders had devised clever ways of disposing of seemingly unsalable surpluses, it looked easy to Congress, government selling agencies and normal business interests. The traders were called speculators or profiteers, with the implication that they had not earned their rewards. Of course, many sales made by traders did not involve any ingenuity, and lush profits were often reaped.

The Armistice of 1918 found the United States with no surplus disposal organization, and many scandals developed from last-minute attempts to throw one together. The Acting Alien Property Custodian sold 4,767 chemical patents to his own company for less than 2 per cent of their value. The Veterans Bureau head made a secret agreement to dispose of surpluses at 20 per cent of the government's cost. Much surplus was simply ruined; for example 52,000 bales of cotton were allowed to rot. Over 11,000 Army cars were exposed to deterioration, and bonfires of surplus planes were lighted in Europe. Several foreign countries bought huge amounts of materials by issuing bonds on which they later defaulted. France alone obtained $400,000,000 worth in this way.

To dispose of the six to seven billion dollars worth of material that remained after World War I, the government tried sales schemes in direct competition with private retailers. Canned goods were sold through post offices; 77 government-owned "Army and Navy" stores were opened, then abandoned under business pressure. In their stead appeared more than 5,000 new private retailers, calling themselves Army and Navy stores. They sold at much lower than prevailing prices and incurred considerable resentment from regular outlets.

Congress moved in quickly this time, passing the Surplus Property Act in October, 1944. Over-all policies were formerly established by the three-man Surplus Property Board, but on September 18th, President Truman signed the bill abolishing the board and providing a single administrator instead. The administrator himself sells nothing; a handful of government agencies funnel the goods back to civilian buyers. Normal trade outlets are favored by the present law, but they are often unwilling to deal directly with the disposal agencies because of the difficul-

Every article shown here was made from surplus property, mostly plane junction and ammunition boxes and tubing



No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS . . . but

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION IS WORTH A POUND OF CURE

PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, substantially every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely, or definitely improved.

—findings reported in a leading medical journal.

FAR FINER PLEASURE plus FAR MORE PROTECTION

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

Call for

ties involved. Someone must step in, however, if the nation is to reap any benefit.

Surplus trading on a large scale is definitely a speculative venture, but an overcautious Congress discourages "disposal to speculators." And the term "speculator" persists to stigmatize businessmen who perform a legitimate economic function by shouldering the heavy risks involved in surplus trading. The board is making every effort to see that surplus property is sold at fair and reasonable prices, and junk prices are accepted only for material that may not be resold for the purposes for which it was originally intended. The board also tries to make sure that when a dealer does make a sizable profit from surplus material it is because of his ingenuity.

Regular trade channels are finding present disposal methods far from businesslike. Most disposal agencies do not guarantee the condition or quantity of goods offered for sale. As a result, the buyer often takes a pig in a poke, particularly when items are in remote places. (One disposal agency alone has material in over 4,000 locations.) A large department store, for example, bought 1,500 Army cots. The invitation to bid described the cots as "unused and packed in their original cartons." Because the cots had been passed by government inspectors, the store submitted its bid sight unseen. It developed that a large number of the cots had been made from improperly seasoned wood, and the store had to make good on many returns.

Another buyer paid for 15,000 pounds of steel, but received only 6,800 pounds. Then too, surplus items of the same type may be sold at different prices, and long periods may elapse before bids are accepted. Despite such incidents, World War II's disposal is being handled fairly well under the present weak act.

What's in the surplus heap? Everything from ships to shoestrings, brassières to bazookas, teakettles to textiles—in all, more than 1,000,000 different items. One contract termination alone covered 30 acres with piled-up material. Despite the fact that the total cost of war surplus property may bulk as large as $100,000,000,000, articles of immediate use to consumers are estimated at but fifteen billion dollars. Well over fifty billion dollars worth will be tied up in combat weapons, which will eventually be melted up as scrap or used for educational or training purposes. Over sixteen billion dollars is tied up in war plants, three fourths of which cost over ten million dollars apiece.

Most of the fifteen billion dollars worth of consumer goods would easily find a market in today's merchandise-hungry nation. But much of this will be left overseas for disposal. This is just as well, for certain markets would be glutted if all available military stocks were returned. In the war years we produced ten years' normal supplies of skis, 25,000,000 folding chairs (four years' normal supply) and so many binoculars that one official suggested placing a pair in every hotel room alongside the Gideon Bible as the only sure way of disposing of them. Such surpluses, unless disposed of intelligently, mean that segments of our industry may be hard put to find markets. And that can mean unemployment.

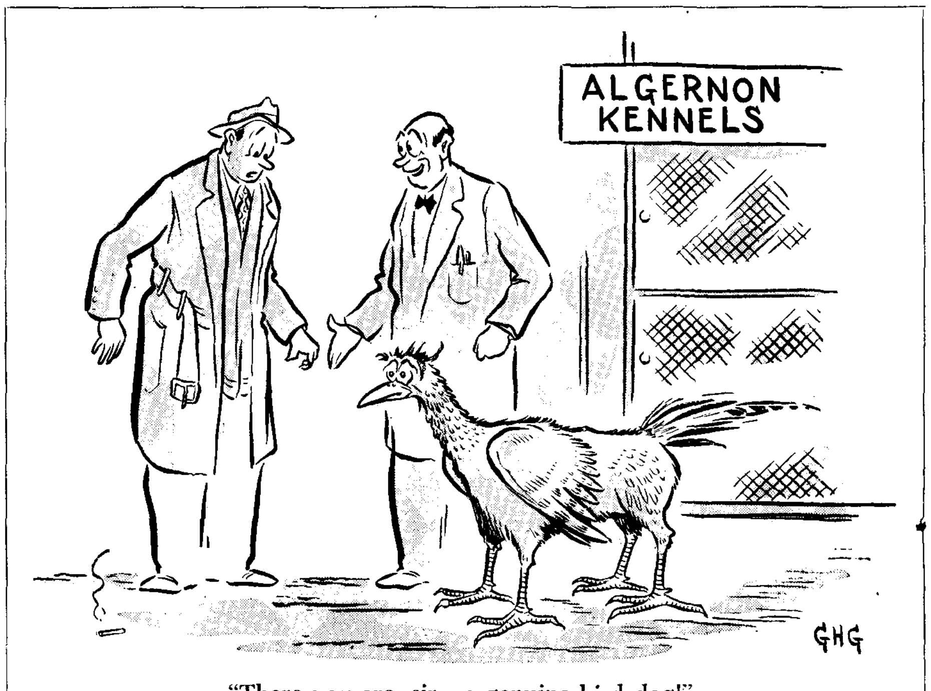
Aircraft and component parts make up two thirds of all surplus war property available today, and will constitute the largest block, over forty billion dollars worth. More than 32,000 planes were declared surplus before Japan surrendered—one out of every nine planes manufactured since the beginning of the war. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation has already sold over 11,000 ships, mostly single-engine private flying types. Hundreds of otherwise unmarketable planes will go to educational institutions for nominal sums—$10 for engines, originally worth $20,000, or $350 for Flying Fortresses which cost the United States $250,000. These may seem incredible prices, but the problem of finding storage for thousands of planes dictates such policies. Besides, encouraging airmindedness is a sounder defense method than attempting to embalm bombers in grease.

Peacetime Uses for Plane Parts

Each plane contains hundreds of small items. A Superfortress, for example, houses over 150 electric motors of various sizes. It is in finding uses for such components that the selling agencies can save the taxpayers' money. Cargo gliders can be stripped of wings and rebuilt into truck trailers. Airplane wings may be used for Dutch windmill blades. A grain elevator in the Middle West uses dustproof airplane engines for elevator hoists. In China, where power is scarce, converted plane motors have been run on cheap fuels. Many a gleaming P-38 may appear in your postwar kitchen as pots and pans.

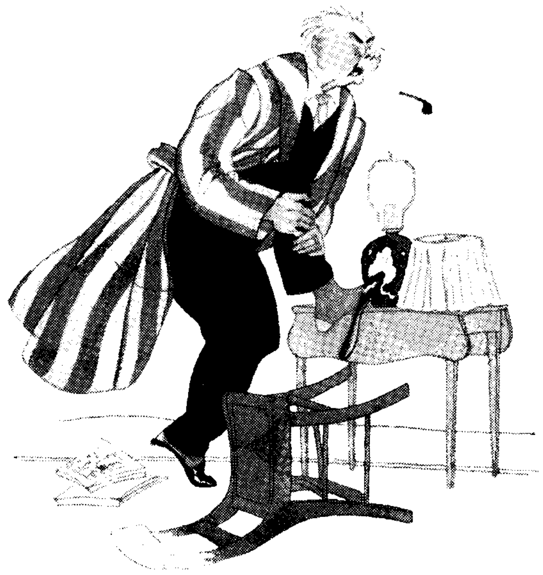
The anxious citizen watching the steadily growing war debt may feel that such large stockpiles should not have been allowed to accumulate. But they were the inevitable byproduct of the tremendous machinery of warfare. The fortunes of war shift rapidly, so vast stores must be maintained against all possible developments. Surpluses accumulate as victories cut down our needs. The end of the Aleutian and African campaigns left huge amounts of arctic and desert equipment, and the collapse of Germany and Japan added enormous quantities to the swelling surplus inventories. It took a long time for war goods to reach the front; nine months supply was often tied up in overseas transit.

Outside of the consumer-goods category only imagination will find buyers for much of the surplus, unless it is simply sold as scrap. Recognizing this, the Surplus Property Board and business analysts are coming around to the idea that not all speculators should be classified as economic vermin. A recent board release admits: "Eventually the disposal agencies will have items for which

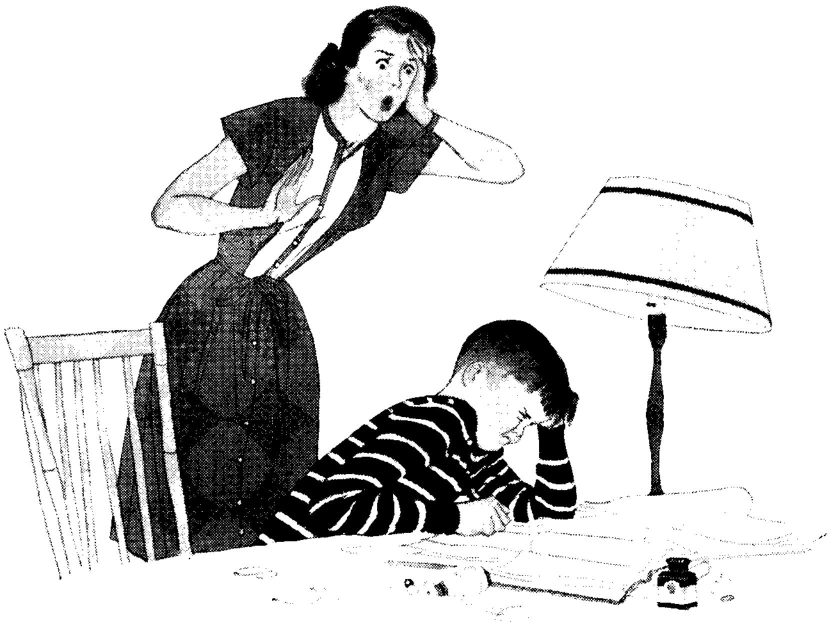


COLLIER'S "There you are, sir—a genuine bird dog!" GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

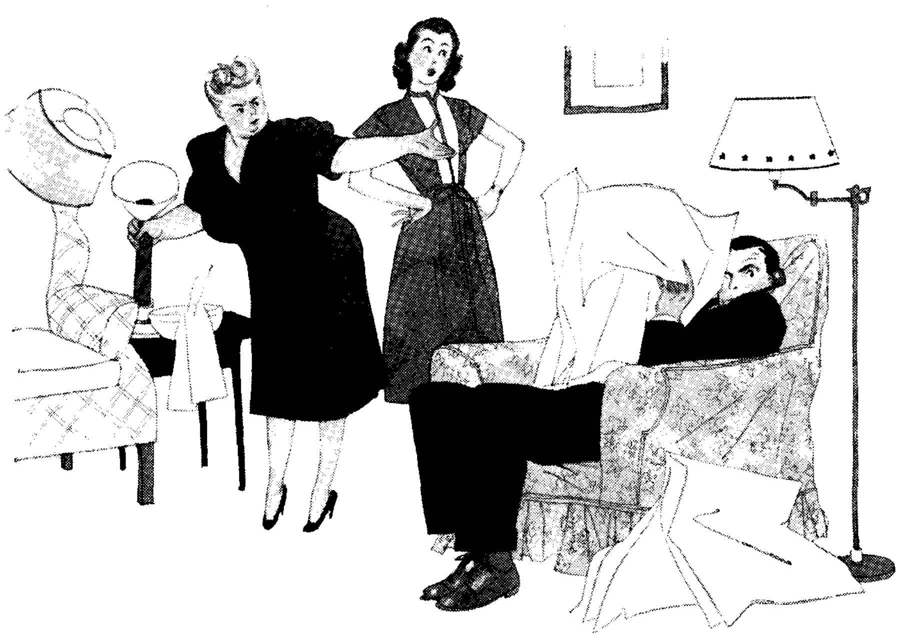
How to be Popular though a Bulbsnatcher



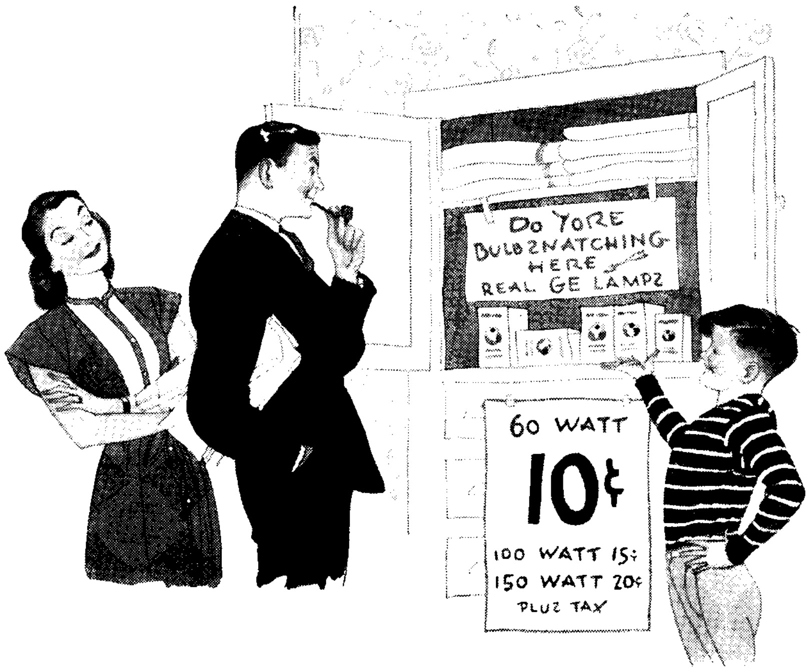
1 **Snatching the bulb** from the hall won't make you popular with people like Grandpa, who has just barked his shin and is threatening to cut somebody off in his will. Soothe him with the promise of some new 100 watt G-E Lamps (15¢) . . . those good bright lamps backed by more than 60 years of research.



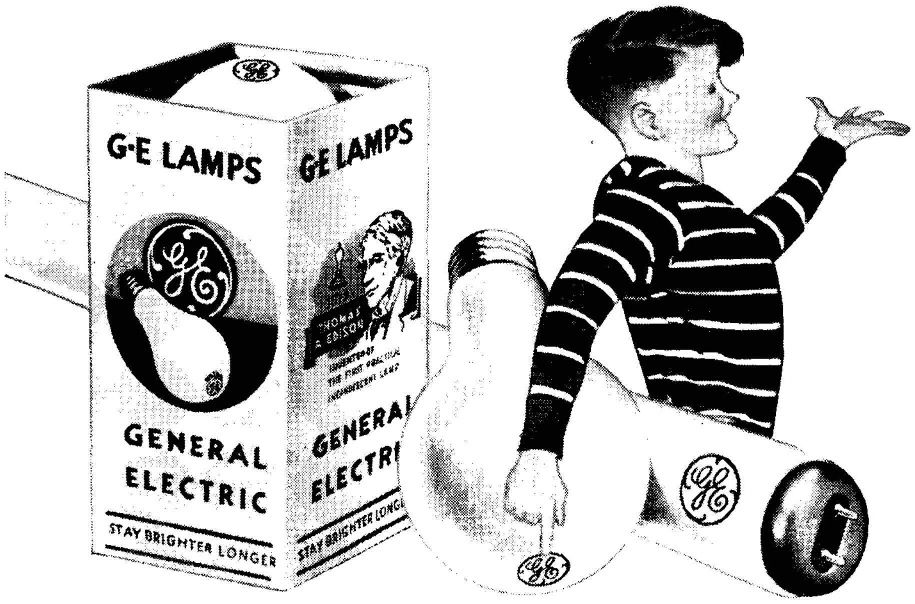
3 **And we doubt** if you will achieve popularity with either your wife or your son by purloining the 150 watt G-E bulb from his study lamp and forcing him to strain his eyes in the feeble light of a spare 25 watter. Better keep a few extra 150 watt G-E bulbs in reserve. A dollar buys a good supply of efficient, dependable G-E bulbs.



2 **Nor will you** be popular if you snatch the bulb from your Mother-in-law's sewing lamp to put in your own reading lamp. But you'll be extra popular if you go to the store and buy her a 150 watt G-E Lamp bulb. They give good light and cost only 20¢. Get several, and make sure they're all marked G-E.



4 **The way to be popular,** if you must be a bulbsnatcher, is to have your own bulbsnatching shelf, full of spare G-E Lamp bulbs in the sizes you need. Year after year G-E Lamp Research has increased their efficiency and reduced their price until today they cost as little as 10¢. Get a supply today!



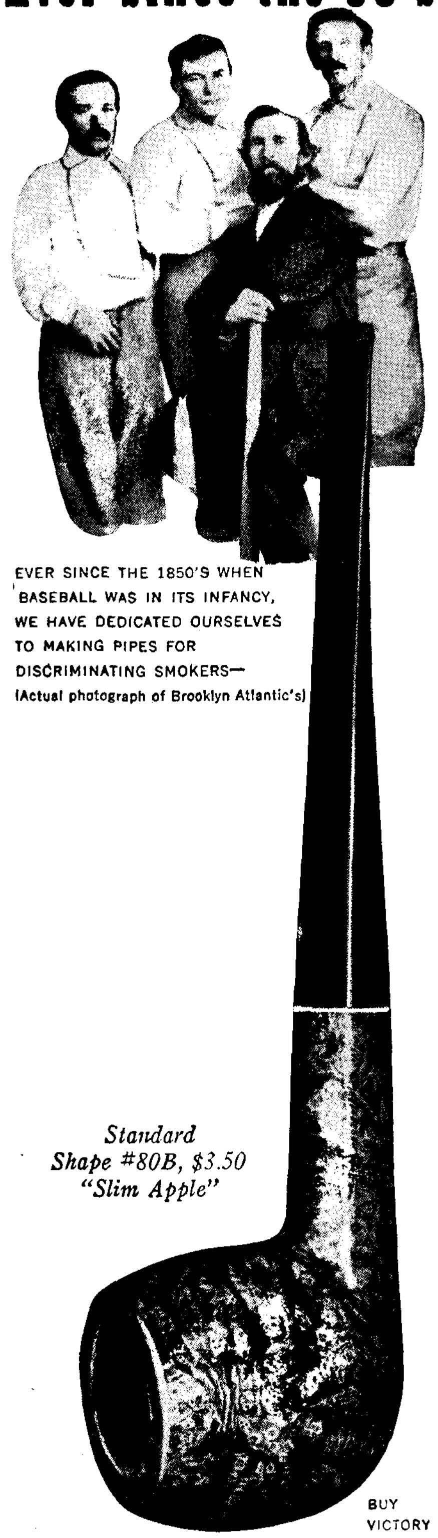
Hey Mom! This mark means Research is always at work to improve G-E Lamps and make them

STAY BRIGHTER LONGER!

G-E LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Ever since the 50's



EVER SINCE THE 1850'S WHEN BASEBALL WAS IN ITS INFANCY, WE HAVE DEDICATED OURSELVES TO MAKING PIPES FOR DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS—
(Actual photograph of Brooklyn Atlantic's)

Standard Shape #80B, $3.50 "Slim Apple"

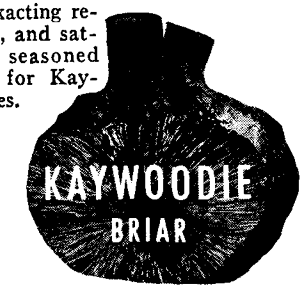
BUY VICTORY BONDS

The KAYWOODIE of 1945

During the 94 years since 1851, a good many improvements and contributions to the enjoyment of smoking a pipe, have been made in our factories. All the best of these are to be found in Kaywoodie Pipes, at your dealer's in various styles, $3.50 to $25.

Kaywoodie Company, New York & London—In New York, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20.

The term "Kaywoodie Briar" means briar that has been IMPORTED, and selected to meet our exacting requirements, and satisfactorily seasoned exclusively for Kaywoodie Pipes.



YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND THE NEWEST AND BEST IN KAYWOODIE. LOOK FOR THE CLOVER LEAF ♧

there is no ordinary civilian demand. Then it will be necessary to deal with purchasers who are willing to take a considerable risk and who will therefore expect a substantial gain or loss."

Department stores, in particular, have entered the surplus trading field with imagination and gusto. They offer field telephones for home intercommunication, ammunition boxes for jewel caskets, metal pilot's chairs for fishing-boat seats and portable air-raid sirens for farm use as "dinner bells."

Many surplus traders are peacetime salvage operators, but a large number are entering the game for the first time. Chief among these are the unpopular surplus "brokers," fly-by-night boys who line up sales before they buy. Most of the undesirable speculators are in this group. But not all the rascals are on the buying end. One trader reports that during negotiations a government official demanded an excessive price for several spools of new elastic webbing. When the broker pointed out that the price named violated the OPA ceiling for unused webbing, the official hurled a roll to the floor, jumped on it, and then announced blandly that he was now offering "scrap elastic webbing"—which has no ceiling price!

Typical of the big-time speculators is the J. Jacob Shannon Company of Philadelphia, a long-established construction material jobbing concern. Shannon drifted into the trading game in 1940, buying WPA surpluses when normal supply channels began to tighten. Guiding light of the Shannon Company is Harry H. Goldberg, whose experience in surplus trading goes back to 1910, when he opened a small shop to sell Spanish-American War materials. A neatly dressed, stocky man of 55, Goldberg communicates a contagious air of adventure to the business of surplus disposal. His brown eyes sparkle as he gives a staccato account of his experiences, puffing furiously on a cigar of Churchillian dimensions.

A Salesman with Imagination

Financially independent, merchandising is a challenging, exciting game to Harry Goldberg. As for surplus, "I like the romance in it. You handle so many classes of goods, requiring a great deal of imagination and ever-changing selling techniques. It's fascinating!" The Shannon Company's operating policy is simple: "Buy it first (cheap) and worry about selling it later." Goldberg's best asset is an imaginative, resourceful brain, which finds answers to merchandising problems: For example, how to market 500,000 feed bags for horses in a motor age. But let him tell that story:

"Some time after the last war, I attended an Army auction sale at Schenectady. The auctioneer, who knew me well, was concerned over getting the ball rolling on 500,000 feed bags which had cost the government $1.75 each. 'Harry,' he said, 'how about opening the bidding to help me out?' Well, I agreed and bid a penny apiece, confident that someone could top that. But despite the cries of the auctioneer, the crowd wouldn't respond . . . and I was stuck with $5,000 worth of feed bags. I ran up to the auctioneer right away and asked him to let me out of the deal. But he couldn't do it. So next I went to the Army officials and asked them to keep my $5,000 and their feed bags. I had no place to store them."

The Army, however, had been trying to get rid of the bags since 1918 and insisted that he take delivery. Stymied, Harry tried to burn the bags to salvage metal rings in each, but Schenectady's fire department wouldn't permit it. And the delivery date was approaching. Suddenly Harry had an idea. There was a railroad tie-up at Wheeling, West Virginia; freight was not being shipped to that city. So he billed the material to Wheeling. Naturally, the railroad couldn't move it, but he had a freight receipt, which eased the Army pressure for delivery. "That gave me plenty of time to think about getting rid of the bags," says Harry. "Then I went to work. I got hold of a list of several thousand hay, feed and harness dealers throughout the country and sent each dealer a letter something like this: 'A friend of yours was in the office the other day, and he remarked that you could use a case of 100 feed bags. Accordingly, we are shipping you one case, freight collect, and ask that you forward your check for $10 for this material.' " The response was phenomenal. A few firms protested, but enough checks arrived to net Harry $26,000—a nice return on a $5,000 investment!

Big dealers like the Shannon Company back up their trading philosophies with plenty of capital and storage space—two prime necessities in large-scale surplus operations. Shannon invested $100,000 in 1942 for storage space alone to allow it to bid on "sleeper" lots (stocks which can be acquired at low prices and stored until markets can be created). But in Harry Goldberg's opinion, love of the merchandising game and varied experience in selling many types of goods is just as important. "You've got to give the customer a complete package," he says sagely, "and you must uphold the dignity of the merchandise by proper pricing or people will be afraid of it." As an illustration of these points he related another experience:

"In 1943 we bought 300,000 colored cords from World War I Army hats for $375. No one else wanted 'em. First we tried mounting them on cards for sale as hair ribbons and curtain ties, but they moved slowly. Later the Navy wanted to sell over 50,000 blue glass 'dim bulbs,' used to shield electric lights, so we bought them for two and one half cents apiece. After unsuccessful attempts to sell the dim bulbs as such, we tried to devise a package. Finally we hit on the idea of attaching two hat cords to each dim bulb, for sale as attractive ivy bowls." The entire lot was sold to department stores in short order.

COLLIER'S "After all none of my customers are Powers models" AL ROSS

Other Shannon exploits demonstrate equal enterprise. Mule mesh packs were trimmed off and sold as basketball nets. Surplus bread pans, too large for the average stove, went to garages as "rustproof parts pans." Supposedly worthless X-ray tubes yielded $700 worth of precious platinum. More than 30,000 gallons of adhesive cement was analyzed and found suitable for use as waterproofing. Wooden locker trays from G.I. trunks were combined into serviceable wooden suitcases.

Not all the ventures turn out so happily, however. On one occasion Shannon bid "without inspection" on tons of used steel rails located in Denver. After the award was made, the company learned the rails were buried in concrete. Several times purchased equipment has turned out to be stored deep in a forest or some other inaccessible spot. "In these cases," says Harry, "we let it stay there." Once the company bought a quantity of steel ammunition boxes, which were later discovered to weigh 800 pounds each. They "stayed there," too!

Another trader took a chance on 850 egg-shaped airplane gas tanks, the type jettisoned after use. Costing the government about $70 each, they were obtained for only 38 cents apiece, because their inflammable construction prohibited civilian use as tanks. The trader intended to sell them as swimming floats, but this idea proved impractical. Still, the transaction was not a total loss—the wooden packing cases in which the tanks were shipped were converted into portable closets and sold at $4.95!

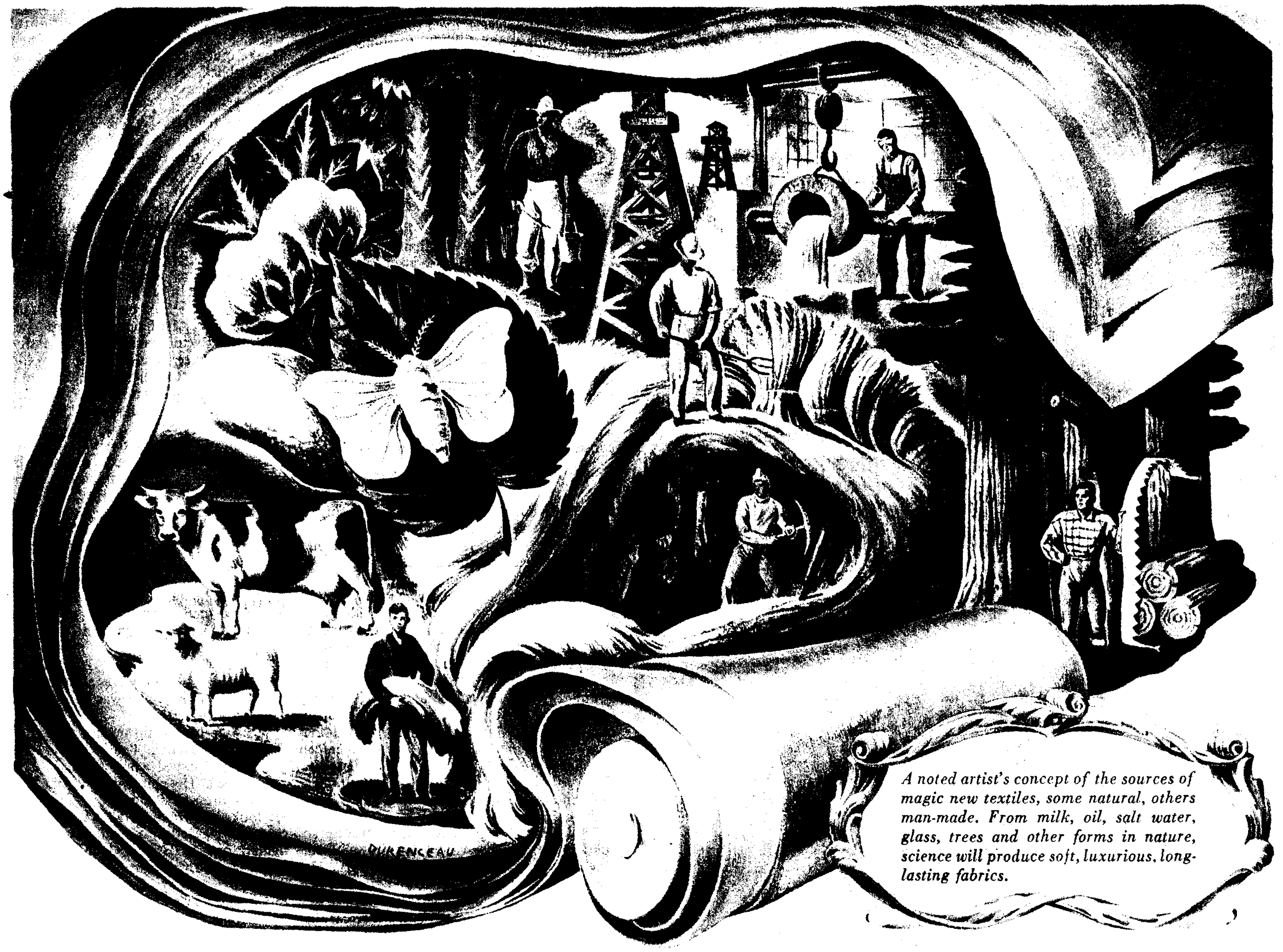
Aside from the Congressional admonition to selling agencies to avoid speculators, the traders face two other controls that didn't exist after World War I—heavy taxes and OPA ceilings. These ceilings apply to many surplus products, so profits are definitely limited. One leading surplus trader said, "The way the newspapers have been playing up speculators, you'd think we were as bad as a bunch of bootleggers. Actually, the speculator is a sucker. The OPA bites him if his pricing gets out of line, and taxes take all the gravy from his good guesses. Reputable speculators are an asset—they help the government find legitimate trade channels that can use the materials, and aid in clearing out plants for peacetime production. But the trader is always playing with fire. Getting stuck with a large lot may force him into bankruptcy."

More and more, the board is recognizing that devising uses for surplus materials must be a definite governmental function if the taxpayer, rather than the trader, is to reap the profits of ingenuity. The SPB is creating a special research staff to turn up new uses. Speed is a "must" in surplus disposal; storage facilities are hard to find. Inevitably, some slips occur. For example, one agency sold 100 horizons (navigational instruments) for one dollar apiece. The trader discovered that *each contained three pounds of mercury,* which he sold for $2 a pound.

Still, selling agencies have shown some initiative; air-raid helmets were advertised as fruit bowls, and white Navy officer uniforms stripped of distinguishing features are now worn by waiters in a Chicago hotel. Another department has been testing Army smoke-screen generators as insecticide dispensers, and machines for preheating engines as hay-drying equipment.

The disposal task, in its demands for ingenuity and judgment, dwarfs any ever undertaken by a private merchandiser. Happily, however, it promises to have the attention of our best talent. Bob Hope, for example, took a crack at the radio commercial recently as a vendor of surplus wares. Said Supersalesman Hope: "Friends, do you want privacy? Do you hate your neighbors? Are you bothered by salesmen, bill collectors, book agents? Well, run down to your neighborhood armory and get an Eisenhower 'Little Dandy' combination doorbell and flame thrower. . . . What a surprise to the unwanted guest. They'll be burned up! When someone pushes the button, just wait 20 seconds . . . then go out and remove the clinker!"

THE END



A noted artist's concept of the sources of magic new textiles, some natural, others man-made. From milk, oil, salt water, glass, trees and other forms in nature, science will produce soft, luxurious, long-lasting fabrics.

Fabrics from Sea, Soil and Science by Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow!

Imagination and Research Make the Textiles of Tomorrow

From such diverse sources as coal tar and milk, from wool and wheat, science is creating new textiles with all but magical qualities. Pure synthetics, or man-made fibres combined with natural ones, these soft, silk-like fabrics will go into draperies impervious to fire and sunlight, into soft, durable rugs, into clothing that does not crease, that needs no ironing . . . and into countless other forms of beauty for Tomorrow's homes.

IMPORTED
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
86.8 PROOF

Imagination and Careful Planning—Source of Your Pleasure Today

IT HAS TAKEN planning and time to bring this fine whisky to perfection. Seagram's V.O. is an entirely different kind of whisky—superlatively mellow and light—with a distinct, clean taste, a delicacy all its own. It is a unique pleasure, planned yesterday for gracious living today. Be sure you ask for this superb Canadian whisky by name—Seagram's V.O.—and know Canadian whisky at its pre-war best.

Six Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

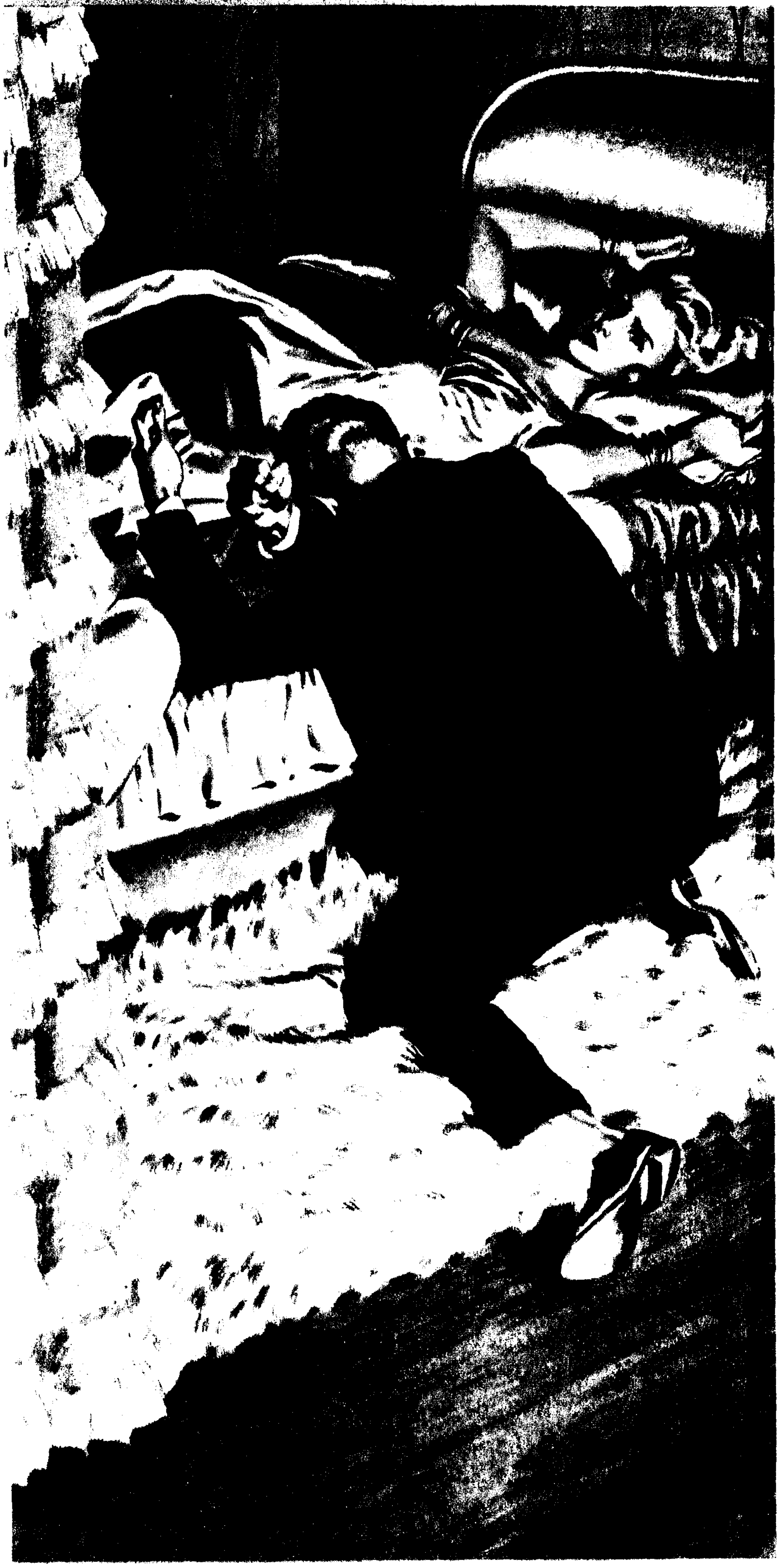
Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND . . . . OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

Arch of Triumph

BY ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



The man was kneeling by the bed, talking, crying, "I didn't want to, I swear I didn't mean to hit her. I tell you it was an accident"

The Story:

RAVIC, a skilled Berlin surgeon hiding in Paris from the Nazis, lived for only one aim: to hunt down and kill the Gestapo official, HAAKE, who in 1934 had brutally tortured him before his escape from Germany. There was no longer any other meaning to RAVIC'S existence; his love for the beautiful JOAN MADOU had been destroyed by her apparent faithlessness; his close friend, KATE HEGSTROEM, was dying of cancer; he himself was simply a refugee with no papers, forced to operate without license for the French doctor, VEBER, assisted only by the nurse, EUGENIE. It was with relief, then, that RAVIC found his chance for revenge materializing sooner than expected. Meeting HAAKE accidentally and learning that the German did not remember him, RAVIC cleverly made friends with him, cold-bloodedly plotted his death with the help of his only confidant, MOROSOW, doorman of the Scheherazade. When the time came, RAVIC sought HAAKE out late one night and, persuading the German to join him, drove him to the country. Then when HAAKE, suddenly suspicious, protested, RAVIC jammed on the brakes, knocked the man unconscious with a monkey wrench. . . .

Conclusion

HAAKE *did not rise. He was slumped* sidewise. His right shoulder kept him from falling. It jammed his body against the dashboard.

Ravic drove on at once. He crossed the avenue and dimmed the headlights. He drove on and waited to see if anyone had heard the screeching of the brakes. He deliberated whether to pull Haake out of the car and hide him behind the bushes, in case anyone came by.

Finally he stopped beside a crossroads, switched off the light and the motor, jumped out of the car, lifted the hood, opened the door and listened. In case anybody came, he could see and hear him at a distance. Time enough then to drag Haake behind a bush and then act as if something were wrong with the motor.

The silence was like a noise. It was so sudden and inconceivable that it hummed. Ravic clenched his hands until it hurt. He knew it was his blood—that humming in his ears. He breathed deeply and slowly.

The humming grew into a roaring. Through the roaring a faint, shrill sound which grew louder. Ravic listened with all his might. It grew louder, metallic. Suddenly he realized that it was made by crickets and that the roaring had ceased. There were only the crickets in the awakening day on a narrow strip of a meadow diagonally in front of him.

The meadow lay bathed in the early light. Ravic closed the hood. It was high time. He had to get through with it before there was too much light. He looked about. This place was no good. No place in the Bois was good. It was too light along the Seine. He hadn't counted on its being so late. He whirled around. He had heard a scraping and scratching. Someone groaning.

One of Haake's hands crept out of the open car door and scratched the running board. Ravic realized then that he still held the monkey wrench in his hand. He seized Haake by the collar of his coat, half lifted him and struck him twice in the back of the neck. The groaning ceased.

There was a clattering noise. It was a revolver that had dropped from the seat onto the running board. Haake must have been holding it before the brake had been applied. Ravic flung it back into the car.

He listened again. The crickets. The meadow. The sky that became lighter and seemed to recede. In a little while the sun would be out. . . .

Ravic opened the door, dragged Haake out of the car, pushed the front seat down and tried to shove Haake onto the floor of the car between the back seat and the front seat. It did not work. There was not enough room.

He walked around the car and opened the trunk. He emptied it quickly. Then he pulled Haake out of the car again and dragged him to the back. Haake was not yet dead. He was very heavy. Sweat ran down Ravic's face. He succeeded in squeezing the body into the trunk. He forced him in like an embryo, with the knees bent.

He took the tools, a shovel and a car-jack from the ground and put them in the front of the car. A bird began to sing in a tree near him. He was startled. It seemed louder to him than anything he had ever heard. He looked at the meadow. It had become still lighter.

He could not take any chances. He went back and half lifted the cover of the trunk. He put his left foot on the rear fender and kept the cover half open with his knee, just high enough to reach under it easily with his hands. If anyone came by, it would look as if he were harmlessly working at something and he could immediately let the cover drop. There was a long ride ahead. He had to kill Haake first.

The head was near the right-hand corner. He could see it. The neck was soft, but the pulse was still beating in the veins. He pressed his hands firmly around Haake's throat and held tight.

It seemed to take forever. The head moved somewhat. Only a little. The body tried to stretch out. It seemed trapped in its clothes. The mouth opened, showing the tongue. And suddenly Haake opened one eye. It protruded, seemed to gain light and vision, then the body yielded. Ravic still held it for a time. Done.

The cover slammed shut. Ravic took a few steps. Then he leaned against a tree and rested. He thought he was going to be sick at his stomach.

When he looked up he saw a man coming across the meadow. The man was staring at him. Ravic stayed where he was. The man approached. His gait was slow, unconcerned. He was dressed like a gardener or worker. He looked at Ravic. Ravic spat and took a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket. He lighted one and inhaled the smoke. The smoke rasped and burned in his throat. The man crossed the road. He did not say anything and Ravic could read nothing in the man's face. Very likely he took him for a drunk. He disappeared beyond the crossroad with deliberate steps.

Ravic waited a few seconds more. He locked the trunk of the car and started the motor.

There was nothing more to be done in the Bois. It was too light. He had to drive to St. Germain. He knew the woods there.

AN HOUR later he stopped in front of a small inn. He was very hungry, and his head felt numb. He parked the car in front of the inn where there were two tables and a few chairs. He ordered coffee and brioches and went in to wash. He asked for a glass and washed out his mouth. Then he washed his hands and went back.

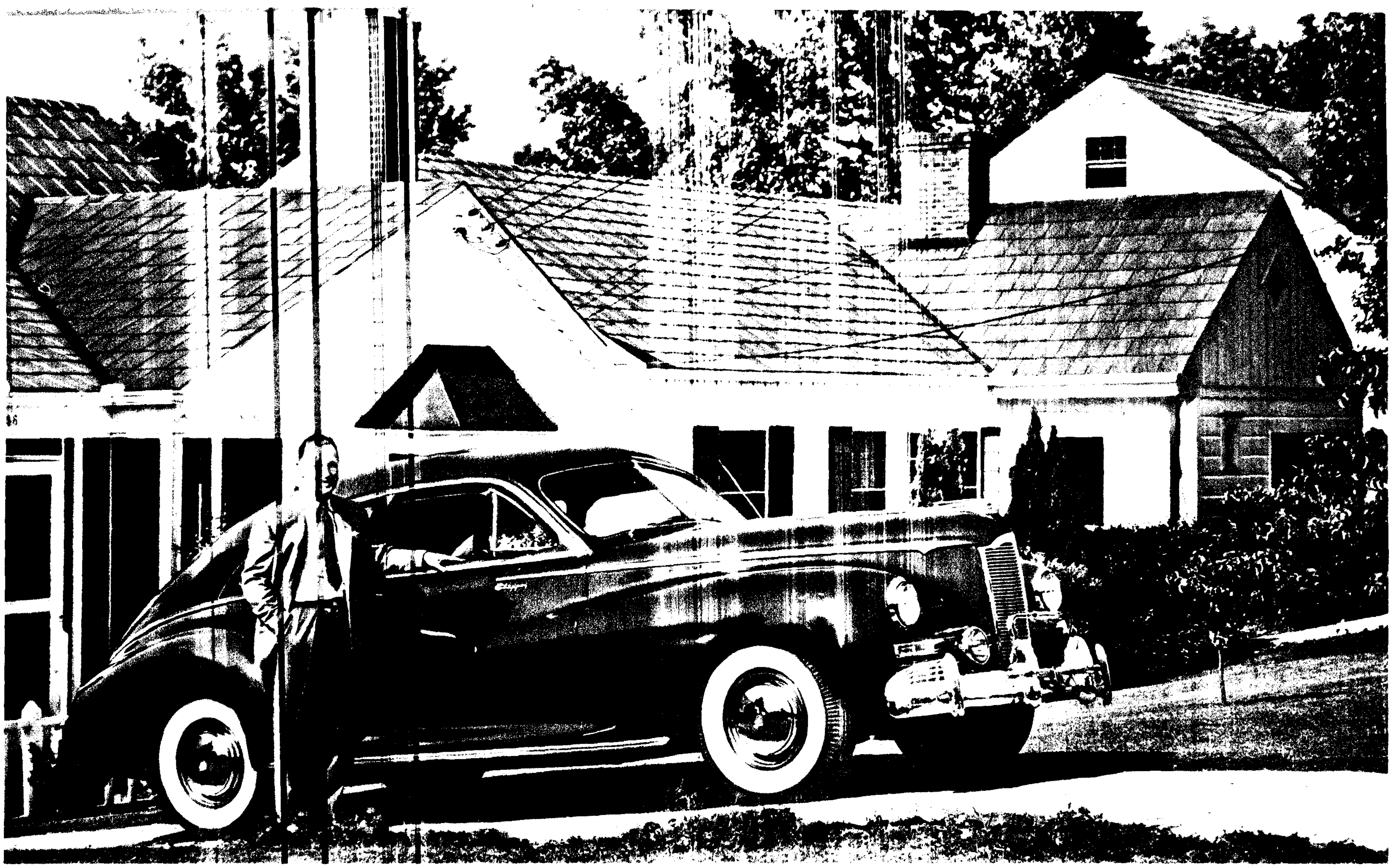
Breakfast was on the table. The coffee smelled like all the breakfasts in the world. Swallows flew about the roofs. The sun hung its first golden tapestries on the walls of the houses. People were going to work and a maid with pinned-up skirts was scrubbing the floors behind the beaded curtains of the bistro. It was the most peaceful summer morning Ravic had seen in a long time.

He drank the hot coffee, but he could not make up his mind to eat. He did not want to touch anything with his hands. He looked at them. Nonsense, he thought. I'm not going to start getting complexes. I must eat.

He drank another cup of coffee. He took a cigarette out of his pack and took pains not to put the end he had touched into his mouth. I can't go on this way, he thought. But, nevertheless, he did not eat anything. I must get entirely through with it first, he thought, and got up, paid and went out to the car.

A herd of cows. Butterflies. The sun over the fields. The sun on the glass of the wind shield. The sun on the top of the car. The sun on the glittering metal of the trunk under

(Continued on page 43)



No, this is not a new 1946 Packard Clipper. It is an unretouched photograph of the Packard Clipper owned by J. N. Hancock, Atlanta, Ga.

How good a guesser are you?

If you're lucky enough to own a Packard Clipper—or if you know someone who does—your batting average on the four questions below may be close to 100 per cent. Try it and see...

1. ***How long has the Packard Clipper above been in service?***

☐ **3 months?** ☐ **3 years?** ☐ **1 year?**

2. ***What is its speedometer reading?***

☐ **127 miles?** ☐ **35,756 miles?** ☐ **94,630 miles?**

3. ***How many miles per gallon has it averaged?***

☐ **15?** ☐ **20?** ☐ **13?**

4. ***What has it cost its owner for repairs?***

☐ **$125.75?** ☐ **$32.80?** ☐ **$321.50?**

Here are the correct answers... see how well you guessed!

This Packard Clipper is 3 years old. Its owner, Mr. J. N. Hancock, of Atlanta, Ga., whose essential war work required him to cover a large territory calling on Army and Navy bases and war plants, has rolled up 94,630 miles.

The car has averaged better than 20 miles to the gallon. Total repairs, other than normal maintenance, have cost exactly $32.80. Not a single major repair has been necessary.

This is an amazing case history. But many a Packard owner could probably match it—or even beat it!

What's your guess on this question?

A lot of people are asking, "When will the new 1946 Packards go on display?"

The answer to that question depends upon *materials*. From a reconversion stand-point, Packard is ready and set to go.

New Packard cars for 1946—successors to the brilliant pre-war Clippers—will roll off our assembly lines just as soon as materials become available.

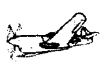
The same production skill that built nearly 70,000 precision engines for the fighting craft shown below will soon bring you better, finer Packard cars—cars with a streamlined beauty and quality well worth waiting for!

★ ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE ★

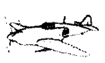
PACKARD

PRECISION-BUILT POWER

MUSTANG
fighter



WARHAWK
fighter



HURRICANE
fighter

MOSQUITO
fighter-bomber

LANCASTER
bomber

NAVY
PT boats

ARMY
rescue boats

"This is a fine time to tell me that shorts with GRIPPER fasteners are back!"...

Lay that needle down. Gripper fasteners are in mass production. Shorts equipped with Gripper fasteners . . . in every price range . . . are beginning to reach the stores.

Gripper fasteners make "button-bother" a bad dream. They're the laundry-proof snap fasteners proved by every-day use on millions of shorts. Before the war, 9 out of 10 pairs of men's woven shorts had Gripper fasteners. You can tell them by the trademark *"Gripper"* stamped in every fastener.

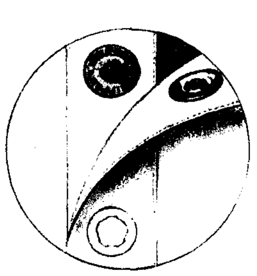
→ GRIPPER* FASTENERS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

* *The laundry-proof snap fastener that ends "button-bother."*

BUY VICTORY BONDS—HELP BRING THE BOYS HOME FASTER!

Made by Scovill Manufacturing Company, Waterbury, Conn. • America's leading manufacturer of snap fasteners



Cloak and Dagger

Continued from page 20

The Kachins worshiped him as a kind of personal Pope, getting down on their knees to kiss his hand as he passed. At Myitkyina he had seen his parishioners tortured and killed by the Japs, had led the remains of his pitiful band north to the refugee camp at Sumprabum, and there told the Jap major bluntly: "I want medicine and food. I'm taking care of these people. You've got to help me." Even the Japs did not dare refuse.

Father Stuart had given the pioneer O.S.S. unit positive assurance that his people hated the Japs, and a quarter of a million fighting Kachins were just waiting for someone to supply them with equipment and leadership. Many of the natives had put in tours of duty in the old British-led Burma Rifles, and the prospect of being outfitted with modern weapons and scarce luxury items—tobacco and kerosene and sweets and salt—brought recruits by the thousands.

The handful of Americans soon found themselves at the head of a formidable army of the world's craftiest jungle fighters. Father Stuart joined on as interpreter and adviser, screening the natives, advising the O.S.S. leaders on tribal eccentricities and taboos. The fighting priest was a host unto himself: mild-voiced, unafraid, calm. He only lost his temper once, the legend goes, when a Chinese servant stole his false teeth. "O Lord," he prayed, "I know thou sayest people must not take human life, but please, God, can't you reclassify this Chinese?"

The Kachins are born fighters. When a group of rangers set out to ambush a Jap patrol, everyone in the village insisted on coming along, the older men hobbling in their wake with flintlocks and muzzle loaders. The women, caught up in the holiday spirit, would cook an elaborate feast of sambar deer and monkey meat, and serve it piping hot at the front lines.

They took to our modern weapons with all the enthusiasm of a small boy with his first bicycle, and their adaptability was a constant source of amazement even to the mechanically-minded American G.I. In the dirt compound of 101 Headquarters, enlisted men from Chicago and Boston and Brooklyn worked day after day teaching their nimble-fingered allies to assemble machine guns and bazookas, or locking bare arms with a tattooed hillsman in rough-and-tumble fighting or Judo.

One Texan, a former cowboy, rigged up a swinging harness in a tree and instructed them in parachute jumping. Teaching the natives proved unexpectedly easy: Seventy years ago an American missionary had penetrated these hills and given the Kachins their first written language. Today their alphabet is identical with ours, and learning radio transmission was literally as simple as ABC.

Lessons in Jungle Stratagems

In return, the Kachins showed our own G.I.s some tricks. They taught the Americans to eat termites and little white bees and strange jungle herbs which were boiled in a pot for hours and which tasted, the G.I.s insisted, terrible. They demonstrated the proper way to steal an elephant—the traditional Burma jungle tractor—from the middle of a Jap encampment. They tutored their American instructors in their own secret weapon, the dreaded *panji:* two-foot bamboo slivers sharpened to a point and planted by the tens of thousands alongside the trail, slanting in the direction of an approaching enemy. When a Jap patrol was ambushed, the Nips would dive headlong into the thicket and impale themselves on the needle-sharp spikes.

Soon the silent army had spread over all Burma, harassing the Japs relentlessly along a 600-mile front. When the dense jungle foliage made air reconnaissance impossible, they provided the only means of spotting targets: an ammo dump, a concealed storage depot, a cleverly-constructed bridge whose surface was a couple of inches under water, making it invisible from the air. Over eighty per cent of all Tenth Air Force combat missions were planned on the basis of Kachin intelligence.

One agent, slipping like a shadow through the Jap lines, took up a position on a hilltop overlooking the Myitkyina airport and radioed hourly reports on the flow of Jap planes to and from the field. Another scout secured a job with the Nips as contractor on the railroad, traveled unchallenged to Mandalay and back, turned in detailed intelligence to 101 Headquarters on Jap warehouses and rolling stock. In two and a half years, their cat-footed scouts killed five thousand of the enemy, disrupted transportation, cut communication lines.

"Without your organization," General Stilwell told O.S.S. bluntly, "it would have been impossible for us to proceed."

Taking Jap prisoners for interrogation had a double-A priority. At advance O.S.S. Headquarters in Bhamo, a laconic message arrived one night from local agent Betty: "I have three Jap captives, including one officer. When can you come get them? Recommend action earliest possible date as Jap patrols one mile away." Betty's position was eighty-six miles behind the Jap lines, farther than the outfit's liaison Cub planes had ever ventured before; but live Japs were at a premium. The following morning two L-1s, piloted by S/Sgts. William Hofacker and Vince Trifletti, headed for their unfamiliar target in the smoke-and-dust haze that blankets Burma in the dry season.

A Smart Job of Camouflage

They had figured their check points carefully, but when they reached the rendezvous they could see only a rough field, surrounded by Buddhist pagodas.

"We glanced at each other," Sgt. Hofacker said, "and then looked again. It was amazing—like seeing something pop into being before your eyes. In those few seconds, natives had appeared from nowhere, the brush was yanked away from the strip, a white windsock was up, two natives were setting out white marker stakes, the safe-to-land panel was out."

The strip was an interesting one to land on, they said. "That means you say to yourself: 'It'll be interesting if I make it.'" The two planes bumped to a halt, with their motors still running in case of a Jap trick. There was a crashing noise in a clump of bamboo at the end of the field, and a bullock cart appeared magically, surrounded by a bunch of armed natives, hauling the three Japs.

"They had bloody bandages around their heads," Sgt. Trifletti went on, "and were roped up hand and foot. It looked like the tumbrils of Paris during the French Revolution."

The carts halted beside the tiny planes, the pilots stood waiting for Betty. "Suddenly we felt somebody tugging at our sleeves, and there was a slim young native with an almost girlish face who said in perfect English, with a slight Oxford accent: 'I'm Betty. One would never suspect I was an agent, would one?'" Betty apologized profusely for his prisoners' battered condition. "They resisted arrest strenuously and fought with their fists," he explained to Trifletti, "so naturally it was impossible to avoid banging them about a bit."

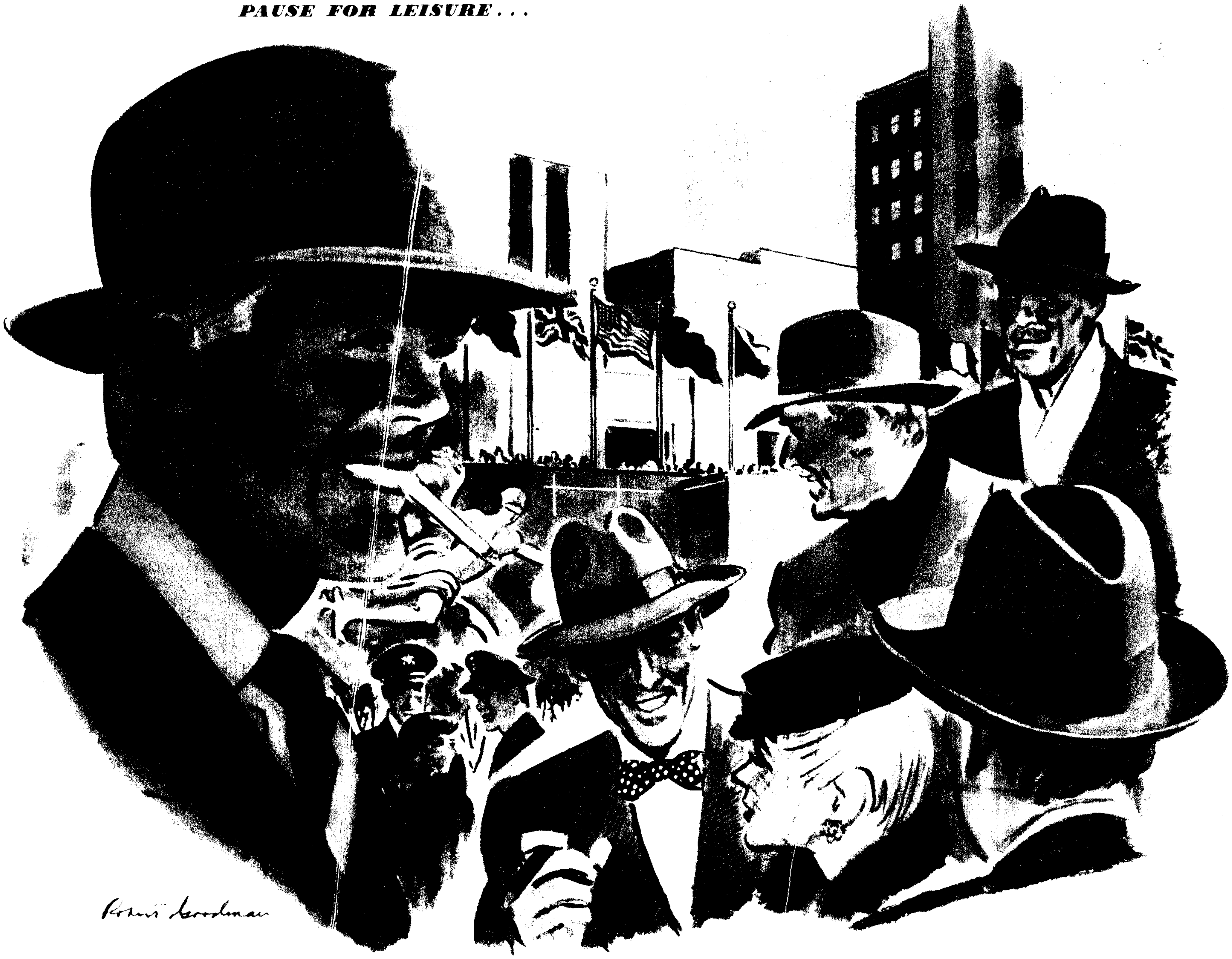
Trifletti asked him how many other Japs were in the area.

"Oh, I should estimate there are perhaps seven thousand in the immediate vicinity," Betty sighed. "Sometimes I get very lonely here, seeing nothing but Japs."

The sergeant loaded the Japs hurriedly in the two planes. A few seconds later, as they swung over the field, they saw the earlier phenomenon in reverse: All trace of the strip had completely disappeared. There was only a brush-covered field, with the slim young figure of Betty standing in the center, waving them a courteous farewell.

The prisoners were overseas employees of the Mitsubishi-owned Fuji Gas Spinning Company. They gave valuable information on Japanese war industry and finance. Among the captured documents were sheets of blank business stationery which were used by O.S.S. to lend authenticity to their campaign of subversive propaganda against the enemy. Loyal Nisei Americans, O.S.S. inter-

WHERE SMART MEN PAUSE FOR LEISURE . . .



THE "FOXHOUND"

This season Knox sets the new styles in semi-sport hats, with an inspired expression of the famous "Foxhound." Men of discrimination know that, in every hat that bears the famous Crest of Knox, style is always individual and quality unsurpassed. Illustrated is the new "Foxhound," together with the "Heigh-ho" and the "King's Ransom."

NOW BEING SHOWN BY YOUR KNOX DEALER

If the Label is the Hat is Right

KNOX *the* **HATTER** • 452 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

TIME FOR...
ANTI-FREEZE
THERMO

Cold has a way of sneaking up before [illegible] know it. Don't take chances! Put in THERMO [illegible] — now! The anti-freeze millions rely [illegible] economical, long-lasting protection at lowest temperatures. Scientifically tested, safe and sure. Keep your car out of the repair shop. Ask for THERMO ANTI-FREEZE today!

PUBLICKER INDUSTRIES INC., PHILADELPHIA

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preters, conducted the interrogation with full Oriental formality, complete with tea, polite hisses, and low bows from the waist. At the conclusion of the ceremony, one Jap prisoner leaned over to his Nisei interrogator. "Pardon, please," he whispered, "but how do you get a job like this?"

Early in 1944, when General Merrill struck out across the monsoon-drenched jungles toward the key airport of Myitkyina, these Kachin rangers were called on to guide him on his famous trek. Two fully-equipped battalions of Marauders, led by the uncanny N'Naw Yang Nau, skirted the Jap patrols by shortcuts known only to the Kachins. Several times they crossed well-traveled highways and streams without detection.

N'Naw Yang Nau, bitten by a poisonous snake, refused to quit. He persuaded Colonel Hunter, commander of the advance Marauder platoon, to let him continue on horseback. Stealthily he maneuvered the two battalions to the very edge of the target, parted the bushes, and said briefly, "Here's your airfield." The crack of American rifles was the first warning the Japs had of their presence.

American bombing forays were striking deeper and deeper into Burma, and increasing numbers of airmen were forced to bail out of flak-riddled planes or crash-land on a sandbank or rice paddy. The Bamboo Telegraph was alerted, and shadowy scouts ranged the trails in search of pilots wandering panic-stricken in the dark and festering jungle. Frequently they snatched downed fliers from the very fingers of Jap patrols. One pair of rangers hid the wounded crew of a B-25 in a cave. When two Jap soldiers stumbled on them, the Kachins casually disemboweled the Nips with their razor-sharp *dhas* and carried the Americans to safety.

Another scout tracked a fever-crazed tail gunner to the edge of a Jap-held settlement, found him lying unconscious in a pigpen, fed him witch-doctor herbs to allay his fever until he was well enough to be moved. Over seven hundred American and British fliers owe their lives today to their faithful Kachin allies. . . .

All over the world, rescue and evacuation of downed airmen had become an important function of O.S.S. In Burma, in Central Europe and France, these agents behind the lines formed a natural point of contact for the fugitives. Infiltration teams familiar with the country prepared safe-area maps and furnished escape-route information: the name of a parish priest, a friendly merchant or schoolteacher, an isolated farmhouse along the line of flight. Local hospitals were bribed with food and medical supplies to care for the injured. Five thousand stranded American fliers—a thousand from Rumania in a single three-day operation—were located and returned to their bases by this underground railroad system.

Praise from "Hap" Arnold

"The success of these rescue missions has given a tremendous boost to Air Forces morale," General H. H. Arnold, chief of the Army Air Forces, wrote to General Donovan, "and is an achievement in which O.S.S. should have justifiable pride."

In the Balkans, as thousand-plane raids smashed day after day at the rich oil-producing area of Rumania, O.S.S. agents reported that hundreds of refugee American airmen were hiding out in friendly villages and settlements of Yugoslavia. Many of them were injured, desperately in need of better medical care than their destitute hosts could provide. The fliers were virtual prisoners, they said, ringed by hostile countries, caught up in a maelstrom of civil war between Partisans and Chetniks, hunted relentlessly by Germans.

O.S.S. offered its services to Lieutenant General Ira Eaker, chief of the Mediterranean Air Forces, and an Air Crew Rescue Unit was formed. Fighter escort and troop-carrier planes were supplied by the 15th Air Force, and O.S.S. furnished personnel familiar with local language and terrain. A week later the first ACRU team, headed by Lieutenant Colonel Lynn Farish of O.S.S., parachuted into Tito's seething countryside.

They landed at night in south Serbia, near the old Bulgarian border. An official government representative met them at the appointed rendezvous and supplied them with a four-horse pack train for their radios and one hundred and seventy-five armed Partisans to protect them from trigger-happy guerrilla bands. They sneaked across a bridge guarded by Bulgar pillboxes and made for the high ridges and rough country.

They reached the village of Ravna Reka at daybreak; the Partisans rushed the main street, and drove the enemy into the hills long enough for the party to eat. Under constant fire from the surrounding hills, the party moved on to a mountain hideout to wait for darkness. The following night they crossed the Bulgar-Serb border.

Sometimes the snow-covered mountain trails were so steep they had to unload the horses and carry their radio equipment by hand. They zigzagged from village to village, picking up two American fliers at a mountain hamlet, locating in a tiny hospital five other airmen who had been shot down on the first big Bucharest raid. In the town of Bresovica, they were given the dogtags and wallet of a P-38 pilot; he had been machine-gunned by an Me.-109 while parachuting from his burning plane, the peasants said, and they had buried him in the village cemetery. They had risked German reprisals to put fresh flowers daily on his grave.

Trails to a Mountain Hideout

Doggedly they worked their way deeper into the enemy hills, searching for a village in the Kukaricha Mountains where three other wounded Americans were reported. Pro-Axis Bulgars cut off their retreat, four thousand Germans were in their immediate area, and several times they saw towns go up in smoke a scant half-hour after they had left. One night they were bombed by squadrons of 109s that dropped 250-pounders on the village where they slept. At last, in the home of a loyal Chetnik, they found the three fliers, their legs badly shattered by shrapnel. They made hasty splints for the broken limbs, commandeered oxcarts and loaded the injured aboard. They moved out one side of the village as the Germans entered the other.

The mountain trails were getting rougher. They had to lift the oxcarts over stones, to keep from jolting the wounded men. The drivers refused to travel more than two villages away from home, for fear of being caught out at night in guerrilla country, and every other hour they had to stop and dicker for new oxen. When the trail grew too steep for the carts, they loaded the wounded on stretchers and carried them over the pass on their shoulders, stumbling through the dark.

Always they were on the lookout for possible fields where the transport planes waiting in Italy could land and begin the evacuation. Once they found a suitable site, and peasants with oxcarts hauled off the stumps and filled in the holes. Just as they were ready to radio their planes to come in, word reached them that a German column was moving in on their secret strip. Again the weary caravan hit the road.

Day by day their ranks swelled as additional refugee fliers were brought down from the hills. Some of the wounded were too tired and ill to travel farther. They arranged with a local hospital to take care of them, while another landing strip was being prepared. ACRU rescue planes, summoned from Bari, sustained the party of several hundred evacuees by parachuting medical supplies, cigarettes, and long drawers loaded with sugar in one leg and salt in the other. The airmen divided the contents among their poverty-stricken hosts.

The new landing strip was ready at last, flare patterns and ground signals were laid out and on the appointed midnight the first C-47s rolled safely to a halt. Immediately the planes were surrounded by exuberant and bearded airmen, their tattered Air Corps uniforms supplemented by peasant clothes, bright-colored blankets and fur caps.

Elderly natives and Yugoslav soldiers embraced the departing Americans, and women and girls showered the planes with garlands of flowers. As the rescue ships taxied down the strip, the jubilant fliers took off their G.I. shoes and tossed them through the cargo doors to the people who had hidden them and cared for them so long. It was the best way they could express their gratitude. . . .

Now a new joint Air Forces-O.S.S. function emerged. On the day of the Normandy invasion, scores of three-man teams known as Jedburghs—consisting of one British or American officer, a Free French officer, and an enlisted radioman—jumped in far ahead of the advancing Allied armies to establish liaison with the Maquis, and to co-ordinate their resistance.

Whole squadrons of Army Liberators were assigned by the Air Forces to drop these teams, and to supply them with food and ammunition to outfit the loyal French underground. The ubiquitous Jeds destroyed enemy communication lines, blew up bridges, derailed troop trains, set fire to woods where Nazi defense batteries were hidden. They staked out mine fields left by the retreating enemy, and removed booby traps from railroad stations and public buildings.

Several times our invasion forces moved so fast they overran their maps: then these Jed teams deep inside the lines radioed back critical information on the enemy's situation that kept the Allied advance rolling.

"In no previous war, and in no other theater of this war," General Eisenhower said, "have resistance forces been so closely harnessed to the main military effort."

The gratitude of the French country people was overwhelming. Lieutenant Mike Burke, veteran of the daring O.S.S. operations in Italy, parachuted with his Jed team into a tiny village in the Vosges Mountains of eastern France. The Maquis hid him all day in a "safe house"; at dusk the team rendezvoused at the town pump, and the proud Maqui chief escorted them to his forest headquarters two kilometers out of town where a banquet had been prepared in their honor.

It was not much of a banquet, Burke said. The table was a single plank across two logs, and the feast consisted of a couple of wild rabbits which they had snared and which were simmering in an iron stewpot. An eighty-year-old citizen had hobbled up from the village to cook the meal. He was too old to fight the Germans; this was the least he could do.

They all sat waiting formally until Burke unclasped his knife and speared a hunk of rabbit; then the hungry Maquis dug in ravenously, sucking the bones, gouging hunks of bread with their knives, peasant style, from a long loaf gripped in their hands. The old man kept looking at him, Burke said; and suddenly great tears began to roll down his seamed cheeks.

"To think," he said brokenly, "to think that General Eisenhower thought enough of our little village to send an American officer here to help us. . . ."

The Jed teams were not the only O.S.S. forces at work behind the lines as the Allies grouped for their invasion. Organized labor, broken up by the Nazis in occupied Europe, had gone underground; and the union members were ripe for subversive activities. The National Labor Relations Board in Washington supplied O.S.S. with personnel familiar with labor leaders abroad. The American Brotherhood of Railway Workers contacted the International Transportation Workers in France, and a mysterious shortage of labor began to slow down German supply shipments. Skilled workers began to disappear from Nazi war plants, as agents gave them sufficient funds to support themselves and their families in the hills. Fifteen dollars per head was the average cost of removing a worker from the Nazi labor ranks.

In anticipation of D-Day, the Nazis had evacuated the whole French Channel coast, and prohibited the area to all civilians. A 65-year-old official of the clandestine French Labor Union slipped through the lines unnoticed and alerted key individuals in every port for the coming invasion. When the Americans landed at Cherbourg, this same mild-looking old man was waiting for them with a complete plan of the port, location of mine fields, a chart of Nazi stores and munitions dumps. A few hours after the first landings, virtually all the 'longshoremen were back at work, and the American ships were unloaded in record time.

Another O.S.S. agent, a former Austrian labor-union member, made the first contact with POEN, the underground resistance in his own country. He traveled from Switzerland to Austria in the uniform of a German first sergeant, and returned with quantities of military intelligence, including information on fifteen important military targets that had not yet been bombed.

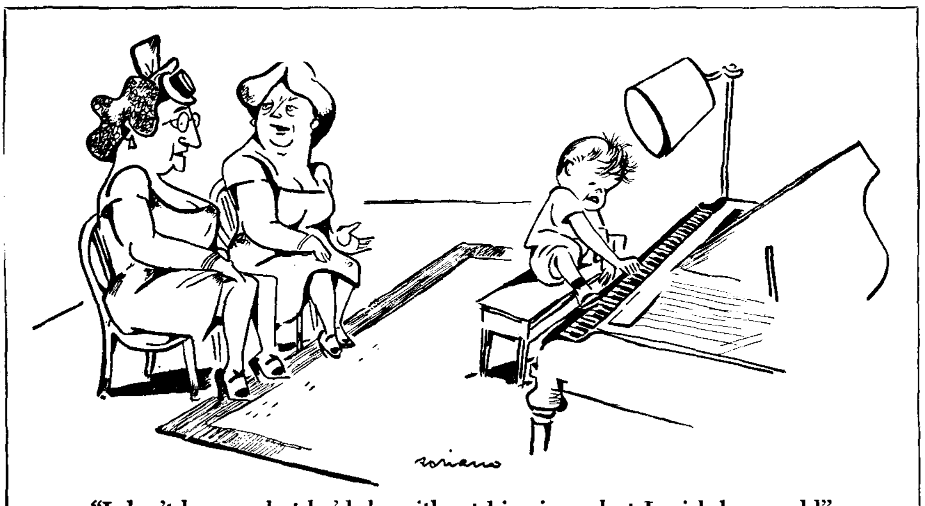
The Phony Nazi Checks Up

En route to Vienna, on a train crowded with German military personnel, he was ordered by a Nazi major to check the credentials of every other soldier on the train. The bogus sergeant, his own pockets stuffed with counterfeit papers, tried to beg off; but the German major told him not to talk back. Dutifully he checked the entire trainful, and found that most of them were either AWOL or were purposely heading in the wrong direction to duck the war. He turned in a couple of AWOLs, just to avoid suspicion.

Even Germany itself was corrupted by the growing labor resistance movement. Eighty separate points of contact were established within the Reich, including Berlin and Munich. Workers were thoroughly organized in the huge Krupp factories of the Ruhr. Wavering Nazi sympathizers were intimidated into changing their jobs constantly, to disrupt war production. German railway workers joined the movement, and bottlenecked trainloads of tanks and guns heading for the front. When the Allied spearhead reached the Rhine, German bargemen were waiting to help them in the crossing. The Nazi efforts to suppress free labor in Europe had proved to be their own undoing. . . .

Not all the work of O.S.S. was done behind enemy lines. In neutral Bern, traditional clearinghouse for international intrigue, a series of secret negotiations was being conducted with certain top German generals in an E. Phillips Oppenheim mystery-thriller atmosphere of spies and hostages and clandestine meetings in an Italian villa at midnight. It was a desperate race against the fast-mounting suspicions of Himmler and Hitler; but the prize at stake was the surrender of a million men.

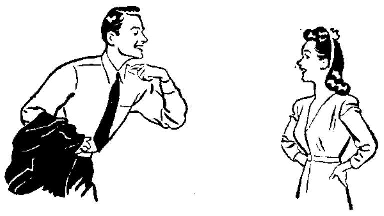
(To be concluded next week)



"I don't know what he'd do without his piano, but I wish he would"

COLLIER'S SARIANO

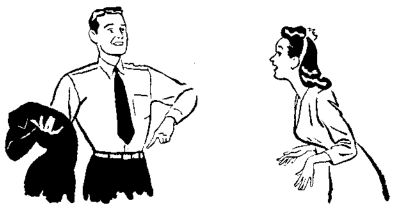
"Must you take your coat off to tell me this?"



"Yes indeed, my half-size helpmeet.

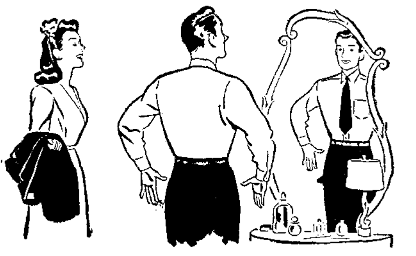
"How can I tell you how this new Arrow Shirt feels unless I *show* you? Just look at that collar. Ever see a better-looking, better-fitting job?

"And glance south at my equator.



Not a bump . . . not a lump. That's my old friend, Arrow's Mitoga-form-fit design, contributing to my better looks.

"What's more, if I hadn't just been elected 'Best-dressed Man in the Neighborhood' by my family, I'd remove this



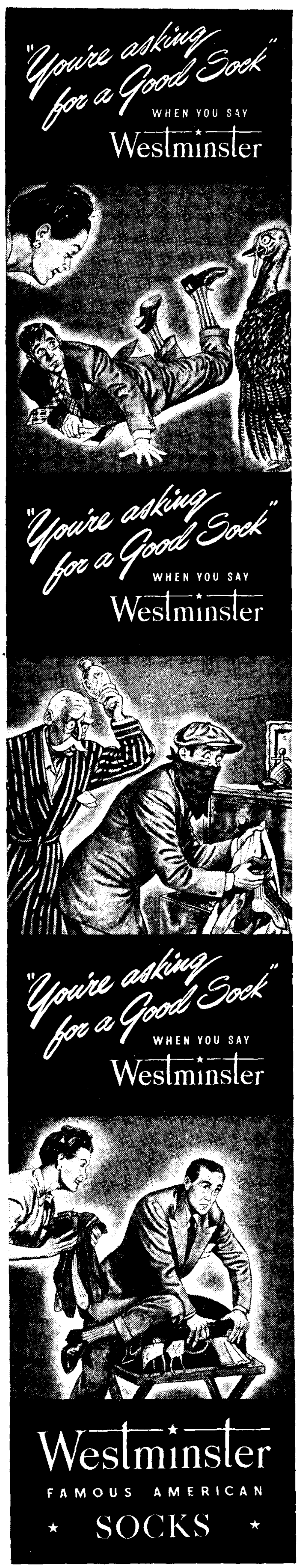
Arrow Shirt — just to show you the Sanforized label firsthand!

"But you'll have to take my solemn oath that it keeps ALL Arrows from shrinking more than a next-to-nothing 1%.

"Now that the strip tease is over, do you mind if I slip into my coat again . . . and take you to the movies?"

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



Ex-G.I.

Continued from page 23

looked okay, too. It cost more than it did when it was new, but we had to have a car immediately, so we bought the darn' thing.

Either my eyes have gone bad or they switched tires on us, because every tire had a thick boot in it when we drove out of the place. The left rear tire had been filled with putty. The cut went right through the fabric, too. As I watched, fascinated, a little piece of red tube puffed out of one of the cracks, swelled up into a bubble, and then it looked as if most of the tube came out through that crack. It exploded. I put on the spare. That one looked like the guy had run over a railroad spike and then plugged it with chewing gum.

We limped back to the dealer and I got sore. He acted very hurt about the whole thing, and when I persisted, he took his man out to a sedan which had the same size tires. They weren't good, but they were less worse. We changed tires, and I began to feel sorry for the man who was going to buy the sedan

By the time I had spent a week bothering the ration board for tires and another week getting the motor rebuilt, I had a fairly serviceable car. All this cost another $150. I'll never forget the salesman's parting words, "I'm glad you got it so cheap, because you were a serviceman."

Time after time I've heard people say, "You guys don't know how well off you were in the Army." Then they would tell us all the things we got as soldiers which they were denied as civilians. Somehow the idea got kicking around that the Army lived on T-bone steaks. It's a damned lie. Civilians were told that the steaks went to the Army. Soldiers in garrisons were told that the steaks went overseas.

Well, Who Did Get the Steaks?

Service troops overseas were told that the steaks went to the front. Soldiers at the front ate out of cans and K-ration boxes. I'd sure like to know where those steaks went. Officers' messes undoubtedly accounted for a lot of the steaks, but even if the officers ate steak three times a day they couldn't have used them all up.

After reading magazines and papers from the States while overseas, I came back half-expecting to see a nation of browbeaten characters suffering from malnutrition. I went to the ration board expecting to see pompous, black-hooded inquisitors with beetling brows, sitting behind high mahogany desks, with long lines of ragged, trembling civilians begging for a crust of bread and a thimbleful of milk for the newborn.

Instead, I found a worried-looking lady of ample proportions, trying to answer silly questions from people like me. There was a line all right, but it didn't look browbeaten to me. There was a college girl sucking a Popsickle, an angry poultryman who raised hell because he didn't get his tire certificate early enough and a prosperous-looking woman with a poodle, who wanted some canning sugar. There was a sad little man who'd lost his ration books in a theater.

After a long time in the Army, you approach people behind desks to ask for things with a certain trembling in the knees. If it was an officer, his greeting was anything but warm, and you were likely to be corrected on your method of approaching and saluting. If it was a supply sergeant, and you had a simple little thing to ask, you ran the risk of having your ancestry questioned and your eardrums shattered. And you seldom got what you asked for.

The toughest ration board in the world didn't treat you like that. You might not have got what you asked for, but at least you could keep your self-respect in place and your hands in your pockets while you asked.

One thing I learned very quickly after I got home was that many people who used to seem very anxious to sell things to you have changed their attitude. It seems that you must go around putting your foot in the door of the man who used to try to put his foot in your door.

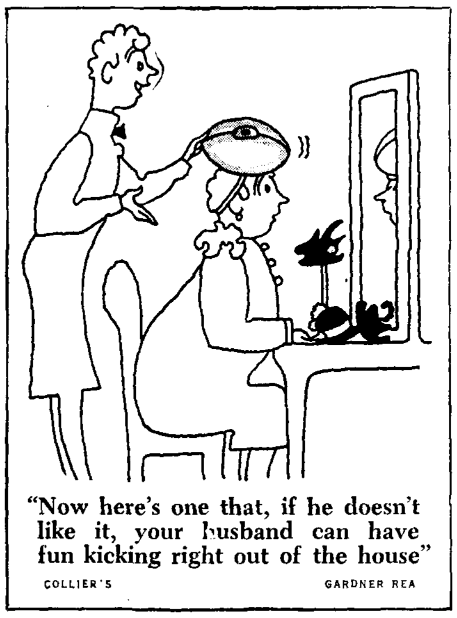
I found out about this when I tried to get our telephone number changed. The word got around that a movie company had bought my book, and every other person in Los Angeles seems to be a movie agent. We used the telephone which was listed under the name of the people who owned the house we rented, and within twenty-four hours after we moved into the place all the agents knew our number. They had some wonderful money-making schemes cooked up. The phone was quiet from 11:00 P.M. to 8:00 A.M. Between those hours I left the receiver off the hook.

After two days I called the telephone company and asked them to change the number.

They asked a few questions, and then they said, "Why, that isn't your telephone. We'll solve all your problems and take it away from you."

I protested that I needed the phone, but it was no use. They made me feel like a criminal for having it. I finally saved the phone by telling them the owner would be home in a couple of weeks, and we were just using it while he was away.

The house Jean had rented for us was a five-room frame bungalow in East Los Angeles. The owners would not let us have it except under certain conditions. There must be no babies. Jean has a glib tongue, and she must have painted a heart-rending picture of our child dying of exposure in an abandoned quarry someplace because we couldn't keep him in the house with us. She must have asked what would happen to the human race if parents must resort to drowning their children in order to find a place to live. They let us keep our son.



"Now here's one that, if he doesn't like it, your husband can have fun kicking right out of the house"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Nobody would be allowed to get sick in the house. She decided she could set up a tent in the back yard in case of serious illness, so that was okay. No drinking in the house. That was easy. Jean doesn't drink, and I'm afraid to when she's around. No smelly cooking. That was okay. Her menus are very conventional.

No smoking in the house. I rebelled at that one, because I have been addicted to nicotine since I was eleven. Besides, their excuse was a flimsy one. They said the smoke gets in the curtains. We compromised, and I confined my smoking to the bathroom and the front porch. I sneaked a couple of fast drags in the living room once, but it was dangerous. No telling when they might come around and sniff the curtains.

Once I told a friend about all this. He has lived here for a long time, and I expected sympathy from him. He listened carefully while I told him we were paying very high rent on top of it, and when I told him I couldn't even smoke in the place I expected him to blow his top. Instead he asked me if I would refer him to the owner when I left the place. He doesn't have a baby, and he would be quite willing to stop drinking and smoking to get the house. He had been looking for one for two years.

If we compare our country today with the country we left several years ago, it's different. The houses need painting, the cars look tired, and the streets need repairing. You have to ask permission to do a lot of things which you did without thinking before. The service in stores isn't so good, and it's harder to find what you want in a restaurant. In short, luxuries aren't so common as they were, and the luxuries that remain cost more.

But if we compare it with what we have just left behind, the streets are paved with gold, and everybody is wading through ice cream and cake. Maybe we can't hire people to mow our lawns. Maybe it takes longer to get our clothes out of the cleaners and we have to put up with a nasty old coach seat when we want to ride on the train.

But the houses have all their roofs and you don't see babies with broomstick legs and protruding bellies. The women have pretty clothes and the men all wear shoes, and you will still see a hell of a lot of people driving their own cars to go fishing. I listened to a man who runs a small grocery store rave about the OPA: how unfair it is, how it keeps him from making a living, and how the government interferes with guys who try to get along. In many ways I guess he's right.

The thing I disliked most about the Army was the way it kept soldiers from being individuals, and the way that it wrote regulations for such simple functions as going to the toilet.

But I couldn't sympathize too much with that groceryman. After seeing prices on the few items which aren't OPA-controlled, I'm scared to think what it would cost to buy a week's groceries in that man's place if his prices didn't have ceilings. I feel sorry for him when he has to sit down every night and wade through a pile of forms and applications and red tape. I feel sorry for myself when I start trying to figure out my income tax, because I have been lucky enough to make money out of a book.

But I would feel much more sorry for myself if the publisher hadn't been able to print the book because his plant had been taken over to print propaganda leaflets for an occupying army, and if I had come home to find my house requisitioned by a fat colonel who had kicked my family out into the street.

Rationing Not Much to Cry Over

And I would feel very sad about the poor groceryman if his shelves weren't stocked with food and if the greenbacks in his cash register weren't worth the paper they are printed on. It's very hard to work up a good case of sympathy for people who have been only inconvenienced by the war.

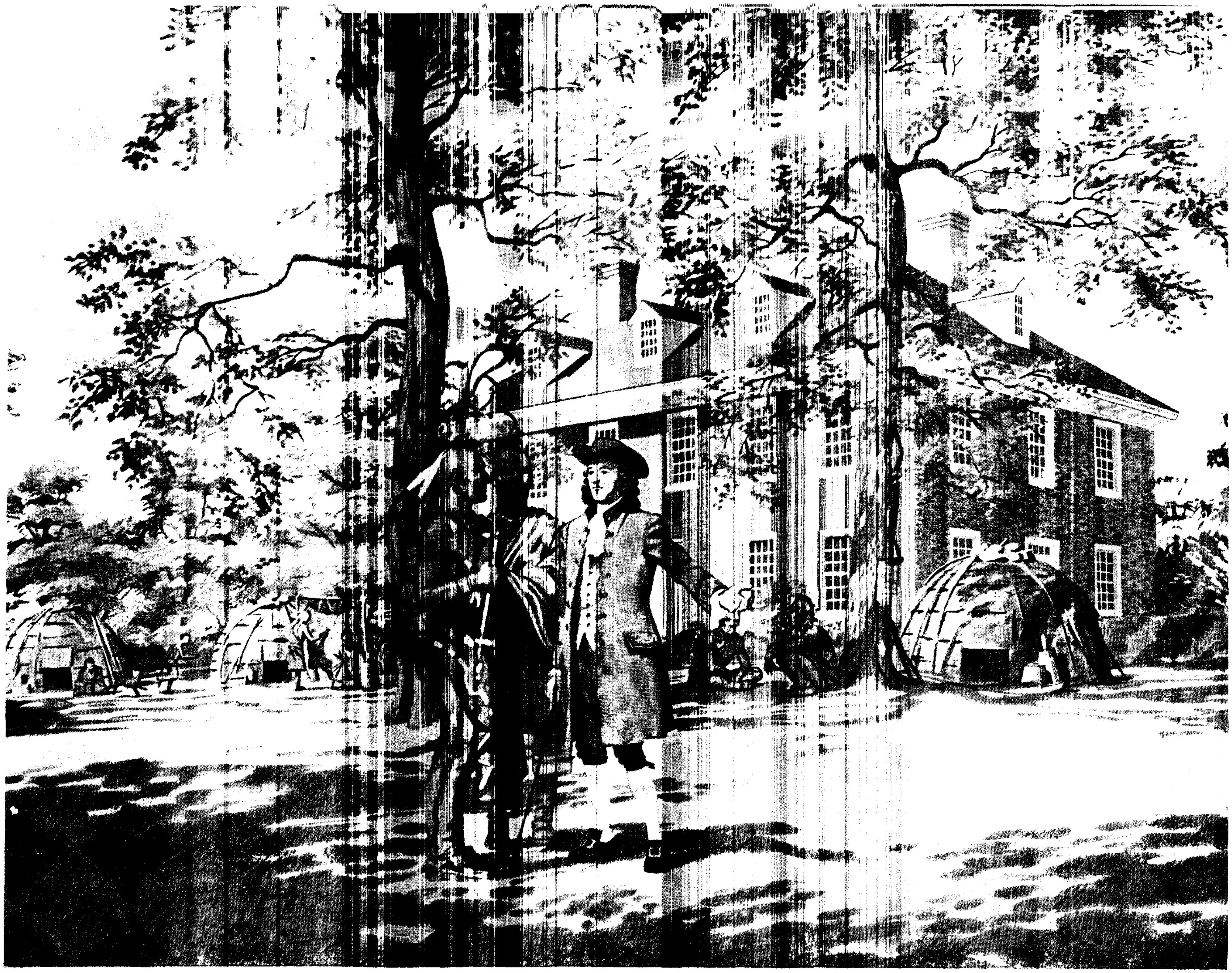
I guess such things as ration boards and government agencies are the biggest thing I noticed when I came back, because I was in the Army long before those things ever started. Somehow a guy expects everything to be just like he left it—his bachelor friends still unmarried, his family no older, the malts just as thick, and the cars just as shiny.

It was something of a letdown when I returned. The country was still at war. I had to report to a draft board, and I had never seen one before. I had to report to a ration board before I could eat or drive. I had to report to another board to apply for a refrigerator (I didn't get it), and for some time I did nothing but report to boards and fill out forms.

But I haven't seen anything I can honestly complain about. I made a crack about a general who had done something I didn't like, and I argued about a ten-minute parking limit with a cop. I'm still free after committing those crimes, so I can't see that the country has gone to the dogs, as a lot of people have told me it had done. The steaks aren't as thick as I'd like them to be, but they aren't horsemeat, as I had heard.

I was told there is a war on when I asked for butter on my popcorn, so I can't complain that everybody is indifferent, and I sat through a movie that showed dead people in the Philippines, and didn't hear any screams of protest.. All in all, I have the impression that the old joint is a little more business-like, but it still knows how to laugh at itself, and I'm pretty glad to be a citizen.

THE END



Indian Camp at Stenton, Home of James Logan, Penn's Secretary . . . from an early print.*

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The Heritage Whisky

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"[illegible] Logan had merited the peculiar affection and confidence of the Indian tribes, they often visiting his grounds . . . under his hospitality . . ."

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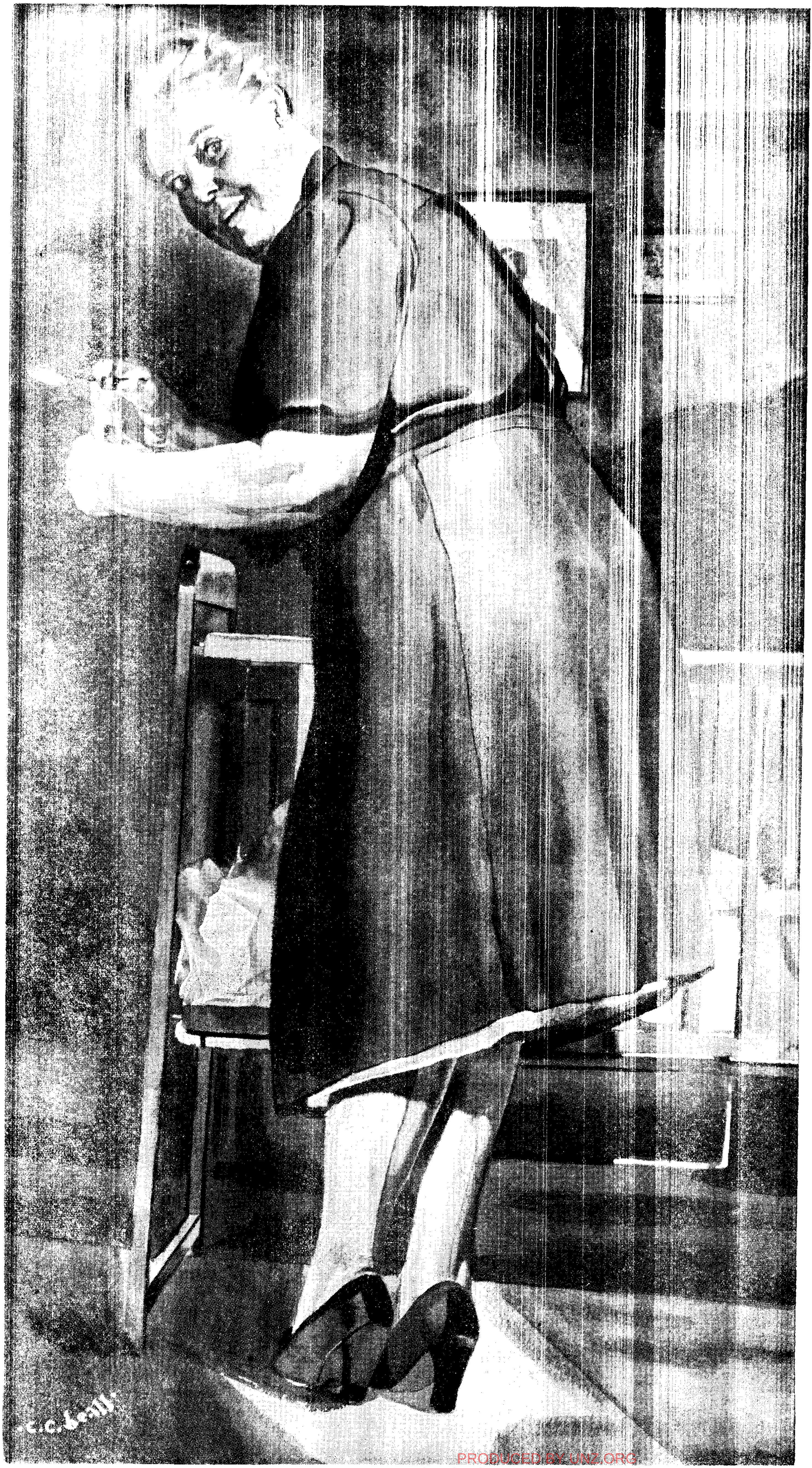


FRÄULEIN

BY EDWIN LANHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

This is a story of the subtle conflict between two women in the same house. Beneath its surface there lies a disturbing moral

FROM the day she and her daughter had gone to live with her father-in-law, this emotion had been building progressively in her, Mary Beckett thought, as she looked at Fräulein. It was distrust, she thought, and it was almost hatred. Now there was also helplessness and a pinch of pity in the bitter compound.

But this was Fräulein's day, and this bronze plaque on the hospital wall would be the end of it. She could forget now, Mary thought; she could even feel sorry for Fräulein. She stood beside Mr. Beckett, looking on somewhat self-consciously as Fräulein pulled the string and the drapes fell back, exposing the plaque on the white wall of the children's ward with the inscription: *The Emma Müller Bed, endowed in gratitude for her thirty years devoted service to the Beckett family.*

When Mary met Fräulein's pale blue eyes, there was no animosity in them, but, she thought, those eyes had told her nothing, from the first day she had moved into the Beckett house in the West Seventies with Patty. Fräulein's eyes had been as expressionless that day as they now were as she turned smiling from the plaque, fingering her cameo brooch, bobbing her round head to Mr. Beckett.

"I love so much children, Mr. Beckett," Fräulein said, her plump hands pressed together, her voice deep and warm. "It makes me very happy."

She had been thinking of Fräulein and her love of children, Mary remembered, the day she moved to the Beckett house with Patty. Certainly there had been no reservations in her mind then, no puzzling doubts.

THERE was a fine fall sparkle in the air, and Mary was thinking how good it would be, after the crowded days in Norfolk, to live in a big house again, especially with Fräulein there to lift a little of the burden of caring for Patty. She had remained at Norfolk as long as there was any reasonable chance of Richard's escort carrier putting in there, and it was only on his urging that she had come to New York to live with his father.

Fräulein met them at the door and merely glanced at Mary before her eyes turned to Patty. "Ah, the little vun!" she cried. "Hello, *Schwesterlein.*"

Patty took to Fräulein at once. Her small hand was enveloped in the pudgy, capable fingers, and she turned her smile of trust up to Fräulein.

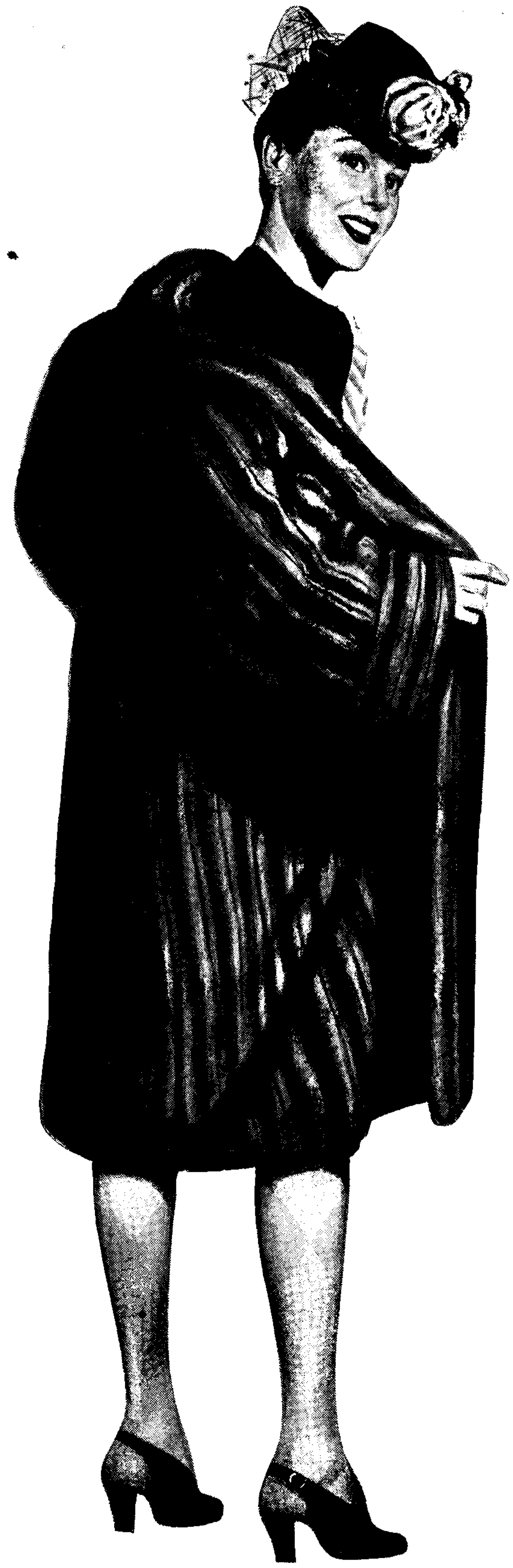
"Here's your new home, Patty," Mary said. "This is Fräulein, darling. You're going to love Fräulein."

Mary knew all about Fräulein. Richard had spoken of her often, and once when she had asked him what Fräulein's precise status was in the house, now that the three children were grown, he had said, "Why, housekeeper, I suppose—and general watchdog."

From the beginning Mary felt that she had less right in the house than Fräulein who

(Continued on page 60)

"I give her only ten drops," Fräulein said. And the light shone on the telltale sticky spoon she held in her hand



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Wise employers will want this

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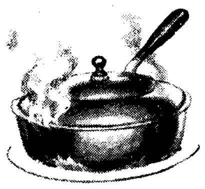
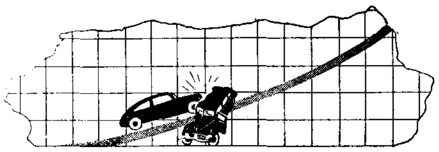
Few people are born dishonest. It's temptation *plus opportunity* that corrupts them. Wise employers know this—are guarding against it by *helping* trusted workers *to stay trustworthy.* Practical suggestions on this subject by a Certified Public Accountant make this booklet interesting and useful. It's FREE to business men—write for a copy.

What's cooking . . . trouble?



Serious trouble, maybe! What if a guest is made ill by food served in your home?—and such things do happen through no fault of the hostess. You'd want your friends to have expert medical attention. That would be assured if you have Hartford Comprehensive Personal Liability Insurance. This modern policy pays medical expense for injuries to visitors to your home and also covers claims and lawsuits.



Must the accident rate go up?

Already there are danger signs in the newspapers: more gasoline, more driving and more accidents. *Must* more driving mean more accidents? Not if we all drive carefully and keep war-weary cars in good condition. Check your car—and your driving habits—for safety!

Tune in on the news . . . with Earl Godwin

Here's the important Washington news—expertly analyzed—by Earl Godwin, "Dean of the Capital's Newscasters." It's brought to you every Thursday evening by the American Broadcasting Company, sponsored by the Hartford and other leading capital stock fire insurance companies. See your local paper for time and station.

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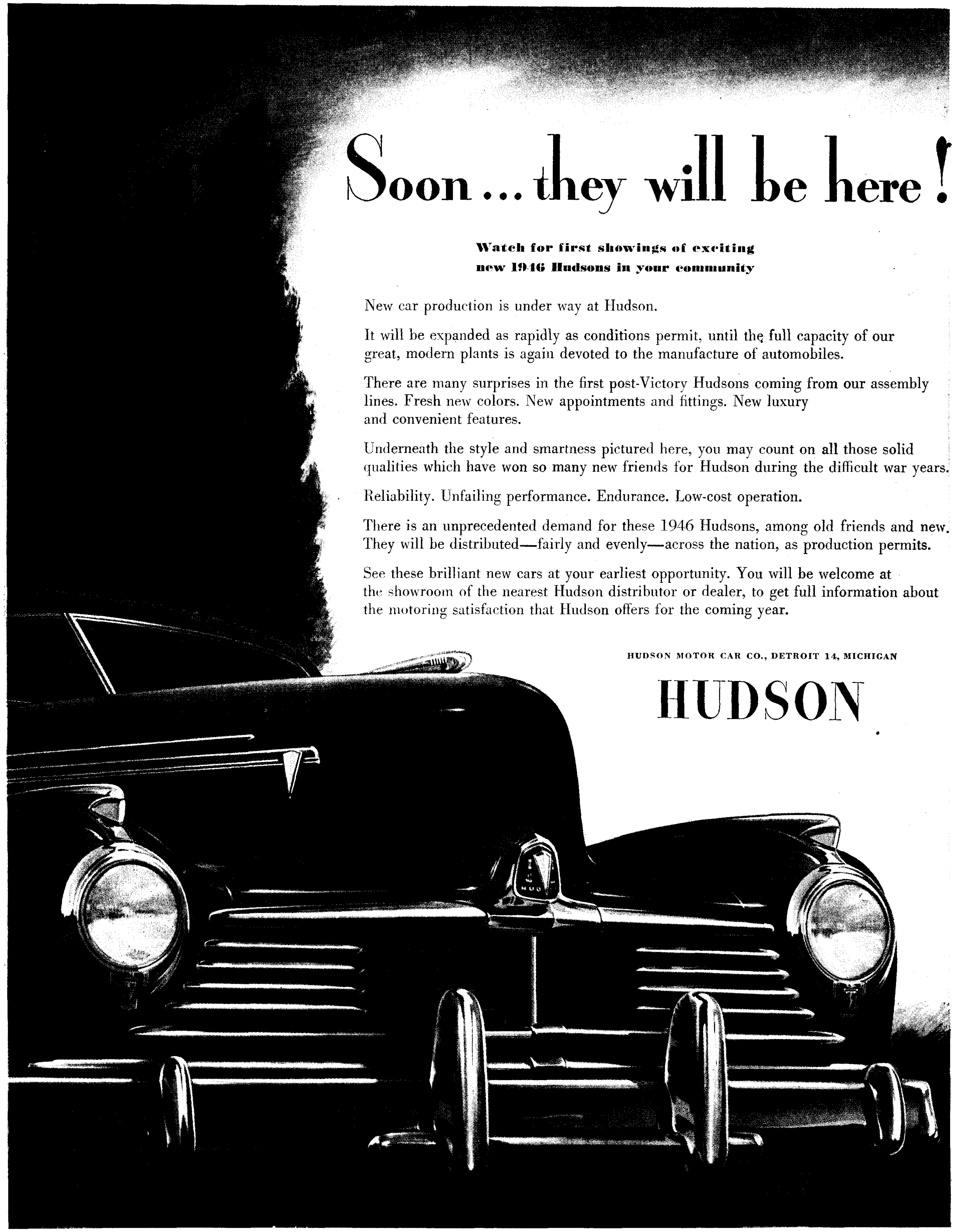


Soon ... they will be here!

Watch for first showings of exciting new 1946 Hudsons in your community

New car production is under way at Hudson.

It will be expanded as rapidly as conditions permit, until the full capacity of our great, modern plants is again devoted to the manufacture of automobiles.

There are many surprises in the first post-Victory Hudsons coming from our assembly lines. Fresh new colors. New appointments and fittings. New luxury and convenient features.

Underneath the style and smartness pictured here, you may count on all those solid qualities which have won so many new friends for Hudson during the difficult war years.

Reliability. Unfailing performance. Endurance. Low-cost operation.

There is an unprecedented demand for these 1946 Hudsons, among old friends and new. They will be distributed—fairly and evenly—across the nation, as production permits.

See these brilliant new cars at your earliest opportunity. You will be welcome at the showroom of the nearest Hudson distributor or dealer, to get full information about the motoring satisfaction that Hudson offers for the coming year.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT 14, MICHIGAN

HUDSON

Arch of Triumph

Continued from page 32

which Haake lay. Haake, killed without having heard why and by whom. It should have been different. Different—

Suddenly Ravic realized that the car was speeding. He let up on the accelerator. Houses. A village. Dogs. Chickens. Horses in pasture, galloping, their necks stretched, their heads lifted high—pagan, centaurlike, vigorous life. A woman with a laundry basket. Multicolored laundry dangling on the lines. Several children by the doors. He saw all this very clearly and yet as if separated from it by a glass wall, very near and incredibly far, full of beauty and peace and innocence, painfully strong and unattainable.

Drive slowly. The only chance of being stopped lay in speeding through the villages. St. Germain. The park. Black fences against the blue sky, and then the trees, trees. A park of trees. Avenues of trees, expected, desired, more trees, and suddenly the woods.

The car ran almost noiselessly. The woods arose, were flung open on the right and left and embraced everything—even the swiftly glistening insect zigzagging inside him. . . .

The ground was soft and overgrown with underbrush. He was far from the road. Ravic left the car at a distance of about a hundred meters so that he could see it. Then he took the spade and began to dig up the earth. He dug deep enough to have sufficient earth with which to cover the body. He worked as quickly as possible.

Then he drove the car to that spot. A dead body is heavy. He only drove as far as the ground was hard so as to leave no tire marks.

The body was still limp. He dragged it to the hole and began to tear off the clothes and to throw them back into the trunk. It was easier than he had thought. He left the body there and drove the car back, locked the trunk and took a hammer with him. He had to think of the possibility of the body being found by accident and he wanted to prevent identification.

He put a piece of woolen cloth, soaked with oil, over Haake's face and began to smash it with the hammer. After some time he lifted the piece of cloth. The face was unrecognizable.

No rings on the fingers. He pushed the body into the hole. He bent its knees. Then he shoveled the earth on it. It didn't take long. He stamped the earth flat and covered it with squares of moss he had already cut out with the spade. They fitted in. One could see the edges only if one bent down. He straightened the underbrush.

The hammer. The spade. The piece of cloth. He put them with the clothes in the trunk. He walked back once more, slowly, looking for telltale signs. He found hardly any. Rain and a few days of growth would attend to what remained.

A dead man's shoes. They were different from the shoes of anyone alive. The socks. The underwear. The suit, not so much; socks, the shirt, the underwear—they impressed him as ghostlike, withered, as if they had died with the man. It was ghastly to touch them and to look for monograms and labels.

He did it quickly. He cut them out. Then he rolled the things into a bundle and buried them. He did this more than ten kilometers away from the place where he had buried the corpse, far enough to prevent both of them being found at the same time.

He drove on until he reached a brook. He took the labels he had cut out and wrapped them in paper. Then he tore Haake's notebook into small pieces and searched the wallet. It contained two one-thousand-franc notes, the railroad ticket to Berlin, several slips of paper with addresses and Haake's passport. Ravic put the money with the bills he had found in Haake's coat pocket.

He looked at the railroad ticket for a moment. To Berlin; it was strange to see that—to Berlin. He tore it up and put it with the other things.

He kept Haake's keys, the revolver and the receipt for Haake's suitcases. He wanted time to decide whether to call for the suitcases and thus wipe out every trace in Paris. He had found and torn up the hotel bill.

He burned everything. It took longer than he expected, but he had newspaper with which to burn the pieces of cloth. He threw the ashes into the brook. Then he examined the car for blood stains; there were nowhere any to be found. He washed the hammer and the monkey wrench carefully and put the tools back into the trunk. He washed his hands as well as he could, took a cigarette and remained sitting a while, smoking.

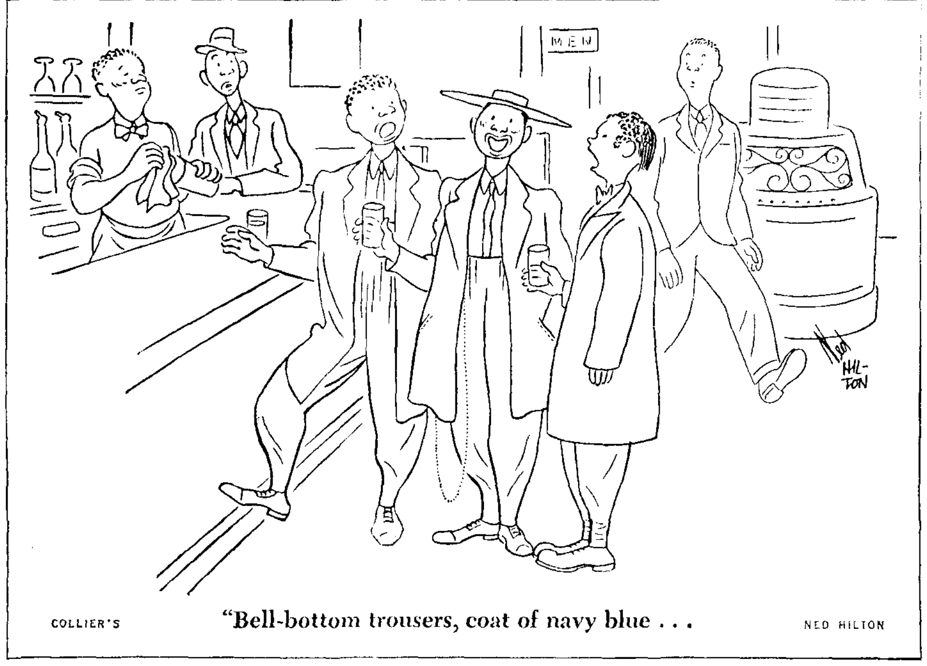
The sun shone obliquely through the high beech trees. Ravic sat and smoked. He was empty and did not think about anything.

NOT until he was in the car again, and on his way back to Paris did he think of the woman and, for the first time since her death, he did not try to resist the memory, to push it aside and suppress it.

He had never got further in his recollection than the day when Haake had her called in. He had never got further than the expression of horror and mad fear in her face. Everything else had been wiped out by that. And he had never got further than to the news that she had hanged herself. Never to the things that must have happened to her before. He was unable to think of it without feeling a spasm in his brain that turned his hands into claws.

Now he thought of her and he thought of everything, and the spasm suddenly left him. Something had been released, a barrier had fallen; the rigid image of horror began to move, it was no longer frozen, as it had been all these years. Her distorted mouth began to close, her eyes lost their fixity and the blood gently returned to her chalk-white face. It was no longer an eternal mask of fear—all of a sudden it was again Sybil whom he had known, and who had moved through two years of his life like a June evening.

Days rose up, evenings, like distant, for-



COLLIER'S "Bell-bottom trousers, coat of navy blue . . . NED HILTON

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"THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS"

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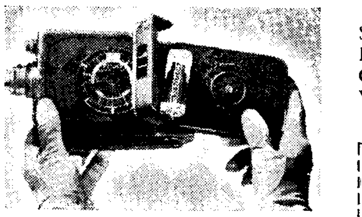

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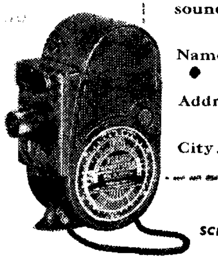
Miss Day's camera is a Filmo Auto Load which is loaded, as shown *above*, simply by sliding in a 16mm. film magazine. *At right*—the improved Filmo "Sportster," an 8mm. all-purpose home movie camera.



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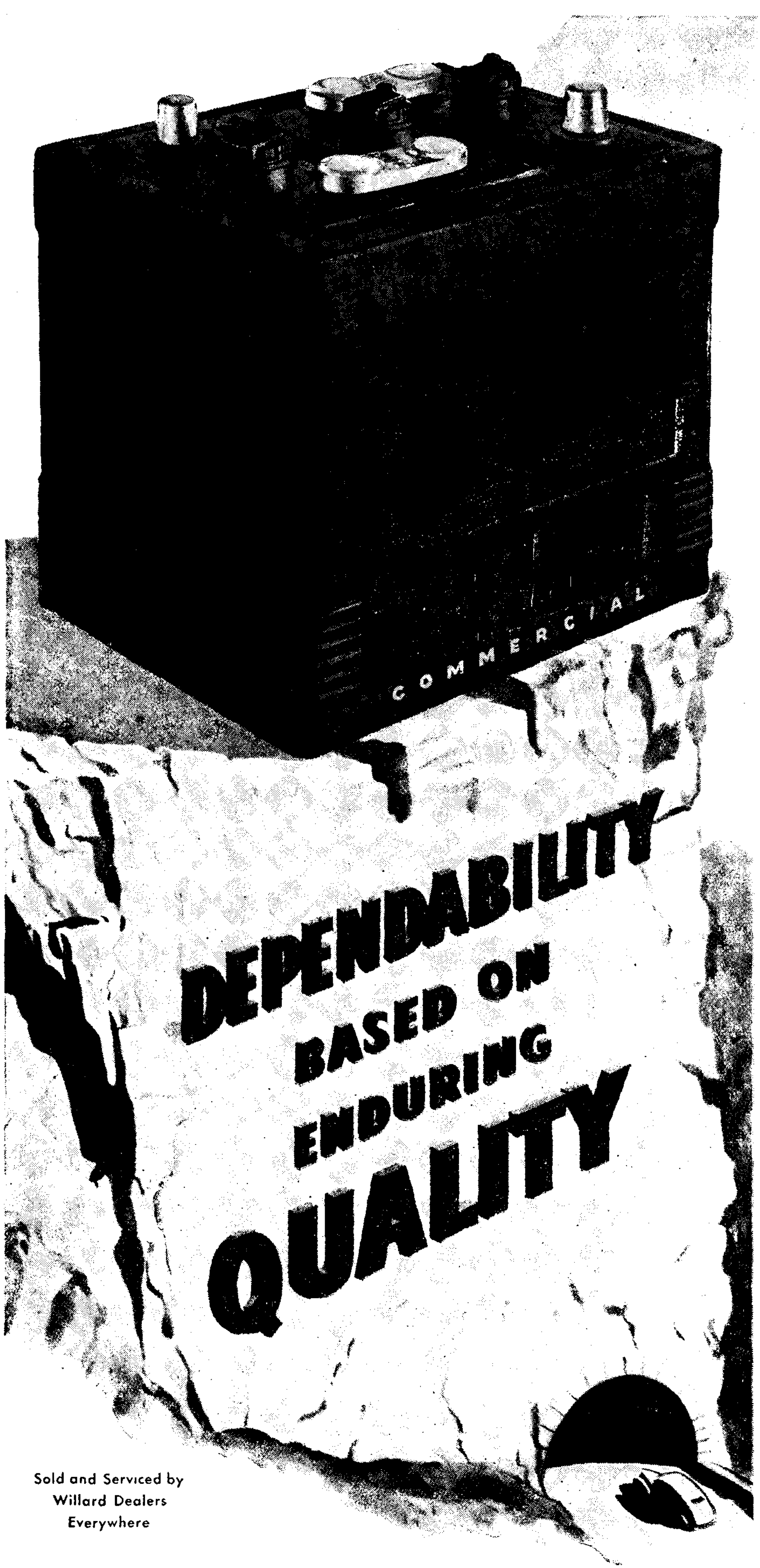

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gotten fireworks beyond the horizon. A bolted, locked and bloodstained door of his past now opened easily and quietly and a sweet garden was once more in view; no longer the cellar of the Gestapo.

Ravic stopped on the bridge which crossed the Seine behind St. Germain and threw Haake's key and revolver into the water. He then put down the car top and drove on.

He drove through a morning in France. The night was almost forgotten and lay decades behind him. What had happened a few hours ago had become indistinct, and what had been repressed for years arose enigmatically and came close to him as if no longer separated from him by a chasm.

Ravic did not know what was happening to him. He had thought he would feel empty, tired, indifferent, agitated. He had expected a feeling of disgust, silent justification, a craving for drinking, forgetting, but not this; he had not expected to feel easy and released as if a padlock had fallen from his past.

He looked about. The landscape was slipping by, processions of poplars lifted on high their torchlike green jubilation, fields with poppies and cornflowers lay outspread, from bakeries came the smell of fresh bread, and children's voices in a schoolhouse rose to the scraping of a violin. Where now was the glass wall, where was the feeling of being excluded? Evaporated like mist in the rising sun.

He saw the children again, on the stoops of the houses. He saw sleeping cats and dogs, multicolored laundry hanging in the wind, and a woman was still standing in a yard with clothespins in her hands, hanging up long rows of drawers and shirts. He saw this and felt that he belonged to it, more so now than he had many years ago. Something in him melted and arose again soft and moist, a burnt-over field began to bloom, and something in him gradually swung back into perfect balance.

RAVIC parked the car in the Rue Poncelet. The moment the motor was silent and he stepped out, his strangely relaxed mood disappeared. He walked to the International and it was an effort for him to walk. The sun lay like a beam on his shoulders.

He remembered that he must give up his apartment in the Prince de Galles. He was so tired that he wondered for a moment if he might not do it later. Then he forced himself to walk back and drove in a taxi to the Prince de Galles. He almost forgot to ask for his suitcase after he had paid his bill.

He waited in the cool hall. To his right, at the bar, a few people were sitting and drinking Martinis. Ravic almost fell asleep before the porter came. He gave him a tip and took another taxi. "To the Gare de l'Est," he said. He made sure the porter heard what he said.

He had the taxi stop at the corner of the Rue de la Boëtie. "I've made a mistake by an hour," he said to the driver. "It's too early. Stop in front of that bistro."

He paid, took his suitcase, went to the bistro and saw the taxi disappear. He went back, hailed another one and drove to the International.

There was no one downstairs except a sleeping boy. It was twelve o'clock. The patron was having lunch.

Ravic carried his suitcase to his room. He undressed and turned on the shower. He washed himself long and thoroughly. Then he rubbed himself with alcohol. He put the suitcase and the things which it contained away. He put on fresh underwear and another suit and went down to Morosow's room.

"I was just coming to see you," Morosow said. "Today is my day off. We could eat at the Prince de Galles—" He grew silent and looked more closely at Ravic.

"No need now," Ravic said.

MOROSOW looked at him. "It's finished," Ravic said. "This morning. Don't ask questions. I want to sleep."

"Is there anything more you want?"

"Nothing. Everything is done. Luck was with me."

"Where is the car?"

"Rue Poncelet. Everything's in order."

"Nothing else to do?"

"Nothing. I want to sleep. I'll come back later."

"Fine. Are you sure there's nothing else to be done?"

"No," Ravic said. "Nothing more, Boris. It was easy."

"You didn't forget anything?"

"I don't think so. No. I can't go over the whole thing again now. First I must sleep. Are you going to stay here?"

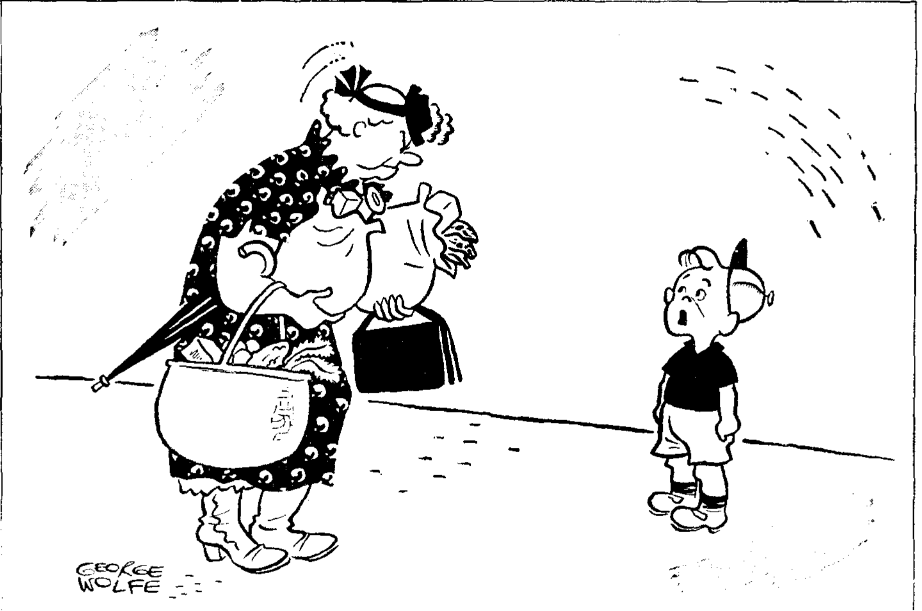
"Of course."

"Fine. Then I'll come down later."

Ravic returned to his room. All of a sudden he had a severe headache. He stood by the window for a while. The refugee Wiesenhoff now had geraniums instead of carnations in his window boxes below. They shone like scarlet balls. Opposite the gray wall with the blank windows. . . . Everything had come to an end. It was right so and good and had to be this way, but it had come to an end and there was no longer anything to do. Nothing was left. Nothing before him any more. Tomorrow was a word without meaning. Outside his window fell the sharp light of day.

He undressed and washed once more. He held his hands in alcohol for a long time and let them dry in the air. The skin around the joints of his fingers was taut. His head was heavy and his brain seemed to roll loosely inside it.

He got himself a hypodermic needle and sterilized it in a small electric boiler on a chair by the window. The water bubbled a while. It reminded him of the brook. He knocked off the heads of two ampules and drew their contents, clear as water, into the syringe. He applied the injection and lay down on his bed. After a while he went for his old robe and covered himself with it. He felt as though he were twelve years old and



COLLIER'S "Good deeds cost a dime when I'm not in uniform" GEORGE WOLFE

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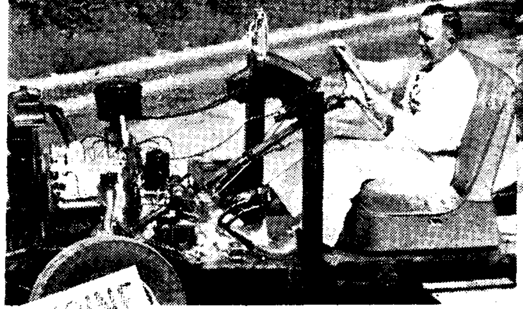
DODGE

Everything but the Beauty

Jimmie Lynch at the wheel.



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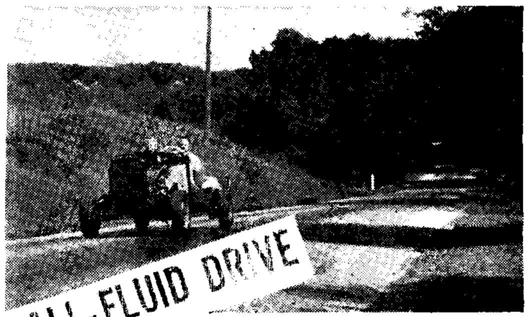
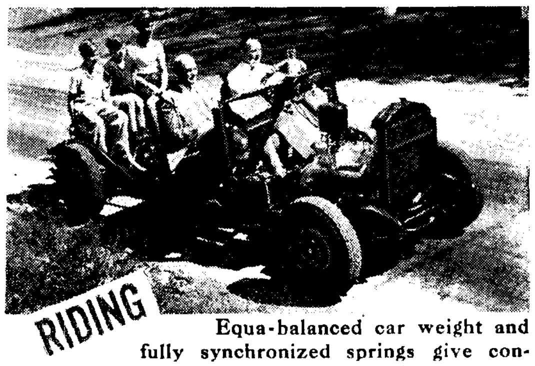


Dodge all-fluid drive entirely separates engine from the rest of the car. Gives cushioned, liquid smoothness to all performance, at all speeds.



Equa-balanced car weight and fully synchronized springs give constant unison of all riding action. Aero hydraulic shock absorbers assure full rhythmic control.

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It affords you greater safety, better braking, easier steering and car control than you have ever known.

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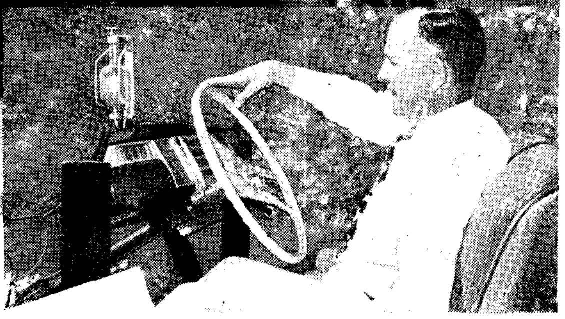
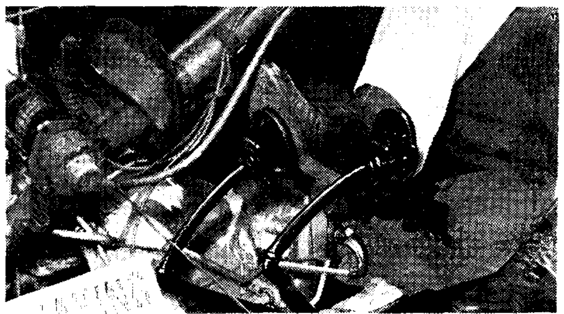

Driving the new Dodge is largely a matter of steering. All-Fluid Drive eliminates most clutching and shifting, giving the driver complete freedom of mind.


These new Dodge (Four-Wheel Hydraulic) brakes bring the car to rest from any speed, on any grade, surely and softly, with *one-third less* foot pressure than before.

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tired and alone in the strange loneliness of growing and of youth.

He woke up at dusk. A pale pink hung above the roofs of the houses. Suddenly he felt desperately hungry. The headache had disappeared. He dressed and went downstairs.

Morosow was sitting in his shirt sleeves at the table in his room. The room was almost empty. A military coat was hanging on a wall. In one corner was an ikon with a light burning before it; in another stood a table with a samovar; in the third a modern refrigerator. It was Morosow's luxury. He kept vodka, food and beer in it.

Morosow brought two glasses and a bottle of vodka. Ravic sat down at the table. "I don't want to drink anything, Boris. I'm hungry."

"Fine. Let's go and have something to eat. Meanwhile"—he rummaged in the icebox for black Russian bread, cucumbers and butter—"have this! And drink something."

To eat, Ravic thought. Yes, but something that I don't have to touch with my hands. Tomorrow I'll be able to do it again. Not today. No bread.

"Boris," he said. "I met that man in front of the Isis, killed him in the Bois and buried him in St. Germain."

"Were you seen by anyone?"

"No. Not even in front of the Isis."

"Nowhere?"

"Someone came across the meadow in the Bois. When everything was finished. I had Haake in the car. There was nothing to be seen except the car and me. I might have been drunk or I might have become sick. An ordinary incident."

"What have you done with his things?"

"Buried them, the labels were removed and burned with his papers. I've still got his money and a receipt for his suitcases at the Gare du Nord. He had checked out of his hotel room by then and intended to leave this morning."

"Any traces of blood?"

"No. There was no blood. I've given up my room in the Prince de Galles. My belongings are back here again. It's possible they will assume he took the train. If we call for Haake's suitcases, there will be no trace of him left here."

"That won't change anything. They'll find out in Berlin that he didn't arrive and they'll investigate back here."

"If his luggage isn't here, they won't know where he has gone."

"They'll know. He hasn't used his sleeping-car ticket. Have you burned it?"

"Yes."

"Then burn the receipt for his luggage too."

"We could send it to the checkroom and have them send his suitcases to Berlin or somewhere else, collect."

"That amounts to the same thing. It would be better to burn it. Otherwise they might suspect more than this way. So he simply disappeared. That can happen in Paris. They will investigate and, if they are lucky, will find out where he was last seen. In the Isis. Were you in there?"

"Yes. For a minute. I saw him. He didn't see me. Then I waited for him outside. No one saw us there."

"They might inquire about who was in the Isis at that time. Are you known there?"

"Not by name. I have been there now and then. Nothing more."

"It would be better not to go there again. As a precaution. There is not much chance they will hit on you. Nevertheless, perhaps you'd better disappear from Paris for a time."

"Where to?"

Morosow filled his glass. He also filled Ravic's glass. "Any place where they don't ask for papers. To Cannes or Antibes again. Or Deauville."

Ravic shook his head. "I'll stay. I won't run away."

"Nonsense! First burn the receipt for his luggage."

RAVIC took the check out of his pocket, lighted it and let it burn over the ash tray. Morosow took the copper plate and threw the fine ashes out of the window. "So, that's done. You've nothing else of his on you?"

"Money."

"Let's see it."

He examined it. There were no markings on it. "You can easily get rid of that. What will you do with it?"

"Anything. I could send it to the committee for refugees. Anonymously."

"Change it today and send the money in two weeks."

"Fine."

Ravic put the bills into his pocket. Folding them, he realized that he had been eating. He gave his hands a fleeting glance. What had he been thinking of? He took another piece of the fresh dark bread.

"Where are we going to eat?" Morosow asked.

"Anywhere," Ravic replied.

Morosow looked at him. "Boris," Ravic said, "don't look at me as a nurse might, expecting me to have a nervous breakdown. I've wiped out a beast that deserved a thousand times worse. Nothing more! I have killed dozens of people who did not matter to me, and I was decorated for it, and I didn't kill them in fair fight, but sneaked up on them, spied them out from behind, when they weren't suspecting anything, and that was war and honorable. The only regret I have is that I could not first tell the fellow to his face who I was and why I was going to kill him. He's done with and he will no longer torture anyone, and I've slept on it and it is as far removed from me as if I were reading about it in the papers."

"Fine." Morosow put on his coat. "Let's go. I need a drink."

Ravic looked up. "You?"

"Yes, I," Morosow said. "I." He hesi-

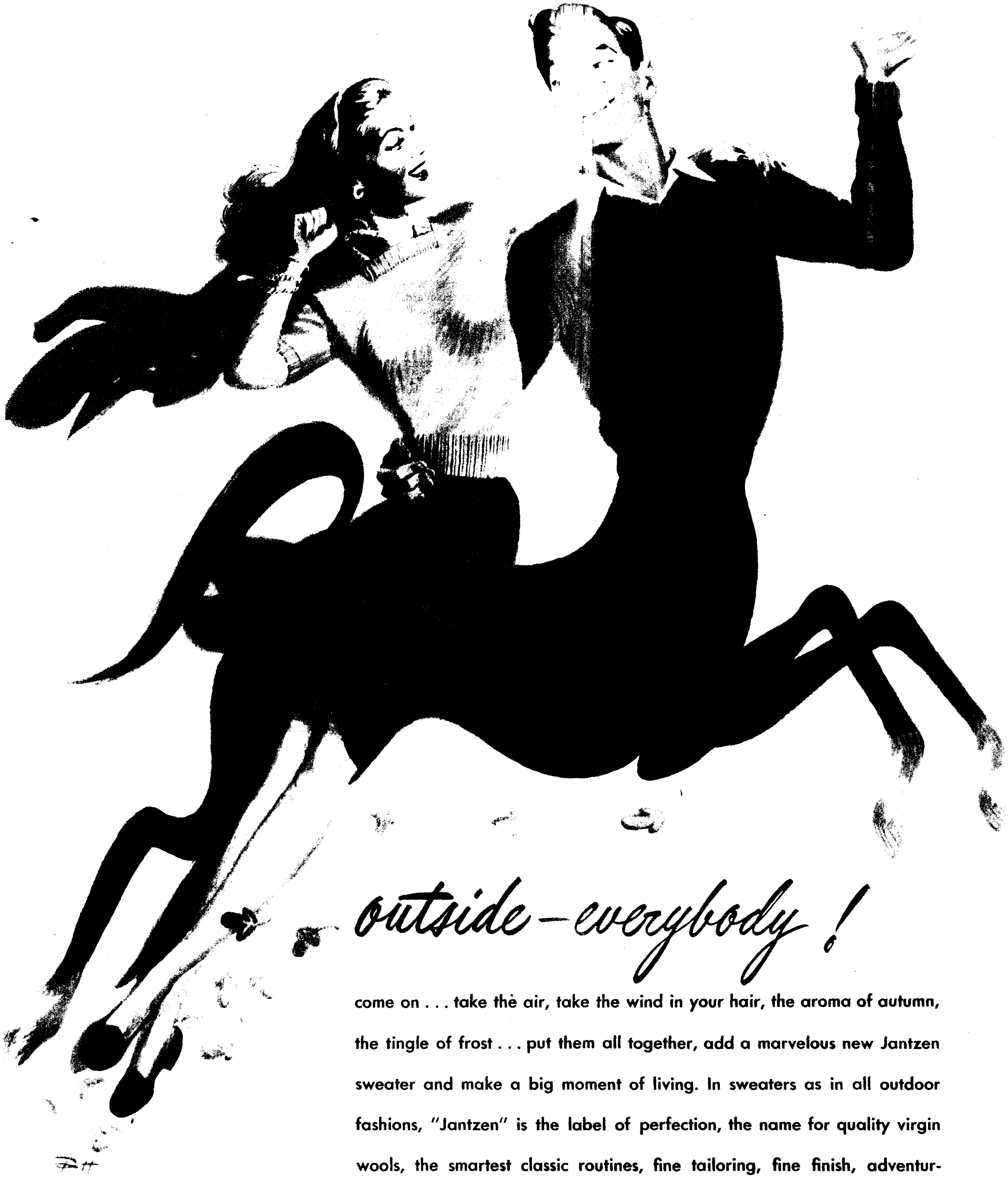
PETER WYMARK came back from the war to his old job on the Minnesota Iron Range and a new girl—Ellen Desmond. But now he'd had authority, and the old job didn't seem good enough. His employer happened to be Ellen's father, who thought the boys ought to be glad to be taken back, glad to get ahead slowly. But Peter had no intention of standing in line for promotion, and so Ellen was caught in a new war between her father and the boy she loved. How she learned which of her men was right makes a dramatic and disturbing serial about the conflict between the old life and the new.

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

GIVE US TOMORROW

By

MARGARET CULKIN BANNING



outside—everybody!

come on . . . take the air, take the wind in your hair, the aroma of autumn, the tingle of frost . . . put them all together, add a marvelous new Jantzen sweater and make a big moment of living. In sweaters as in all outdoor fashions, "Jantzen" is the label of perfection, the name for quality virgin wools, the smartest classic routines, fine tailoring, fine finish, adventurous colors . . . at most stores, and soon, we hope, enough for everybody.

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BY THE MAKERS OF ESSLEY Woman-Wise SHIRTS

tated a second. "Today for the first time I feel old." . . .

"The exodus from Egypt," the refugee Wiesenhoff said. "Without Moses."

He stood, thin and yellow, at the door of the International. Outside, the Stern and Wagner families were loading their furniture into a van. They had received visas for America.

Those remaining stood like wet chickens around the entrance. They looked on quietly while the others drove away.

"The flight," Morosow said. "The sinking ship. War is really upon us now. There are five rooms empty at the International. That has not happened for the last two years."

"Other refugees will come and fill them," Ravic said.

"What kind? We have had Russians, Italians, Poles, Spaniards, Germans—"

"French. From the frontiers. Refugees."

"Come," Morosow said. "Let's go to the Catacombs. Furniture on the street makes me melancholy. Let's drink some of the light Pouilly, before the landlady realizes that it's good."

The waitress Clarisse brought the wine. "Salute," Ravic said.

"Salute. What will you do when the war actually comes? Have you thought it over?"

"I'll stay here, Boris. I can't get away from here."

"They will put you in a concentration camp. To the French you are still a refugee. As soon as war is declared, you'll be nothing but a German."

"I know that. Nevertheless, I can't get away. Spain and Italy are impossible. Switzerland remains. It is too small. I would be arrested there immediately. And who knows whether it will not be overrun. Then I would be in a mousetrap. France at least offers an escape to Africa. No help, but some comfort. I don't want to move on any more."

"Why?"

"I don't want to move on any more. I can't tell you why. Somehow I have had enough."

The remaining refugees entered. They drifted into the Catacombs like autumn leaves before a weary wind. A few had newspapers in their hands. . . . The German ultimatum to Poland, France and England ready for war. . . . Others rummaged among their papers and whispered. In one corner sat an old couple. They were completely immersed in sadness which surrounded them like a wall. Both sat motionless, hand in hand, and it seemed as if they would never be able to get up again.

The electric bulbs hung yellow and withered on the walls and made everything seem even more cheerless. The silence, the whispering, the searching of papers which had already been turned over a hundred times, the counting of money, the patient waiting, the helpless expectation of the end, the little spasmodic acts of courage, life a thousand times humiliated and now pushed into a corner, terrified because it could not go any farther—suddenly Ravic had the feeling that all the misery of the world was locked into this ill-lighted basement room. He felt it, he could smell the odor of it, he smelled the fear, the ultimate overwhelming silent fear; he smelled it and he knew where he had smelled it before—in the concentration camp as they drove the people from the streets, from their beds and made them stand in front of the barracks and wait.

Ravic looked at Morosow. "I must go," he said. "To the hospital."

"I must go too."

They walked up the stairs. "Too much is too much," Morosow said. "Let's get some fresh air on the Champs Elysées."

THEY sat in front of Fouquet's. Along the walls of the newspaper buildings words ran in letters of light. A silent crowd stood beneath. German troops at the Polish frontier. From the Etoile the early evening came up the street as if on silver feet.

"What are you doing today?" Morosow asked.

"Kate Hegstroem is leaving for America on the Queen Mary. I'll take her to Cherbourg. She has her car. I'll drive it back and deliver it to the garage. She has sold it to the proprietor."

Morosow remained silent. "Have you observed that the chestnuts have bloomed for the second time this year?" he then asked.

"Yes. And do you know that the windows of the cathedral in Chartres have been taken out? Airfield in the neighborhood. And in the Louvre the pictures are being packed."

"There is Joan," Morosow said.

She was sitting with a man, quite far away, at a table facing the Rue George V. "Another one," Morosow said. "Not the actor."

Ravic did not look up. "There they go," Morosow said.

She walked with the man across the street to a gray car. She did not see Ravic. The man walked around the car and sat down at the wheel. He wore no hat and was rather young. He skillfully maneuvered the car out from between the others.

"Beautiful car," Morosow said.

"One of the best," Ravic replied. "New model."

THE Queen Mary was lying at the *quai*, blazing in the night with a thousand lights. The wind came from the water, cool and salty. Kate Hegstroem drew her fur coat closer to her. She was very slim. Her face was almost all bone, covered with taut skin, with frighteningly large eyes.

"I'd rather stay here," she said.

Ravic did not answer. There lay the mighty ship. The gangway was brightly lighted. People streamed inside, many of them hurrying, as if they were afraid of arriving too late. There lay the shimmering palace, and its name was no longer Queen Mary, its name was Escape, Flight, Salvation; in a thousand cities and rooms and dirty hotels and cellars of Europe it was life's unattainable goal for ten thousand people, and here beside him someone whose vitals were being eaten up by death said in a thin and lovely voice: "I'd rather stay here."

The refugees in the International. The thousand International hotels in Europe. The harassed, the tortured, the fleeing, the desperate, the trapped—for every one of them it would have been the Land of Promise; they would have broken down sobbing and kissed the gangway and would have believed in miracles if they had been able to clasp in their tired hands the ticket, the ticket of that human being traveling into death and saying: "I'd rather stay here."

A group of Americans arrived. Deliberate, jovial, noisy. They had all the time in the world. The consulate had urged them to leave, just as it had Kate Hegstroem. They discussed it. "It's really a pity. It would have been fun to look on longer. What could happen to us, after all? The ambassador! Why, we are neutral! It's really a pity!"

The fragrance of expensive perfume. The sparkling of jewels. A few hours ago these people were still sitting in Maxim's, ridiculously cheap figured in dollars, with a Corton 29, a Pol Roger 28 as the climax; now on ship they would be sitting in the bar, playing backgammon, drinking whisky.

And in the meantime, in front of the consulate, the long lines of people, the smell of mortal dread, a few overworked employees, the court of last resort; an assistant secretary shaking his head again and again—"No, no visa, no, impossible," the silent condemnation of the silent innocent. . . . Ravic stared at the ship which was not a ship any more, it was an ark which was about to sail off before the deluge, the deluge which they once escaped and which now was about to descend upon them.

"It's time to go, Kate."

"Is it? Adieu, Ravic."

"Adieu, Kate."

"We don't need to lie to each other, eh?"

"No."

"Adieu, Ravic. Thanks. I'll go now. I'll go up there and wave to you. Stay here until the ship moves and wave back to me."

"All right, Kate."

Slowly she went up the gangway. Her body swayed ever so slightly. Her figure, slimmer than all the others beside her, clear in its structure, almost without flesh, had the black elegance of certain death. Her face was bold like the head of an Egyptian bronze cat—only contour and eyes.

The last passengers, running. The last Americans. Then the gangway being slowly drawn up. A strange feeling. Drawn up, irrevocably. The end. A narrow strip of water. The frontier. Two meters of water. But even now the frontier between Europe and America. Between rescue and destruction.

Ravic looked for Kate Hegstroem. He soon found her. She was standing at the railing, waving. He waved back.

The ship didn't seem to move. The land seemed to slide away from it. Only a little. Hardly perceptibly. And suddenly the blazing ship was free. It floated upon the dark water, against the dark sky, unattainable. Kate Hegstroem was no longer to be recognized, and only those left behind looked at each other silently, embarrassed or with false gaiety, and then hurriedly or hesitatingly they left.

HE DROVE the car back through the night. Back from the coast to Paris. Back, Ravic thought, from the ark which was bound for a distant Ararat, back into a Europe smelling of blood.

But he only thought it, he no longer felt it. Future and past suddenly met and both were without desire or pain. The hour stood still, the horizons were in equilibrium and, for one strange moment, the scales of his existence were even. Fate became meaningless. It was never stronger than the serene courage with which one faced it. If one could no longer stand it, one could kill oneself. This was good to know. But it was also good to know that one was never completely lost so long as one was alive.

It was like an end and a beginning. Like the completion of a circle. Something was settled. One gathered strength, waited and was ready. It was not indifference, nor was it resignation. It was a mystical, expectant confidence through which existence became clarified.

Everything was good; that which had been and what was still to come. It was enough. He had had his revenge and love. He did not expect either again. It was not everything, but it was enough. He had lost one human being and killed another; but both had freed him. Nothing remained unfulfilled. No desire was left. No hatred, nor any complaint. It was good. It was enough.

Beyond Caen he saw horses. Long columns in the night, horses, horses, shadowlike in the moonlight. And then men, four deep, with bundles, cardboard boxes, packages. The beginning of the mobilization.

One could hardly hear them. No one sang. Hardly anyone spoke. They moved silently through the night. Columns of shadows on the right side of the road.

Ravic passed one after the other. Horses, he thought, horses. Like 1914. No tanks. Horses.

He stopped near a gasoline station and had the car refilled. There were still some lights in the windows of the hamlet. But it had become almost silent. One of the columns moved through it. People stared; they did not wave.

"I've got to go tomorrow," the man at the gas station said. He had a brown, clear-cut, peasant face. "My father was killed in the last war. My grandfather in 1870. I go tomorrow. It's always the same. We have been doing this now for a couple of hundred years. There is no way out, we've got to go again."

His look embraced the shabby pump, the small house next to it and the woman standing beside him. "Twenty-eight francs thirty, sir."

Again the landscape. The moon. Lisieux. Evreux. Ravic stopped before a small restaurant. Outside were two tables. The proprietress declared she had nothing left to eat; an omelette and cheese were not a dinner. Finally she was persuaded and even provided salad and coffee and a carafe of *vin ordinaire.*

Ravic sat alone in front of the pink house and ate. It was very quiet. But from the top floor of the house came the sounds of a loud-speaker. A voice. The usual voice, comforting, confident, hopeless and completely superfluous. Everyone listened and no one believed.

Ravic paid. "Paris will be blacked-out," the proprietress said. "They have just announced it over the radio."

"Really?"

"Yes. Against air raids. As a precaution. They say on the radio everything is only a precaution. There will be no war. They are about to negotiate. What do you say?"

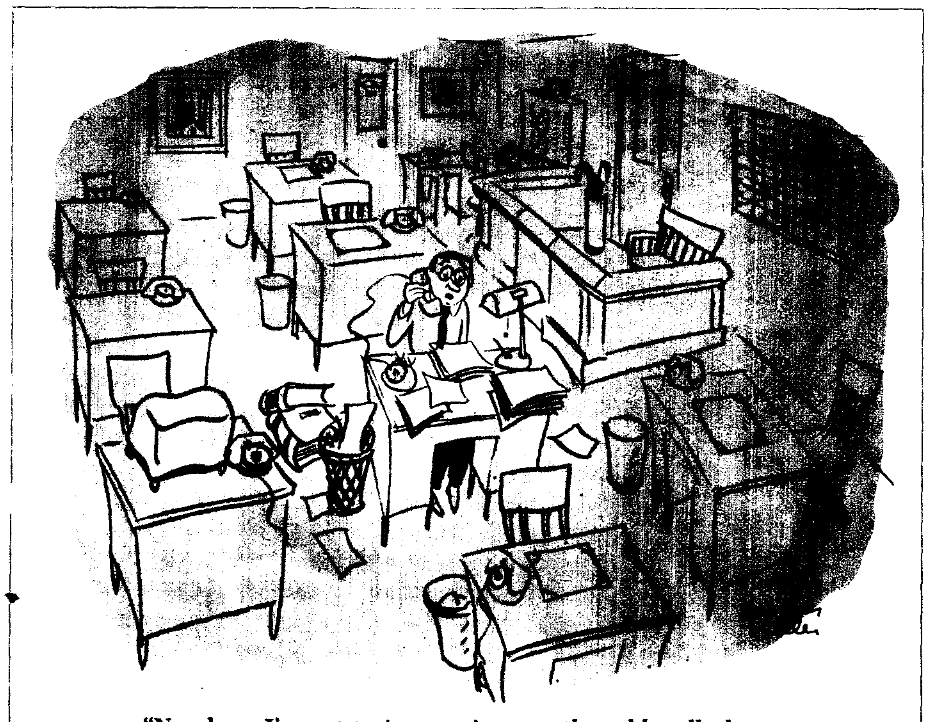
"I don't think there will be a war." What else could he say?

"I hope to God. But what's the use? The Germans will take Poland. And then they will demand Alsace-Lorraine. And always more until we give up or have to make war. And so it's better to do it right away."

THE red reflection of Paris against the horizon. Blacked out; Paris would be blacked out. It was natural enough; but it sounded strange: Paris blacked out. As if the light of the world were to be blacked out.

The suburbs. The Seine. The bustle of the small streets. Turning into the avenue which led directly to the Arc de Triomphe, rising faint and yet illumined by the misty light of the Etoile, and behind it once more in the darkening night the Champs Elysées in its full brilliance.

Ravic drove down the avenue. He drove on through the city and then he suddenly saw: the darkness had already begun to descend upon the city. Like mangy spots on a shiny fur, areas of sick darkness appeared here and there. The multicolored play of the electric signs was eaten up by long shadows which crouched threateningly between bits of anxious red and white and blue—and broadened.



"No, dear, I'm not trying to give you that old stall about working overtime. I tell you I'm at Tony's having a drink"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

Eight-Ball Eddie--
That's Me!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, EDDIE? THE ARMY MUSCLE IN ON YOUR GIRL?
NOPE. I HAVEN'T GOT A GIRL, MATE. AND IT'S THE SAME EVERYWHERE I DOCK. NO NICE LITTLE ARMFULS FOR EDDIE ANYWHERE!
ALMOST SEEMS LIKE THE DAMES HUNG A BAD BREATH TAG OR SOMETHING ON ME!
WELL, FROM THE SCUTTLEBUTT I HEAR, EDDIE—YOU COULDN'T GO WRONG IF YOU CHECKED IN AT YOUR DENTIST'S!
EDDIE SEES HIS DENTIST!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
HE'S NO LONGER EIGHT-BALL EDDIE! HE'S GOT A GIRL— AND GOING STEADY!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Tune In! **KAY KYSER** Wednesday Night—NBC Network

Some streets lay dead already. The Rue George V no longer had any light; in the Avenue Montaigne it was just dying out. Buildings which nightly threw cascades of light toward the stars, stared now with bare dark fronts. One half of the Avenue Victor Emmanuel III was blacked out, the other half yet lighted, as though the victim of a one-sided stroke; half dead, still half alive.

Darkness crept on; it spread everywhere and when Ravic came back to the Place de la Concorde, it was already there too. The offices of the ministries lay pale in the moonlight, the garlands of light had gone out. The tritons and nereids of the white nights of foam were now rigid, and from everywhere, like cosmic tuberculosis, emerged the small, pale blue, hardly visible electric bulbs of the air-raid alarms.

RAVIC returned Kate's car to the garage. He took a taxi and drove to the International. At the door the son of the landlady was standing on a ladder. He was screwing in a blue bulb. The light of the hotel entrance had always been only strong enough to light up the sign; now that small blue gleam was no longer adequate. It missed the first half of the sign. One could just make out the word "—national," and even that only with care.

"Thank God, you are here," the landlady said. "Someone has gone crazy. Number eleven. The best thing would be to get her out of the house. I can't have lunatics in the hotel."

Ravic went upstairs. A woman sat in a corner of one of the rooms, hunched over on the bed. The room was brightly lit. All the bulbs were turned on and, in addition, two holders with candles stood on the table.

"Cockroaches," the woman murmured. "Cockroaches! Black fat cockroaches! There, in the corners, there they sit, thousands, innumerable— Turn on the light, turn on the light, or else they will come! Light, light, they are coming, they are coming!"

She yelled, her arms flung out, pressed against the wall, her eyes glassy and wide open. Her husband tried to move her arms. "But there is nothing, Mamma, nothing there—"

"Light, light! They are coming! Cockroaches—"

"We do have light, Mamma. But there is light, only look, candles on the table!" He had a flashlight in his hand and directed the beam into the corners of the room. "Nothing is even in the corners, look here, look how I shine the light there, there is nothing, nothing—"

The woman breathed heavily and raised her arms over her head.

"How long has this been going on?" Ravic asked the man.

"Since it became dark. I was not in. I was trying again; I was told to go to the Haitian consulate; I took the boy with me; it was useless again, and when we got back, she was sitting there on the bed and yelling."

Ravic had the hypodermic needle ready. "Was she asleep earlier?"

The man looked at him helplessly. "I don't know. She was always quiet. We have no money for an asylum. We also have no—our papers are not in order. If only she would be quiet.

"But, Mamma, everyone is here; I'm here, Siegfried is here, the doctor is here, no cockroaches are here—"

"Cockroaches," interrupted the woman. "From all sides!"

Ravic gave her the shot. "Has she ever had anything like this?"

"No. Never. I can't understand it. I don't know why she just—"

Ravic raised his hand. "Don't remind her of it. In a few minutes she will become tired and fall asleep. It could be that she dreamt of—and was startled. Maybe she will wake up tomorrow and not remember anything. Don't remind her of it. Act as if nothing had happened."

"Cockroaches," the woman muttered drowsily. "Fat, thick—"

"Do you need all this light?"

"We put them on because she kept crying for light."

"Put out the upper light. Keep the others on until she is fast asleep. She'll sleep. The dose is large enough. I'll look in on her tomorrow morning at eleven."

"Thank you," the man said. "You don't think—?"

"No. These things happen often nowadays. Some caution during the next few days, don't show your worries too much—"

Easily said, he thought, as he went up to his room. He turned on the light. A few books stood by his bed—Seneca, Schopenhauer, Plato, Rilke, Lao Tze, Pascal, Heraclitus—the hardest and the softest in pocket editions.

He selected what he intended to take with him, into prison or the concentration camp. Then he looked through his things. There was not much to destroy. He had always lived so that they could call for him at any time. His old blanket, the coat—they would help him like friends. The poison in the hollow locket which he had previously taken with him into the German concentration camp. He put the locket into his pocket. Better to have it with him. It was a comfort. One could never tell what might happen.

Ravic sat down by the window. France, he thought. Five years of restless life. Three months in prison, illegal residence, deported four times, returned. Five years of life. It had been good.

THE telephone rang. Ravic lifted the receiver drowsily.

"Ravic—" someone said.

"Yes." It took a moment before he recognized Joan's voice.

"Come," she said. She spoke slowly and almost inaudibly. "Come right away, Ravic, right away—"

"No—"

"You must—"

"No. Leave me in peace. I am not alone. I won't come."

"Help me—"

"I can no longer help you, Joan—"

"Something has happened—" Her voice sounded broken. "Terrible—you must—"

"Joan," Ravic said impatiently. "There is no longer time for such carrying on. You've done this to me before and I was taken in. Now I know about it. Leave me alone."

He hung up the receiver without waiting for an answer and tried to go to sleep again.

The telephone rang once more. He did not lift the receiver. It rang and rang through the gray, desolate night. He took a pillow and put it over the telephone. It continued its muffled ringing and then stopped.

Ravic waited. It remained silent. He got up and reached for a cigarette. It did not taste good. He stamped it out. Coffee, he thought. Hot coffee. Butter and fresh croissants. He knew a bistro that stayed open all night.

He looked at his watch. Outside it was growing light. He had slept for two hours. But he wasn't tired any more. There was no point in falling once more into a deep sleep and waking up groggy. He went into the bathroom.

The water of the shower sparkled in the bright light. Joan—she had done the same thing a few weeks ago. Had called him at the hospital and asked him to come right away. All that was really the matter was that she had quarreled with her actor.

A noise. Was it the telephone again? He turned off the tap. Someone was knocking. Someone knocking at his door. Ravic put his bathrobe on. The knocking became louder. He waited a moment before going to the door. If it were the police so soon . . .

He opened the door. Outside stood a man whom he did not know but who reminded him of something.

"Doctor Ravic?"

Ravic did not reply. He looked at the man. He did not think he had seen him at a police examination. "What do you want?" he asked.

"Are you Doctor Ravic?"

"You'd better tell me what you want."

"If you are Doctor Ravic, you've got to come to Joan Madou right away."

"Really?"

"She has had an accident."

"What kind of accident?"

Ravic did not believe any of this. She had sent this man. She would pretend she was ill. A new trick.

"With a weapon," the man said. "Shot—"

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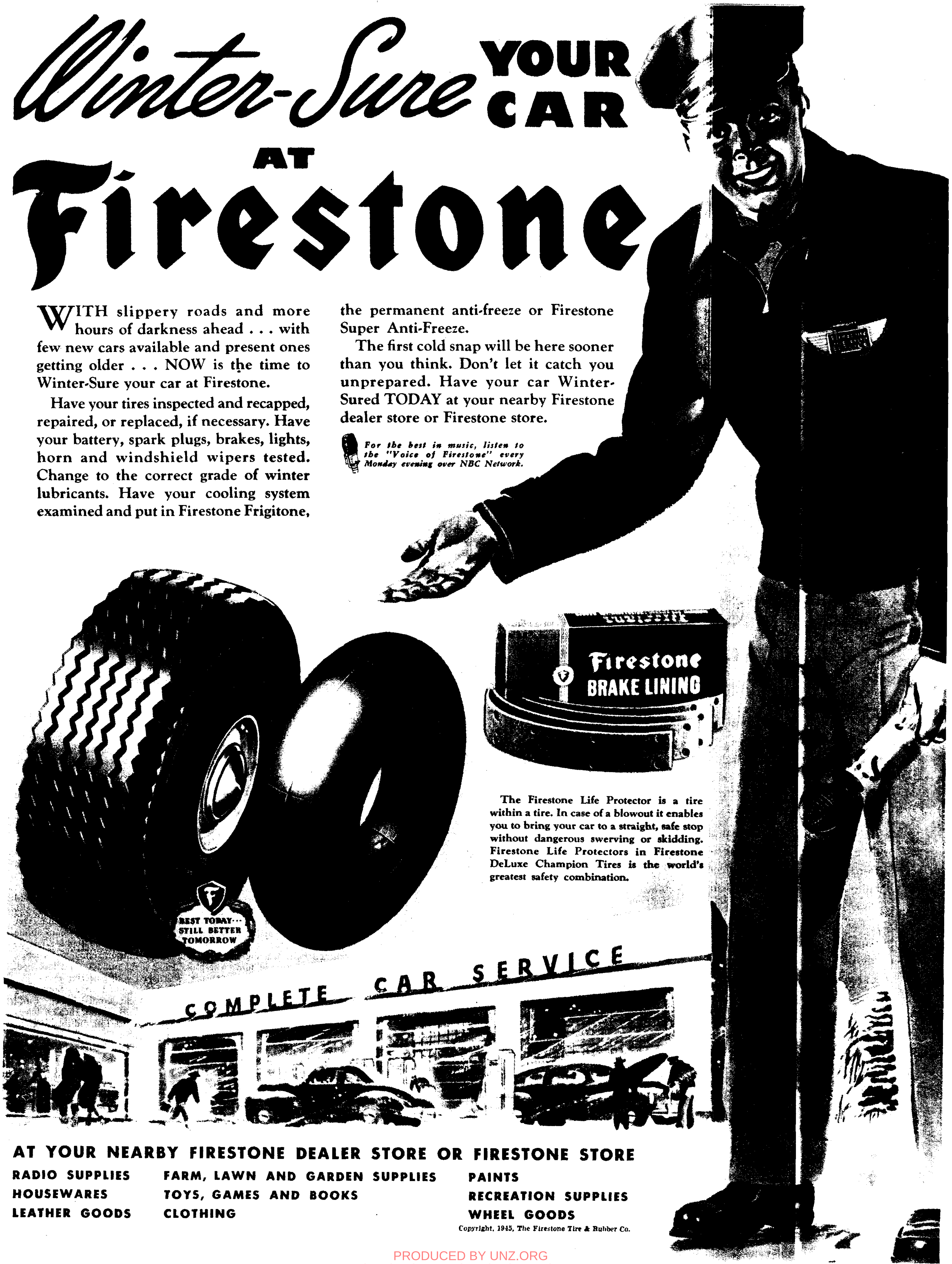

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"Was she hit?" Ravic asked unconvinced.

"My God, she's dying," the man whispered. "You must come! She's dying! I've shot her!"

"What?"

"Yes—I—"

Ravic had thrown off the bathrobe and reached for his things. "Have you got a taxi downstairs?"

"Yes—my car—"

"Damn it—" Ravic took his bag, his shoes and coat. "I can put these on in the car—let's go—quickly."

THE car shot through the night. The city was completely blacked out. There were no streets any longer, only a floating misty space out of which blue air-raid lanterns emerged forlornly and too late, as if the car were driving on the bottom of the sea.

Ravic put his shoes on. There was no point in asking anything of the man who was driving. He drove with all his concentration, very fast and paying complete attention to the direction in which he was going. He had no time to say anything. He could only swing the car around, make way for others, avoid an accident and take care of not driving the wrong way in the unaccustomed darkness. Fifteen minutes lost, Ravic thought. At least fifteen minutes.

The car stopped in front of the house. The elevator was at the ground floor. Its door was open. Somewhere, someone was pressing the button for it furiously. Fine, Ravic thought, a few minutes are saved.

The small elevator crept upward. It stopped at the fourth floor. Someone looked through its window and opened the door. "What do you mean by keeping the elevator downstairs for such a long time?"

Ravic closed the door. "Right away! We must go up first."

The man, outside, cursed. The elevator continued to crawl. Crawl. The man on the fourth floor pressed the button furiously. The elevator stopped at Joan's floor. Ravic flung the door open before the man downstairs could get them down again.

Joan was lying on her bed. She was dressed. In an evening gown. Silver, with stains of blood. Blood on the floor. Where she had probably collapsed. She has been moved, Ravic thought. The idiot must have dragged her up on to the bed.

"Be calm!" he said. "Be calm! Everything will be all right. It isn't very bad."

He tore off the shoulder strap of the evening gown and pulled it down. It was bad. "Are you in pain?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Very much?"

"Yes—"

"That will be over soon."

The injection was ready. He saw Joan's eyes. "Nothing," he said. "Only for the pain. It will stop at once."

He applied the needle and drew it out. "Already done." He turned to the man. "Call up Passy 2741. Order an ambulance with two internes. Right away!"

"What is it?" Joan asked with an effort.

"Passy 2741," Ravic said. "At once! Go ahead! Start telephoning!"

"What is it, Ravic?"

"Nothing dangerous. But you've got to go to a hospital."

She looked at him. The mascara had run from her eyelashes and her lipstick was smeared to one side. One side of her face looked like that of a cheap circus clown, the other with the black smeared under her eye, like that of a tired, worn-out old woman. Over it, her hair shone.

"I don't want to be operated on," she whispered.

"We'll see. Maybe we won't have to."

"Is it—" She remained silent.

"No," Ravic said. "Not serious. Only we have all the instruments there."

"Instruments—"

"For the examination. Now I'll—it won't hurt."

The injection had become effective. The eyes lost their anxious fixity. The man returned. He said: "The ambulance is on its way."

"Call up Auteuil 1357. It's a hospital. I'll talk with them."

The man disappeared obediently. "You will help me?" Joan whispered.

"Of course."

"I don't want to have pain."

"You won't."

"I can't—I can't endure—" She became drowsy. Her voice died down. "I can't—"

Ravic looked at the wounds. Two places where the bullets had entered. A wound in her back. He did not say anything. He bandaged these spots lightly and carefully. He did not say what he feared. "Who put you on the bed?" he asked. "Did you alone—"

"He—"

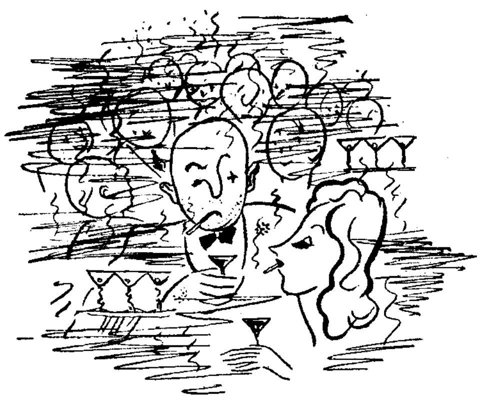
"Were you—could you walk at all?"

Alarmed, her eyes returned from veiled lakes. "What—is it—I—no—I could not move my feet. My legs—what is it, Ravic?"

"Nothing. I thought so. You'll be able to again."

The man appeared. "The hospital—"

Ravic quickly went to the telephone. "Who is it? Eugenie? A room—yes—and call up Veber. Have everything ready. We must go to work right away. I've ordered an ambulance. An accident—yes—yes—correct—yes—in ten minutes."



MIXED NUTS

The smoke is thick, the guests are thicker,
Their roving eyes in search of liquor.
There are no chairs in which to sit,
I crave a door through which to flit.
But who am I to fuss and fret
At cocktail party etiquette?
I can't say I was forced to come,
So let's conclude I'm just plain dumb.

—Margaret Fishback

He hung up. He remained standing for a while. He saw the table before him. Crème de menthe on it, glasses, perfumed cigarettes; abominable, all this was like a bad movie—a gun on the rug, everything unreal.

What makes me feel that, he thought. It is true—and now he also knew who the other man was. The suit with those padded shoulders, that smoothly brushed hair, the slight smell of toilet water that had irritated him while riding in his car, those rings on his fingers—it was the actor all right about whose threats he had laughed so much.

Well aimed, he thought. . . . Not aimed at all; such a shot could not have been aimed, one could only hit with such precision when one intended to hit nothing.

He went back. The man was kneeling by the bed. Of course, kneeling, talking, wailing, talking— Naturally, they must talk. "Get up," Ravic said.

Tears! That too! "I did not want to, sir! I swear I didn't mean to hit her, I did not want to—an accident, a blind, unfortunate accident!"

Ravic's stomach contracted. Blind accident! Soon he'll spout blank verse! "I know that. Now go down and wait for the ambulance."

The man wanted to say something. "Go!" Ravic said. "Keep that damn' elevator ready. God knows how we'll get down with the stretcher."

"You'll help me, Ravic," Joan said drowsily.

"Yes," he said without hope.

"You are here. I am always at peace when you are with me." The smeared face smiled.

"Bébée, I didn't—" the man said at the door.

"Get out!" Ravic said. "Damn it, get going!"

Joan lay still for a while. Then she opened her eyes. "He is an idiot," she said with surprising clarity. "Naturally, he didn't want to, the poor lamb. He only wanted to show off." A strange, almost impish expression was in her eyes. "I, too, never believed it, Ravic. I teased him—into—"

"You must not talk."

"Teased—" her eyes narrowed to a slit. "Now, that's me, Ravic—my life—he didn't want to hit—hits—and—"

The eyes closed again. The smile died away. Ravic kept his ear turned in the direction of the door.

The internes carried Joan out on a stretcher. She was half asleep. At times she sobbed.

"Have you a key?" Ravic asked the actor.

"I—no, why?"

"To lock the apartment."

"No. But there is a key somewhere."

"Look for it and lock the door." The internes were busy on the first landing. "Take the revolver with you. You can throw it away outside."

"I—I'll—I'll give myself up to the police. Is she seriously hurt?"

"Yes."

The man began to perspire. The sweat surged from his pores so suddenly, it seemed there was nothing else under his skin. He went back into the apartment.

Ravic followed the internes who were holding the stretcher. The hallway was equipped with electric lights that stayed on only three minutes and then went out. On each landing there was a button with which to turn them on again. The internes got halfway down on each floor with relative ease. The turns were difficult. They had to raise the stretcher high above their heads and over the railing to get around. Their huge shadows danced on the walls. Where have I seen that before? Ravic thought. I've seen that somewhere before.

The doors opened while the internes called directions and the stretcher tore pieces of plaster from the walls. Faces appeared at half-opened doors, pajamas, mussed hair, sleep-puffed faces, nightgowns—purple, green, with tropical flowers.

The light went out again. The internes grumbled in the dark and stopped. "Lights!"

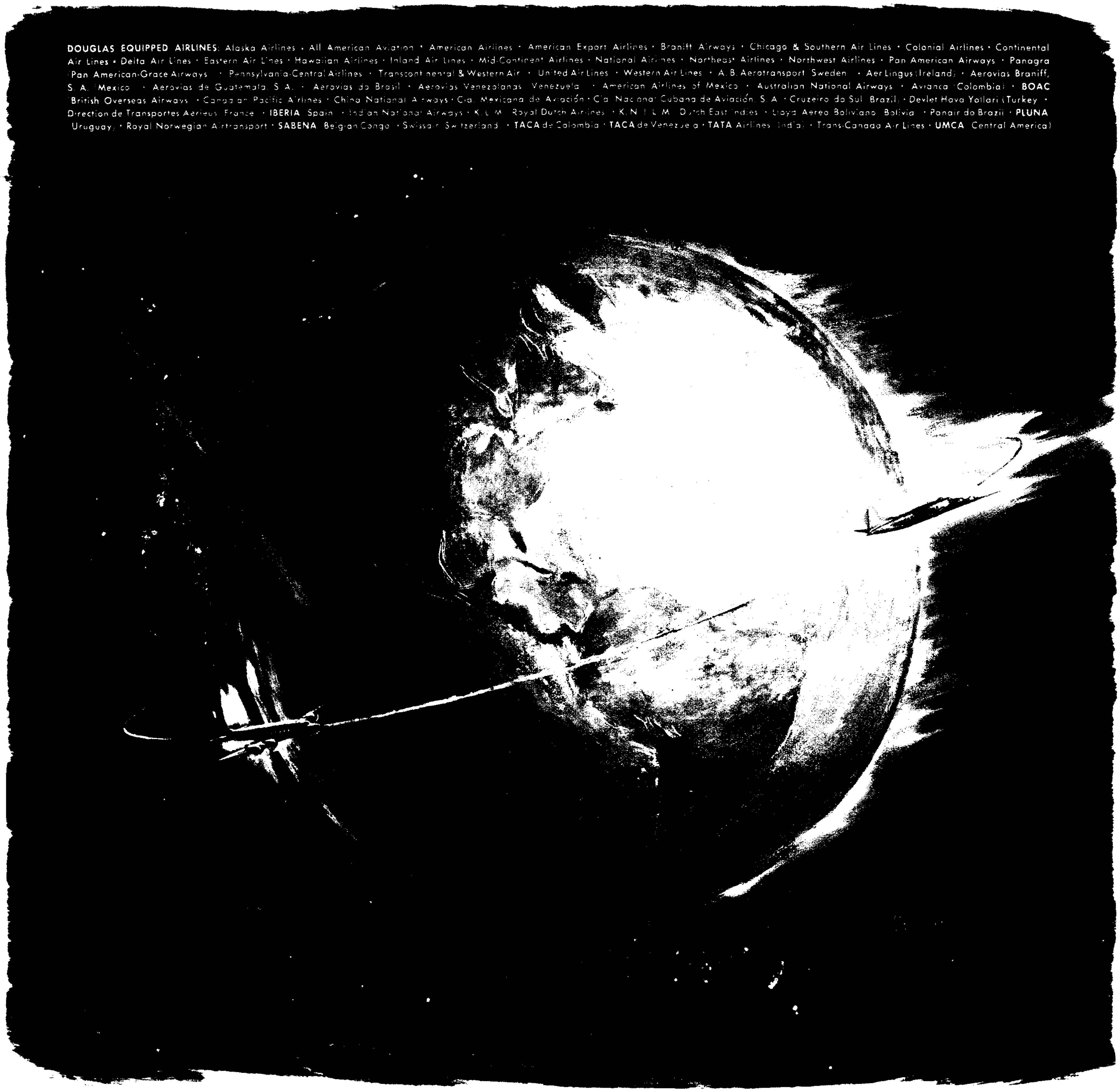
RAVIC looked for the button. He touched someone, something brushed his legs. A woman with yellow hair stared at him. Her face hung in rings of fat, cold cream shone on it, and with her hand she held a crepe de Chine robe with a thousand coquettish ruches. She looked like a fat bulldog on a lace bed. "Dead?" she asked with glittering eyes.

"No." Ravic walked on. Something squeaked, spat. A cat jumped back. "Fifi!" The woman bent down, her heavy knees spread wide. "My God, Fifi, did they step on you? Those barbarians!"

Ravic walked down the stairs. The stretcher wavered below him. He saw Joan's hair shining. Her head turned with the movements of the stretcher. He could not see her eyes.

The last landing. The light went out again. Ravic ran up the first flight again to find the button.

At that moment, the elevator began to hum and, brightly lit, it glided down through the quiet darkness as if it were descending from heaven. The actor was standing in the open wire cage. He glided noiselessly, irresistibly down past Ravic, past the stretcher,



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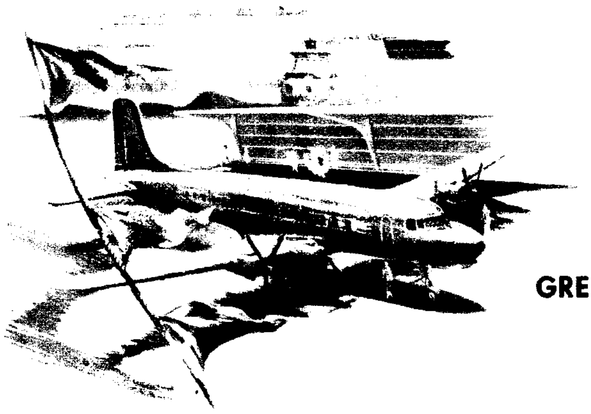

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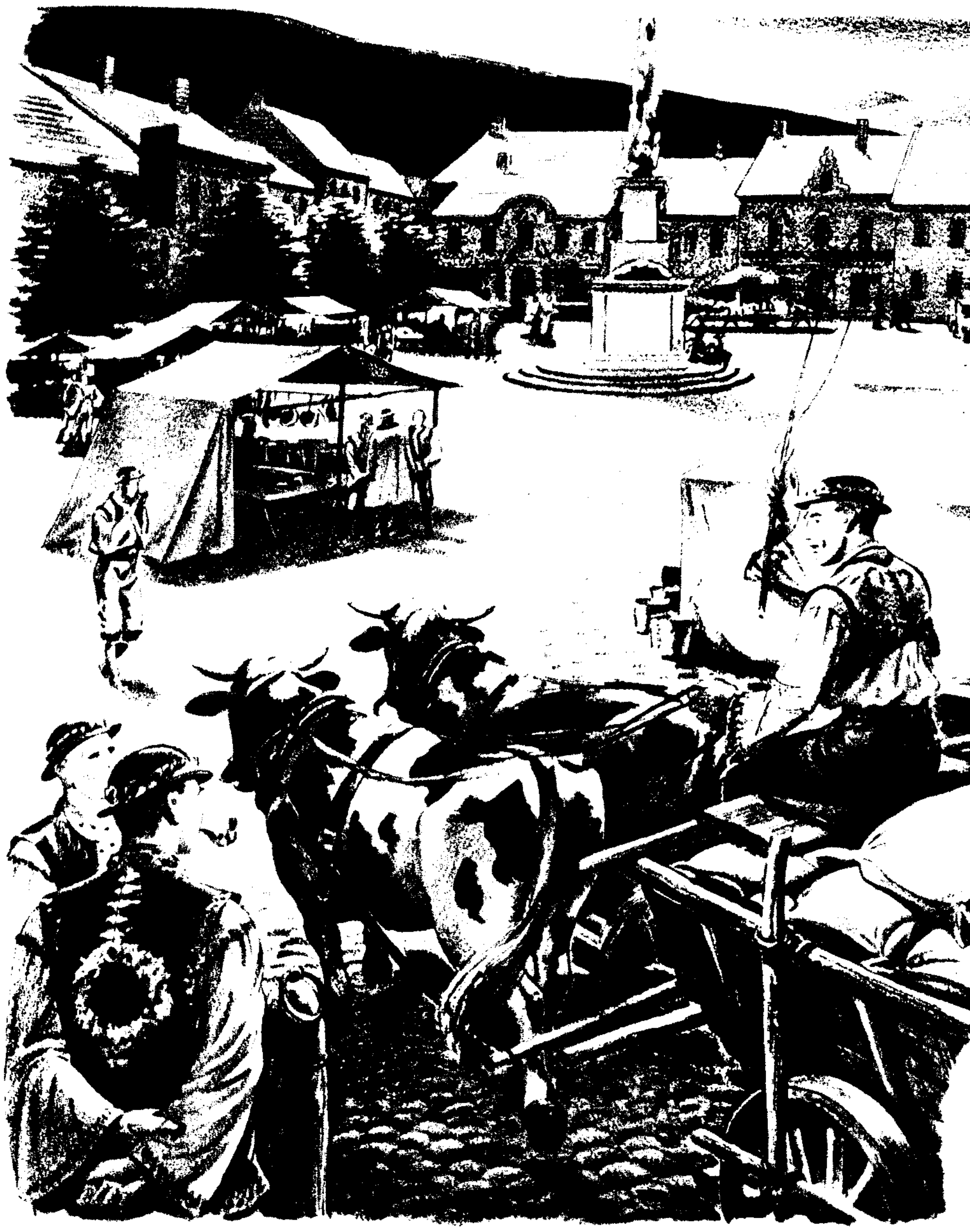

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Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill., Copr. 1945 like an apparition. He had found the elevator waiting upstairs and had used it to catch up with them. It made sense, but it produced a ghostlike and terrifyingly comic effect.

Ravic looked up. The trembling had left him. His hands no longer felt sweaty under the rubber gloves. He had changed them twice. There was no choice but to overcome it.

Veber stood opposite him. "If you like, Ravic, call Marteau. He could be here in fifteen minutes. You can assist him and he can operate."

"No. Too late. I couldn't do that either. I could more easily do it myself than watch."

The scalpel glittered. Ravic caught his breath. He was calm now. A narrow, red trace followed the cut. The skin. White. Skin like anyone's skin, he said to himself. Joan's skin. Skin like any other.

Clips. Tampon. Blood. Joan's blood. Blood like any other blood. Clip. Tampon. The torn muscle. Larger clip. Spoon. Tampon. Caution. Go on. A shred of silver brocade. Threads. Go on. Endless. The channel of the wound. The bone. Splinters. Go on. The channel leading to—leading to—

Ravic felt his head growing light. Slowly he straightened up. "Here, look at that."

Veber bent over the incision. "That looks bad."

"Not bad. Hopeless. There's nothing to be done."

RAVIC glanced at his hands. They moved under the rubber gloves. They were strong hands, good hands; they had operated a thousand times and had sewn ripped bodies together again, they had often been successful and sometimes not, and a few times they had made the almost impossible possible, one chance in a hundred, but now, now when everything depended on them, they were helpless.

He could do nothing. No one could do anything. There he stood and stared at the red incision. He could have had Marteau called. Marteau would say the same thing.

"Is there nothing that can be done?" Veber asked.

"Nothing. It would only shorten her life. Weaken it. You see where the bullet lies. I can't even remove it."

"The pulse is fluttering," Eugenie said from behind the screen.

The gash grew a shade grayer. As if a breath of darkness had blown over it. The pulse stopped.

Ravic had the needle ready in his hand. He inserted it close to the heart. "Cut off the anesthetic, even if we risk her coming to!" He removed the first clip and began to work very quickly. "How is it now?"

The blood still had a leaden tinge. Ravic pressed the syringe. "Oxygen! Quick!"

The blood became darker. It was as if clouds floated outside and cast their shadows over it. "I don't know her blood type," he said desperately.

The oxygen apparatus began to work. "The pulse. What is it? Nothing?"

"Thin as a thread. Returning. Very weak."

Life came back. "Now? Better?"

"The same."

The needle near the heart. Once more. The oxygen. "Better?"

"Better. More regular."

The shadows disappeared. The edges of the gash lost their pale color. The blood became blood again. Still blood. The oxygen was working. Ravic closed the incision.

"Her eyelids are fluttering," Eugenie said.

"It doesn't matter. She may wake up." He bandaged her.

"How is her pulse?"

"More regular."

"That was by a hairsbreadth," Veber said. Ravic felt a pressure on his eyelids. It was sweat. Thick drops. He straightened up. The oxygen apparatus buzzed. "Keep it going."

He walked around the table and remained standing there for a while. He did not think of anything. He looked at the tank and at Joan's face. It quivered. It was not yet dead.

"Shock," he said to Veber. "Here is a sample of her blood. We must send it out. Where can we get blood?"

"At the American Hospital."

"Good. We must try it. It won't help. It will only prolong her struggle." He watched the tank. "Do you have to inform the police?"

"Yes," Veber said. "I ought to. Then you'll have two officials here who will want to question you. Do you want that?"

"No."

"All right. We can think that over this afternoon."

"It's enough, Eugenie," Ravic said.

Joan's temples had regained a little color. The gray white had a tinge of pink. Her pulse was beating regularly, weak and clear. "We can bring her back. I'll stay here."

"Ravic," she said.

"Yes?"

"Did you operate on me?"

"No. Joan. It was not necessary. We have only cleaned your wounds."

She looked at him. "Will you stay here?"

"Yes."

She closed her eyes and fell asleep again. Ravic went to the door. "Bring me some coffee," he said to the day nurse.

He went back and opened the window. The morning stood clean and resplendent above the roofs, sparrows were playing in the eaves.

The nurse returned with the coffee. He put it on the window sill beside him and drank. As he turned back from the bright morning, the room seemed dark. He got up and looked at Joan. She slept on. Her face had been washed and was very pale. Her lips were hardly visible.

He took the tray with the coffeepot and the cup outside. He put it on a table in the corridor. There was a smell out there of floor polish and antiseptic. The nurse carried a pail with old bandages past him. Somewhere a vacuum cleaner was droning.

Garrett Price

"I don't use the vacuum, ma'am; it spoils the radio programs for me"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

JOAN became restless. Soon she would wake up again. Wake up with pain. The pain would increase. She might live a few more hours or a few days. The pain would be so strong that no injection would be of much help any longer.

Ravic went for a needle and ampules. Joan opened her eyes when he returned. He looked at her.

"Headache," she murmured.

He waited. She tried to move her head. Her eyelids seemed to be heavy. She moved her eyeballs with effort. "It feels like lead."

She became wider awake. "I can't stand that—that—"

"It will be better soon."

"It didn't ache so much before." She moved her head. "Ravic," she said suddenly, "I don't want to suffer. I— Promise that I won't suffer. My grandmother—I saw my grandmother—I don't want that—and it didn't help her at all. Promise—"

"I promise, Joan. You won't have much pain. Almost none."

She set her teeth. "Will it help soon?"

"Yes—soon. In a few minutes."

She tossed her head from side to side restlessly. Her voice was a monotone: "It was good of you—to come. What—would have happened—without you?"

"Yes—"

The same thing, he thought in despair. The same thing would have happened. Any quack would have been good enough for that. Any quack. The one time when I most needed my own skill, it was in vain. Any penny-doctor could have done the same thing. Nothing.

BY NOON she knew. He had not told her anything, but suddenly she knew. "I don't want to be a cripple, Ravic. What's the matter with my legs?"

"Nothing. You'll be able to walk, as always, as soon as you get up again."

"As soon as I get up again. Why are you lying? You don't have to lie."

"I'm not lying, Joan."

"You are. You have to. You mustn't—let me live when I am nothing but pain. Promise me that."

"I promise."

"When it's going to be too much you'll have to give me something. My grandmother—lay in bed for five days and screamed. I don't want that, Ravic."

"You won't have it. You'll not have much pain."

"When it's going to be too bad—you must give me—something strong enough. Enough for ever. You must do it—even if I don't want you to. Now I'm still aware of what I want. What I say now goes. Afterward—Promise me."

"I promise. It won't be necessary."

The frightened look disappeared. All at once she lay there peacefully. "It's all right for you to do it, Ravic," she whispered. "Without you—I wouldn't be alive—anyway."

"Nonsense. Of course you would."

"No. From then on—when we first met—at that moment I intended— Everything since then—has been borrowed time."

Slowly she turned her head toward him. "Why didn't I stay—with you?"

"It was my fault, Joan."

"No. It was—I don't know—"

Golden noon stood outside the window. The curtains were drawn, but light came through at the sides. Joan lay in a drugged half-sleep. There was little left of her. These few hours had devoured her like wolves. Her forehead appeared more and more prominent. Her body seemed to grow flat under the blanket. Its resistance ebbed. She floated between sleep and waking. Sometimes she was almost unconscious, sometimes very much awake. She began to groan. Ravic gave her a shot. "My head," she murmured. "It's getting worse."

After a while she began to talk again: "The light—too much light—it burns—"

Ravic went to the window He found the blind and pulled it down. Then he drew the curtains closer together. Now the room was almost dark. He walked back and sat down beside her bed.

Joan moved. "It takes so long—it doesn't help any more, Ravic."

"In a few minutes—"

She remained still. Only her hands opened and closed. "I must—tell you—so much—"

"Later, Joan."

"No. Now—there is no more time. So much—to explain."

"I think I know most of it, Joan—"

"You know?"

"I think so—"

The waves. Ravic could see the convulsive waves go through her. Her legs were paralyzed. Her breast still moved.

"You know—that I always—only—with you—"

"Yes, Joan."

"The other was—just restlessness—"

"Yes, I know."

She lay silent for a while. A wave lifted her whole body and let her fall. She breathed with effort. "Strange—" she then said very clearly. "Strange—that one can die when one loves—"

Ravic bent over her. There was only darkness and her face.

"I was not good enough—for you," she whispered.

"You were my life—"

She ceased breathing for a moment. Her eyes were entirely in the shade. She opened them. The pupils were very large. Ravic had no way of knowing whether she saw him. *"Ti amo,"* she said.

Ravic took her hands. Something in him was torn apart. "You have made me live—"

"Tu me ami?"

It was the question of a child that wants to go to sleep. It was the final weariness beyond all the others.

"Joan," Ravic said, "love isn't the word. It isn't enough. It is a small part only, it is a drop, a leaf."

"Sono state sempre con te."

It did not seem strange to Ravic that she was speaking Italian. He held her hands. "You were always with me. You were always with me, no matter whether I loved you, hated you, or was indifferent; that never changed anything, you were always with me," he said.

"Baccio me."

He kissed her hot, dry lips. "You were always with me, Joan—always."

"Sono state perduta sense te."

"I was more lost without you. You were all the brightness and the sweet and the bitter—you made me live."

FOR a few minutes she lay quite still. Then her body rose like a fish. Her teeth ground together. Her face was convulsed. She struggled. Her throat was in spasm. Her arms trembled, she tried to lift herself, finally a cry broke through: "Ravic," she stammered. "Help! Help! Now!"

He had the needle in readiness. Quickly he picked it up and inserted it under her skin. Quickly before the next spasm came. She should not suffer any more.

He saw how her body began to tremble as if it wanted to raise itself again and then sank back. The eyelids fluttered. The hands relaxed. The breathing became quieter and quieter.

He drew the curtains back and pulled the blinds up. Then he returned to the bed. Joan's face had become fixed and alien. He recognized only her hair.

He closed the door and went into the office. Eugenie sat at a table with the charts. "The patient in Number Twelve is dead," Ravic said.

Eugenie nodded without looking up.

"Is Doctor Veber in his room?"

"I think so."

Ravic went down the corridor. Some of

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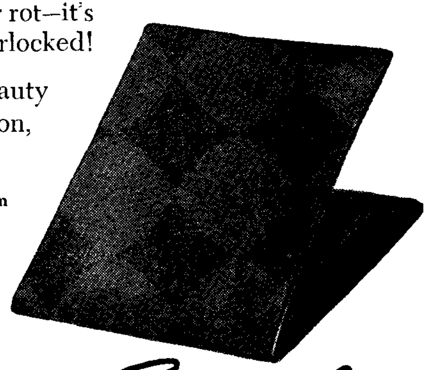

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the doors stood open. He walked on to Veber's room.

"Number Twelve is dead, Veber. Now you can call the police."

Veber did not look up. "The police have other things to do now."

"What?"

Veber pointed at an extra edition of the Paris Soir. . . . *German Troops Invade Poland*. . . . "I've news from the ministry. War will be declared today."

Ravic put down the paper. "So it has come, Veber."

"Yes. This is the end. Poor France."

Ravic sat a while. There was nothing but emptiness. "It is more than France, Veber," he said then.

"For me it's France. That's enough."

Ravic did not answer. "What will you do?" he asked after a while.

"I don't know. I'll join my regiment. Things here"—he made a gesture—"someone will take over."

"You'll stay here. In wartime hospitals are needed. They will leave you here."

"I don't want to stay here."

Ravic looked about. "This will be my last day here."

"Why?" Veber asked in a tired tone. "Why will it be your last day?"

"They'll round us up as soon as war is declared." He noticed that Veber was about to say something. "Let's not argue about it. They'll do it all right."

Veber sat down on his chair. "I no longer know anything. Maybe. Maybe they won't fight. Just surrender the country. One no longer knows."

Ravic got up. "I'll be back in the evening, in case I'm still available. At eight."

"Yes."

Ravic went out. He found the actor in the hall. He had forgotten him. The man jumped up. "How is she?"

Ravic looked at him. "She is dead," he said.

The man stared at him. "Dead?" He pressed his hand against his heart. Damned comedian, Ravic thought. But maybe he does not know what he is doing. Maybe he is honest and the gestures of his profession simply cling absurdly about his real grief.

"Can I see her?"

"What for?"

"I've got to see her once more!" The man pressed both hands against his chest. In his hands he held a light brown Homburg with silk-edged rim. "Do you understand! I must—"

He had tears in his eyes. "Listen," Ravic said impatiently. "You'd better disappear. The woman is dead, and nothing will change that. Settle this affair with yourself. And go to the devil! No one cares whether you are sentenced to a year in prison or dramatically acquitted. Anyhow in a few years you'll be using it to show off with in front of other women to conquer them. Get out!"

He gave him a push toward the door. The man tottered. At the door, he turned around: "You unfeeling beast! Filthy German!"

THE streets were full of people. In great clusters they stood in front of the big running electric bulletins of the newspapers.

Ravic drove to the Jardin de Luxembourg. He wanted to be alone for a few hours before he was arrested.

The garden was empty. It lay in the warm light of the late summer afternoon. The trees showed a first premonition of fall, but not of the fall that withers; rather of the fall that matures. The light was golden, and the blue a last silk flag of summer.

Ravic sat there for a long time. He saw the light change and the shadows grow longer. He sat there until evening. He was not sad. Faces drifted past him—faces and years. And then the last unmoving face. . . .

At seven he departed. He was leaving the last remnant of peace, the darkening park, and he knew it.

A few steps farther up the street, he saw the extra editions of the newspapers. War had been declared.

He ate in a bistro that had no radio. Then he walked back to the hospital. Veber met him. "Will you perform a Caesarean? Someone has just been brought in."

"Of course."

He went to change. On his way he met Eugenie. She seemed surprised at seeing him. "You didn't expect me again?" he said.

"No," she replied and glanced at him strangely. Then she walked quickly past him.

The Caesarean was a simple matter. Ravic performed it almost without thinking.

Several times he felt Eugenie's look resting on him. He vaguely wondered what was the matter with her.

The child squealed; it was being washed. Ravic looked at its red face and tiny fingers. We don't come into the world with a smile, he thought. He handed the child to the assistant nurse. It was a boy. "Who knows what sort of war he's in time for," he said.

He washed. Veber was washing at his side. "If it should turn out that you are arrested, Ravic, will you let me know right away where you are?"

"Why should you get into difficulties?"

"That's unimportant now. But I want you to get out as quickly as possible. Will you give me as a reference?"

"If you want me to," Ravic knew that he would not do it.

"It is an abominable thought. What would you do in a concentration camp?"

"For a doctor there is something to do everywhere." Ravic dried his hands. "Will you do me a favor? Take care of Joan Madou's funeral? There won't be enough time for me to do it."

"Naturally. Is there anything else to look after? Property or anything like that?"

"We can leave that to the police. I don't know whether she has any relatives. It is of no consequence."

He put on his coat. "Adieu, Veber. I have enjoyed working with you."

"Adieu, Ravic. We still have to settle for the Caesarean operation."

"Let's count that off against the funeral. It will cost you more anyway. I'd like to leave you money for it."

"Impossible. Impossible, Ravic. Where do you want her to be buried?"

"I don't know; in any cemetery. I don't think it matters."

"Very well, Ravic. I'll be gone too in a few days." He walked outside with him.

"Adieu, Eugenie," Ravic said.

"Adieu, Herr Ravic." She looked at him. "Are you going to your hotel?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I only thought—"

IT WAS very dark. A truck was standing in front of the International. "Ravic," Morosow said, coming out from a house entrance near the hotel.

"Boris?" Ravic stopped.

"The police are in the place."

"I thought so—"

"I have Ivan Kluge's carte d'identité here. You know, the dead Russian. Still valid for eighteen months. Come with me to the Scheherazade. We'll change the photos. Then you can stay at another hotel as a Russian refugee."

Ravic shook his head. "No, Boris. One oughtn't to have forged papers in wartime. Better none at all."

"Then what will you do?"

"I'll go into the hotel."

"Have you thought it over carefully, Ravic?"

"Yes. Carefully."

"Damn it! Who knows where they will put you."

"At any rate, they won't deport me to Germany. That's over. They won't even deport me to Switzerland. For the first time the police will have to keep us, Boris."

"It's rumored they're going to set up a concentration camp in Longchamps." Morosow pulled at his beard. "It was for this you had to flee a German concentration camp—to get into a French one now."

"Maybe they'll set us free again soon."

Morosow did not answer. "Boris," Ravic said, "don't worry about me. Doctors are needed in time of war."

"What name will you give them when they arrest you?"

"My own. I have only made use of it once here—three years ago."

Ravic was silent for a while. "Boris," he said then, "Joan is dead. Shot by a man. She is lying in Veber's hospital. She must be

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buried. Veber has promised to take care of it. But I don't know whether he'll be called up before that. Will you look after it? Don't ask me any questions; say yes and be done with it."

"Yes," Morosow said.

"Fine. Adieu, Boris. Take any of my belongings you can use. Move into my room. You always wanted my bathroom anyway. I'll go now. So long."

"Damn it," Morosow said.

"Good. I'll meet you after the war at Fouquet's."

"Which side? Champs Elysées or George V?"

"George V. We are idiots. Heroic, snotty idiots. So long, Boris."

"Damn it," Morosow said. "We don't even dare to say goodby decently. Come here, idiot."

He kissed Ravic on the right and left cheek. Ravic felt his beard and the smell of pipe tobacco. It was not pleasant. He walked to the hotel.

The refugees were standing in the Catacombs. Like the first Christians, Ravic thought. The first Europeans. A plain-clothes man was sitting at a desk at one side of the room writing down the particulars about each person. Two policemen guarded the doors through which no one had any intention of fleeing.

"Passport?" the man in plain clothes asked Ravic.

"No."

"Other papers?"

"No."

"Illegally here?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I fled from Germany. It was impossible to obtain papers."

"Your name?"

"Fresenburg."

"First name?"

"Ludwig."

"Jew?"

"No."

"Profession?"

"Doctor."

THE man was writing. "Doctor?" he said and held a slip of paper toward him. "Do you know a doctor who calls himself Ravic?"

"No."

"He is supposed to live here. We received a denunciation of him."

Ravic looked at him. Eugenie, he thought. She had asked him if he was going to return to his hotel, and she had been so surprised to see him still free. . . .

"I told you that no one of that name lives here," declared the proprietress who stood by the door leading to the kitchen.

"Be quiet," the man said ill-humoredly. "You'll be punished anyway because you did not report these people."

"I'm proud of it. If humaneness is to be punished, then go ahead!"

The man looked as if he wanted to answer, but he interrupted himself and made a dismissing gesture. The proprietress stared at him challengingly.

"Pack your things," the man said to Ravic. "Take your underwear and something to eat with you. Also a blanket, if you have one."

A policeman came upstairs with him. The doors to several rooms stood open. Ravic took his suitcase and blanket.

"You haven't anything else?" the policeman who was with him asked.

"Nothing else."

"And what is this? This figure?" He pointed to the wooden Madonna that Joan had sent him at the International after they had first met.

"That does not belong to me," Ravic said.

DOWNSTAIRS the Alsatian maid handed him a package. Ravic noticed that the others had similar packages. "Something to eat," declared the proprietress. "So that you won't go hungry. I'm convinced there will be no preparations made where you're going."

She stared at the plain-clothes man. "Don't talk so much," he said angrily. "I didn't declare war."

"Nor have these people."

"Leave me alone." He looked at the policemen. "Ready. Take them away."

The dark crowd began to move. Ravic noticed the man with the woman who had seen the cockroaches. The man supported her with his free arm. Under the other he had a suitcase, and he held another in his hand. The boy also was dragging a suitcase. The man looked at Ravic beseechingly. Ravic nodded. "I have instruments and medicine with me," he said. "Don't be afraid."

They climbed into the truck. The motor roared. The car moved off. The proprietress stood under the doorway and waved.

"Where are we going?" someone asked the policeman.

"I don't know that."

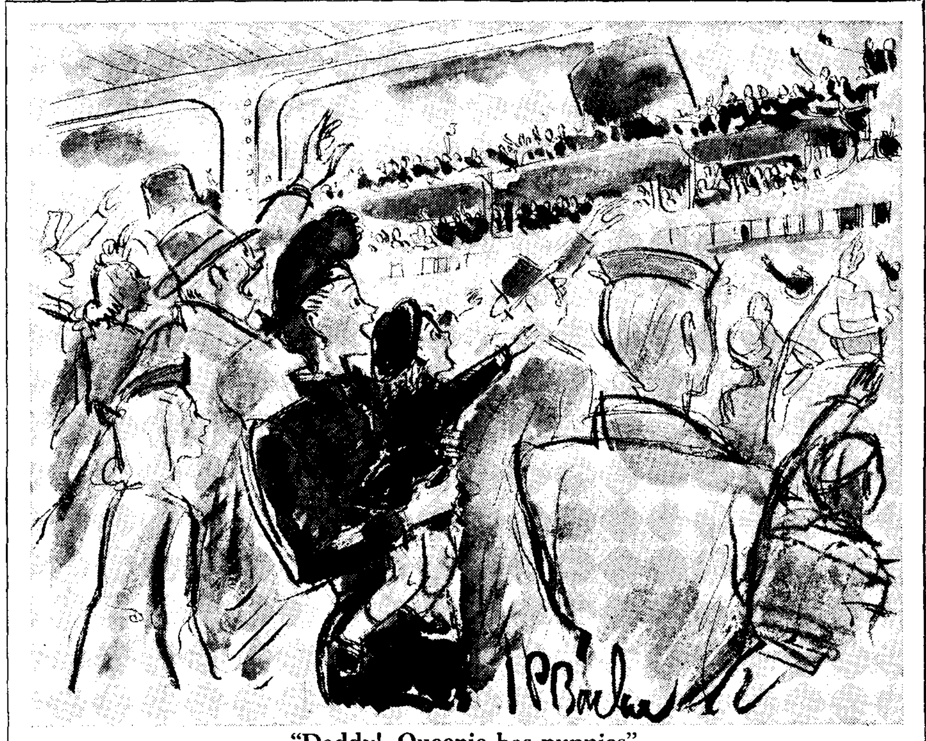
The refugee Wiesenhoff stood at Ravic's side. He wore a gray ulster and no hat. His hair shone white in the darkness. The others stood tightly pressed against one another. Hardly anyone spoke. The truck moved slowly around the corner.

Wiesenhoff looked at Ravic. "Here we are again," he said.

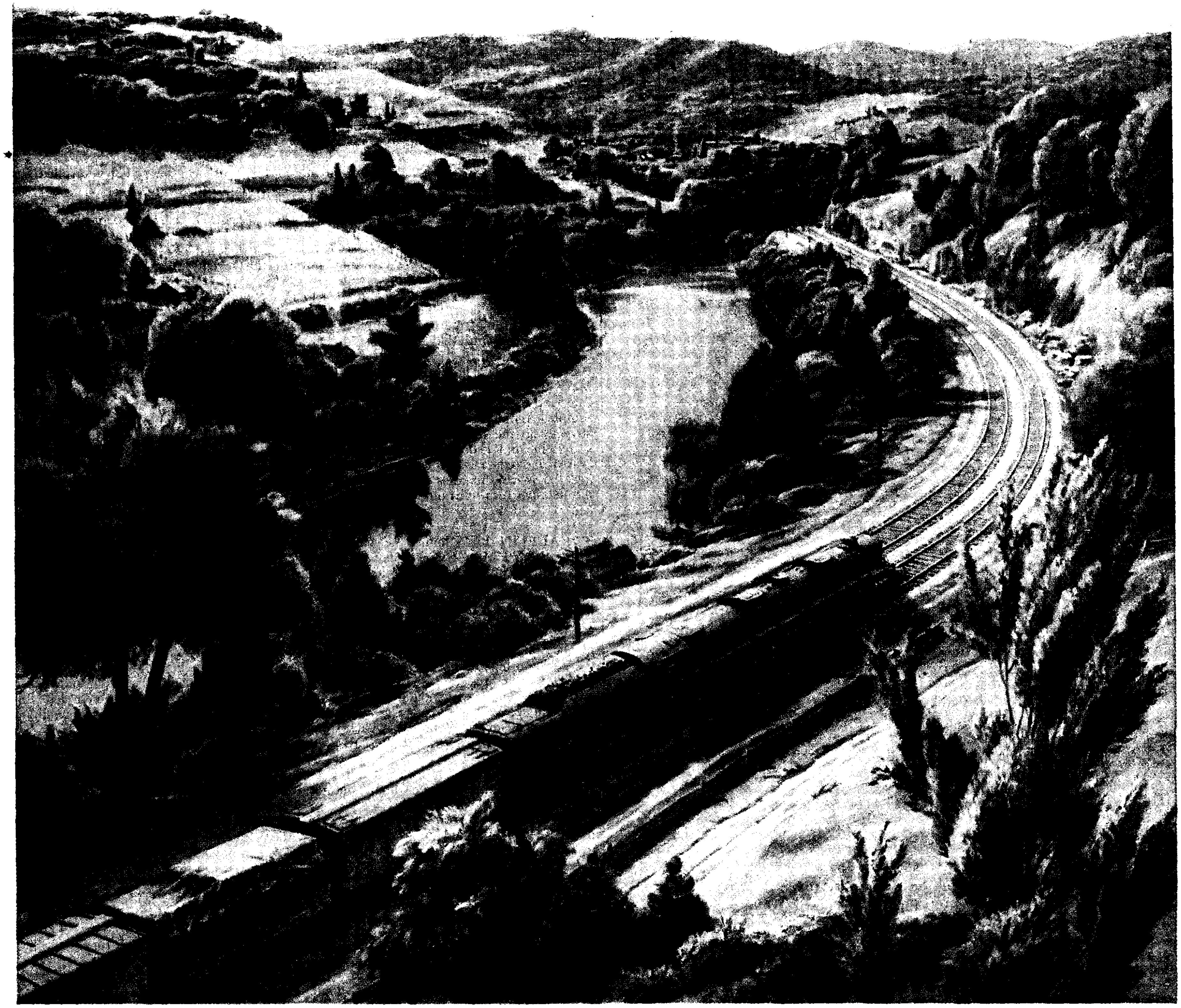
Ravic searched for a cigarette; he found none. But he remembered he had packed enough in his bag. "Human beings can stand a great deal," he said.

The car drove along the Avenue Wagram and turned into the Place de L'Etoile. Nowhere was there a light. The square was nothing but darkness. It was so dark that one could no longer see even the Arc de Triomphe.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Daddy! Queenie has puppies" PERRY BARLOW



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ADDING-CALCULATING MACHINES AND METHODS

N. W. AYER & SON

Fräulein

Continued from page 40

had lived there thirty years, while Mary herself was so new, a wife of three years coming to live with Mr. Beckett because Richard was in the Navy. But she certainly did not think it would ever become an issue. Richard had said it would be a fine thing for his father, and for Fräulein, too, to have a child again in the house. The others now were gone. Julia was married and lived in Columbus, Ohio, and Edward was overseas. Only Mr. Beckett and Fräulein were living in the house the day Mary moved in with Patty.

It was an old brownstone in a block where tall apartment buildings were crowding in, and it was an old-fashioned house, with bow windows and stained glass and a musty smell of old, clean wood. It was the sort of house that kept a little of the individuality of each generation, yet must have seemed old-fashioned to them all.

Probably there had never been a time, Mary thought, when the house was up to date, and to make it so would have required complete and drastic redecoration. Out would have to go the carpets that covered all the floors, the old brown newel posts and the brass-spigotted and copper-bowled plumbing, the marble mantels and the wallpaper, the massive furniture and, of course, Fräulein.

FRAULEIN took immediate charge of Patty, and Mary followed them upstairs to a little room at the end of the hall that once had been Richard's. Richard's school pennants still were tacked to the walls, and there was a later picture showing him sitting on the Yale fence. Fräulein let it be known at once that she knew so much more about Richard and his life.

"See the picture, *Schwesterlein?*" she said to Patty. "That's your daddy. You look close you see he vas trying to grow a mustache. I remember ven he come back from college and Mr. Beckett laugh so hard your daddy shave it off."

Mary stood in the doorway, wanting to settle her own child in her new home, but not wishing to seem possessive.

"Your little crib ve bring up from the basement," Fräulein said in a cooing voice. "Here your daddy slept, little vun."

Patty was only two but she listened with fascination to Fräulein's accent. Her years in the United States had never made Fräulein forget that she was German.

As Fräulein helped Patty off with her coat, Mary heard the rising inflection of her voice: "Overalls she vears? But she's a little girl. Dresses she should have. Sure Mike."

Mary wondered then if Fräulein was going to be difficult. Still, minor irritations could be overlooked in exchange for the relief Fräulein would give her from so many chores.

The first night showed Mary that she had a problem. She took coffee after dinner in the library with Mr. Beckett in front of an open fire. He was not well. His hands were thin and knobby, the skin was dry and yellow, and his voice was weary, although there was warmth in it. He spoke so low that Mary clearly heard Patty's wails coming down from the floor above. The child had been tucked in bed two hours ago.

Mary hurried up the stairs and found Fräulein in Patty's rooms, opening a bottle and saying tenderly, "Fräulein give you something goot, *Schwesterlein*. You take this and you feel better."

"What's that, Fräulein?' Mary asked sharply, and then she saw the label on the bottle. "Paregoric?"

"Sure Mike," Fräulein said.

"Now, please." Mary was patient. "She doesn't need that." She bent over the crib; the small, forlorn face turned up to her told her what was wrong. "Her dolls," Mary said. "She has two little rag dolls she always sleeps with."

Mary hurried to her own room, opening suitcases not yet unpacked, until she found the dolls. When she returned to Patty's room, the child was standing in her crib, an odd, startled look on her face as she stared at Fräulein. Mary put the dolls in her arms, and Patty lay down at once and waited to be covered. It was only when Mary turned away that she saw the spoon in Fräulein's hand and the light shining on its sticky bowl.

"Fräulein!" she cried.

"Joost a little bit," Fräulein said. "She sleep goot now."

"You should not have done it," Mary said angrily.

"Only ten drops," Fräulein said. "See, she don't mind, do you, *Schwesterlein?*"

Mary was near tears, but controlled herself. "You forget how young Patty is," she said carefully. "You should positively not give paregoric to a baby except on a doctor's advice."

"Oh doctors!" Fräulein chuckled. "Mary, for thirty years I take care of children. I bring up your hoosband. In dose days you don't call a doctor every time a baby got a bellyache."

This was an issue which must be met and settled at once. Mary said firmly, "Fräulein, I'll decide what is best for Patty. In the future, please don't give her anything without consulting me."

"Sure Mike," Fräulein said placidly and turned away.

The phrase was one Americanism Fräulein constantly used, and Mary found that in Fräulein's mind, "Sure Mike" could mean almost anything: "yes," or "really," or "maybe." It could even mean "no."

The phrase represented an imperturbable attitude in Fräulein that had developed as each year brought new privileges and increased assertion in the household. Since the death of Mrs. Beckett a decade ago, Fräulein had ruled the house, a fact she made plain in Mary's first week there.

Mary's time was a little more her own because of Fräulein's help with Patty, so she volunteered for war work, which kept her busy in her free hours. She had known the importance Fräulein placed on punctuality from the first day, when Fräulein had told her, "Breakfast at eight, lunch at one, dinner at seven-thirty. Sharp, please, Mary." Toward the end of the week she came in at a quarter to eight one night and ran upstairs to prepare for dinner. When she at last came down at five minutes to eight, Fräulein's blue eyes were like winter ice.

"Dinner is vaiting since seven-thirty, Mary," she said. "Do you think cooks is easy to keep, maybe?"

They were in the library, and Mr. Beckett looked on, not smiling.

"I'm sorry," Mary said. "I was held up. There's so much to do these days."

"Next time ve don't vait, Mary," Fräulein said. "If you please, no next time."

HEARING the acid voice, Mary looked at Mr. Beckett, expecting some light remark to ease the situation. But Mr. Beckett said nothing. He walked in silence beside her into the dining room, and from that moment Mary thought there must be some reason for Fräulein's domineering attitude. It was a little too much for a housekeeper to assume such complete and arrogant control.

But Mary accepted Fräulein as something to be put up with—nothing was normal these days, she thought. Her own home had been broken up, nothing would be normal again for her until the war was over, and Richard had said it would be fine for his father to have his grandchild in the house. He had been right, Mary thought. Mr. Beckett had not been well since his retirement, but when he sat watching Patty play, color came into his gray face, and his tired eyes became more lively.

He was, of course, indulgent, and Mary had to warn him not to give Patty too many sweets. He liked to bring something home each day from the club, and one day Mary found him in the library with Fräulein and Patty and saw that Patty was chewing gum.

"She really shouldn't chew gum, you know," she said, without rebuke. "She swallows it. Please don't give her any more, Papa."

"Gum?" Mr. Beckett said absently. "Is she chewing gum?"

"I give her the gum," Fräulein said. "She love it so."

"But it isn't good for her," Mary protested. "Please don't do it again."

"Sure Mike," Fräulein said.

It was only natural that Fräulein should be fond of children, and overindulgent, too, Mary thought, since she had given so much of her life to children. Nearly every day she took Patty to the Park, as she had taken Richard years before. One day Mary went to meet them and found them on their way home, Patty in her stroller, Fräulein pushing wearily.

"All the vay to the playground ve been," Fräulein said. "Almost to Columbus Circle. Such fun ve have, eh, Patty? Ve ride on the carrousel. Ve eat popcorn. Ve have fine time."

Mary had a warm feeling for Fräulein then. She was old to push the child all the way down to the playground. It was true, she thought, that Fräulein loved children.

"Good news ve got," Fräulein told her. "Daddy comes back tomorrow. Three days he got."

"Three days!" Mary cried. "Oh, that's wonderful. How did you hear it?"

"A telegram comes for you. I open it."

"Three days!" Mary had been exultant. "Patty, do you hear that? Daddy's coming home for three whole days."

It was only then that she noticed the movement of the small, dimpled chin. Patty was chewing gum.

LATER, Mary felt that she should not have let it pass as she had. It had been another "Sure Mike" victory for Fräulein, but in the excitement of Richard's return, she had thought: Why bother this time? She could overlook one small infraction of the rules this once.

When Richard arrived at noon the next day, Patty and Mary were waiting in the bow window for the first glimpse of his taxicab and ran to open the door before he could reach the top of the steps. Fräulein was there, too, smiling and waving.

Richard swept Mary into his arms and kissed her, then reached for Patty, but Fräulein was suddenly between them, laughing, shaking her finger. "No, no, Richard. Vash your hands first, please."

"What?" Richard said blankly.

"You are not clean from the train," Fräulein said severely. "Vash off dose germs before you kiss *Schwesterlein.*"

Richard went to the backstairs lavatory like an obedient child, and Mary stared at Fräulein, speechless. It was then she realized what it was: Fräulein was jealous—of her, of Richard, of Patty. As she had taken control of the house, as she still had control of Richard, Fräulein had set out deliberately to take control of Patty, to take away what authority Mary had.

Mary would have liked dinner alone with Richard that night, but Mr. Beckett and Fräulein were there, and afterward they all had coffee and brandy in the library. Only after she and Richard had gone up to their room were they able to talk undisturbed. The joy of his return had been soured a little for Mary, and she found that all she could think of was Fräulein.

She sat down and kicked off her shoes and said, "I suppose you're very much attached to Fräulein, Richard?"

"Fräulein? Well, I've known her all my life. She was here when I was born and she always took care of me."

"She still does," Mary pointed out.

His smile came slowly, with an odd accent of reservation. "Yes, I guess she still does."

"Don't you ever find her—" Mary hesitated. "Well, a little trying?"

"You know how Fräulein is." Richard shrugged. "You should by now. Nothing stands in her way. She's sort of like a tiger with her cubs. Once she makes up her mind to something, nothing will stop her. I'll never forget Father's Spanish galleon. I thought he'd burst a blood vessel that time."

"Yes?" Mary was expectant.

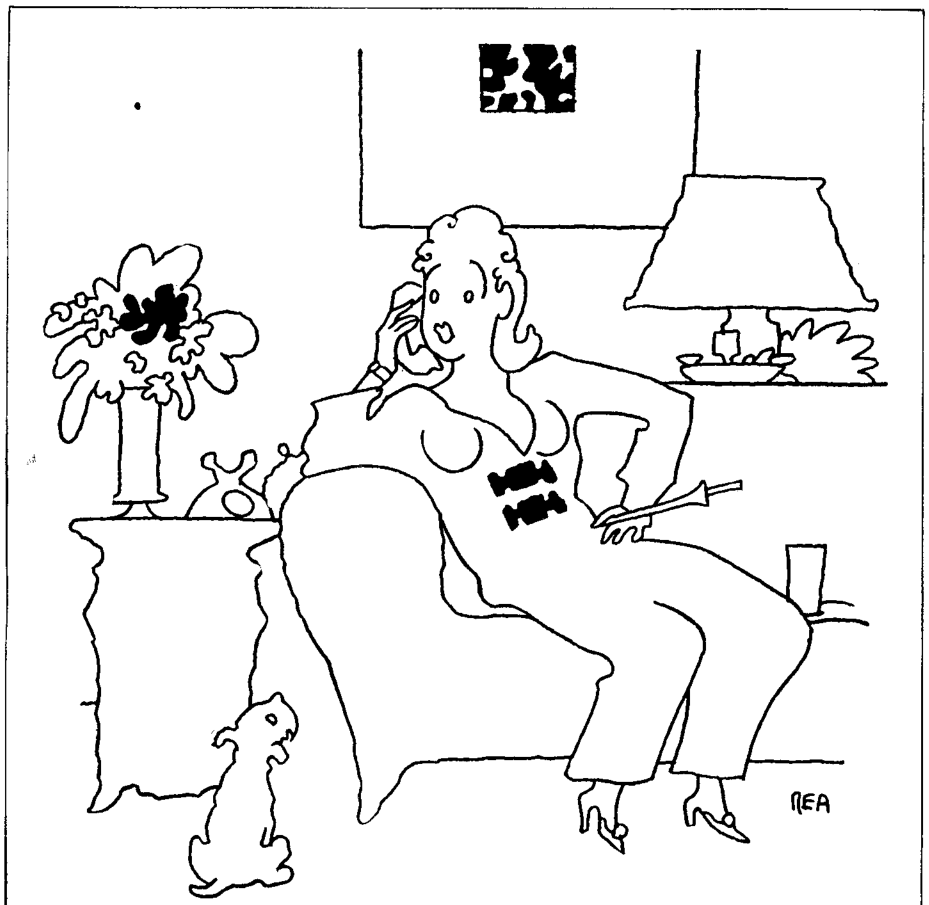
"Fräulein used to take us to the park, Edward and me. One day we went by the pond where the kids sail boats and when we got home she said to Father, 'The boys got to have a boat.' Father said we were too young, and the next day Fräulein just picked up his ship model—a Spanish galleon he'd paid a fortune for—and took it along for us to sail in the pond. It sunk."

"And he didn't fire her, Richard?"

"No, but I remember the time she *did* get fired, when I was twelve. Julia was married by then, and Edward was in prep school. We hadn't needed a governess for a long time, and Mother finally fired her. She fired her nearly every day for a year."

Mary sat erect. "Your mother couldn't stand her, could she?" she cried.

"I suppose they got along all right," Richard said. "But after all, we didn't need a governess any more. Mother fired her, but she just wouldn't leave. She'd say, 'Next veek I go,' and next week would come and she'd still be there, and Mother would fire her all over again. That went on for a year,



COLLIER'S

Guess who who is?"

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Only fifty cents a day hires a Camel!

...Cheap—until you figure it out

IN Southern Arabia you can hire a camel, plus the required attendant, for about 50 cents a day.

Sounds cheap! But let's see . . .

If you wanted to move a *ton* of freight, you'd need *4* camels. Total cost per day—$2. Moreover, camel caravans are *slow-moving* ships of the desert—average around 15 miles a day. So your *cost per ton mile* figures out to 13 cents . . . and that's *expensive transportation!*

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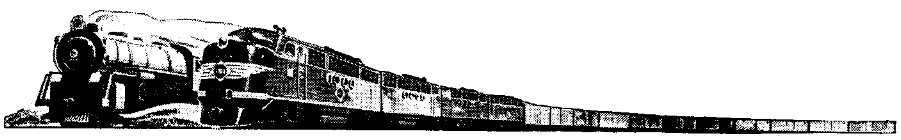
Erie Railroad ERIE

ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS—ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY



Signs of Autumn

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In this season of change, be wise—change to Quaker State Winter Grade Motor Oil!

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and all the time Fräulein was working to make herself indispensable. She'd help Mother dress, and she'd take over this little duty and that little duty until, the first thing we knew, she was running the house. She was the housekeeper."

"Sure Mike," Mary said.

Richard grinned at her. "Fräulein getting under your skin a little?"

"A whole lot, Richard. She simply won't recognize my authority—I mean as it concerns Patty. I wish you'd speak to her."

Richard frowned, and Mary thought that he looked uneasy. She studied him for a long time, then said quietly, "Richard, honestly, are you fond of Fräulein, or are you scared of her?"

"Scared of her? Don't be silly."

"Then are you fond of her?"

Richard shrugged his shoulders. "As a matter of fact, none of us kids were crazy about Fräulein. She ordered us around too much, and she was too damned possessive. But she means a lot to Father, Mary. Since Mother died she's done everything for him. He depends on Fräulein."

Mary let it go at that. It was her problem, she thought, and she must deal with it. But the one way to deal with it was by constant vigilance, and she could not watch every moment to see what Fräulein gave Patty. And how could she protest such things as Fräulein hiding the child's overalls after she had embroidered a pretty little dress for her and started work on another?

TAKE IT EASY

Please don't fry my eggs in butter,
Save the sugar, spare the cream;
No, my wartime system's utter-
Ly opposed to steak supreme.

Just two gallons, sir, not twenty;
Four new tires would disconcert.
I can't stand this sudden plenty.
Give me time to reconvert.

—William W. Pratt

Such things seemed trivial when she spoke to Richard about them, and she did not want to spoil his leave by making a fuss. There was Mr. Beckett to consider too. He was old and tired, and this good home meant a great deal to him. She felt sure that if only she could persuade Mr. Beckett to let drop a word to Fräulein, the situation would be cleared up, but she did not know how to broach the matter without upsetting him.

RICHARD'S three days passed swiftly, and after he was gone again, Mary realized that she had lost a little more ground. Fräulein had taken to giving Patty her supper at night, and it was Fräulein, now, who bathed her and tucked her in bed, Fräulein who gave little parties for her in the afternoon.

Mary heard Patty saying, "Go party, go party," and, not understanding, asked Fräulein, "What's this about a party?"

"Oh, ve have little tea parties," Fräulein said, with her little chuckle and her placid smile. "Ve have great fun, me and *Schwesterlein*, vile Mamma is so busy."

Mary hesitated, then said quickly, "Of course you don't mean *tea.*"

"Sure Mike," Fräulein said. "For *Schwesterlein* joost a little tea and much hot water, like I give her Daddy ven he vas her age. And cookies I make her."

Mary controlled herself, said slowly, "Not again, Fräulein. You should know that Patty is too young for tea."

"Mary, you make too big a fuss," Fräulein said, and her blue eyes had a hard shine. "You leave *Schwesterlein* to me. I take care of *Schwesterlein.*"

That settled it for Mary. The time had come to speak to Mr. Beckett.

She found him sitting by the fire, his thin hands draped on the arms of his chair, his profile sharp against the shadows. "Fräulein has been with you a long time now, hasn't she?" she asked casually.

"Eh?" Mr. Beckett said. "Yes, thirty years."

"It's a long time," Mary said. "I've always wondered how you happened to find her."

"Why, we just sent word to an agency," Mr. Beckett said. "They sent Fräulein."

She saw his hand move slightly on the arm of his chair, the fingers tapping, and a long time passed before he spoke again.

"It was 1915, and the war was on in Europe," he said in his almost lifeless voice. "I remember Mrs. Beckett was against her because she was German. But her references were good and we took her on."

MARY had never thought of Fräulein as being German in a nationalist sense, and asked, "Was she pro-German?"

"At first she was," Mr. Beckett said quietly. "But Fräulein is a good American, too. We never had any trouble because of that."

"All she thinks of is her own immediate home, I suppose," Mary said, with a nod.

"Yes," Mr. Beckett said. "The children were fond of her. She was a good governess to them, whatever else you might say." He settled a little lower in his chair, and the firelight touched his face. His eyes were half closed, and his voice was only a whisper: "I have always disliked the woman, myself."

Mary stared at Mr. Beckett, her hands clasped tightly together. The shadows moved with the flicker of the fire, and suddenly the room seemed airless and as still as death. She wanted to cry out, "Why? Why? If you dislike her, why is she here?" But she did not say it. His eyes were closed and he was dozing; the words he had spoken had been like a somniloquy, but so revealing. What was the power this woman had? What secret was hidden here in this old, musty house?

Mary's breath came fast. She could endure the room no longer and she slipped out into the hall.

She stood there a moment, in the urgent silence of the house, then her feet took her up the stairs to Patty's room. She felt a strange, formless fright, and she thought that she would leave the house tomorrow; she would take Patty and get out, find a place of her own.

Turning toward Patty's room in the second-floor corridor, she heard a scraping noise and knew instantly that it came from the nursery. She burst in, panic-stricken. Fräulein was at the window, and the noise Mary heard had been the lowering of the sash.

"It makes a draft," Fräulein said. "I shut it."

Mary breathed hard, staring at the placid, round face. "Open it," she cried. "Open that window!"

Fräulein looked at her.

"I've told you before I want her window open at night," Mary said. "I'll decide whether there's a draft, Fräulein, not you. I want that understood once and for all. I'll have no more interference." The words rushed out: "Now please go away. Stay out of my child's room altogether. Do you hear me?"

"Sure Mike," Fräulein said.

Mary threw the window open and, turning, saw Fräulein still standing there, stubbornly shaking her head.

"It makes a draft," Fräulein said. "Put your hand up. Feel it."

"Fräulein," Mary cried. "Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes, I hear you."

"I mean it."

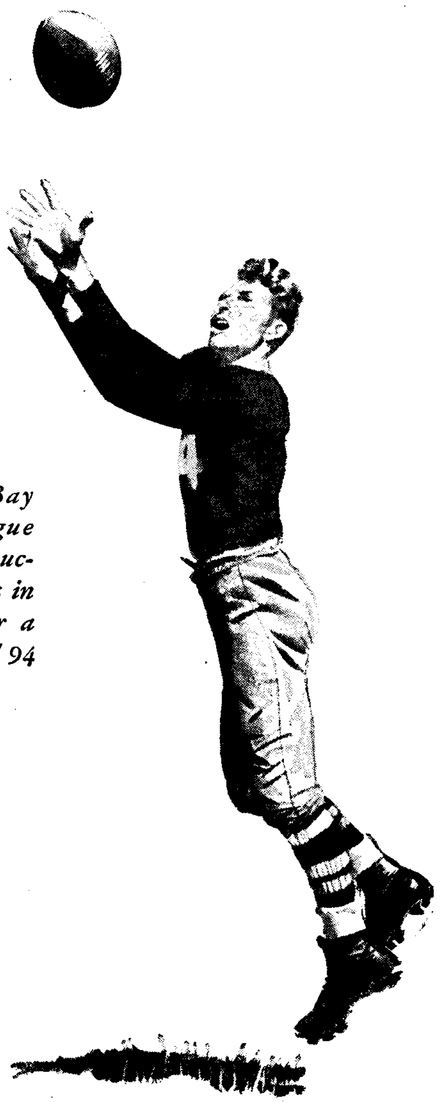
"Sure Mike," Fräulein said, but she did not budge. "Mary, I think you are upset. Maybe you better go to bed. Tomorrow you feel better."

"I want to know," Mary said, her voice low and almost hissing. "Just what is it? What's your secret? What hold do you have over Mr. Beckett that keeps you in this house?"

Fräulein's mouth opened slightly and her head turned a little. Mary looked around and saw Mr. Beckett standing in the doorway. He had heard.

"Excuse me, please," Fräulein said, going quickly out the door.

The stairs creaked under her feet as she went up to her room, and Mary stood there,



There is Only One

Don Hutson

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There is Only One

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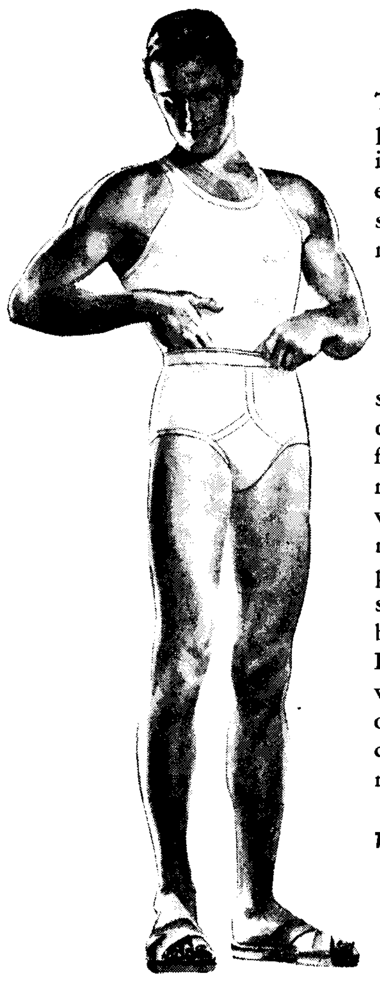

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looking at Mr. Beckett, until the creaking died away.

Mr. Beckett's thin hand clutched the doorknob and he leaned a little against the door. Mary saw a slight movement of his head, heard his low voice saying, "Mary, come talk to me a minute."

She passed slowly into the hall and he shut the door. "Papa, I'm sorry," Mary said weakly. "I don't know what came into my head."

Mr. Beckett's voice was toneless: "You're having trouble with Fräulein, Mary?"

Mary nodded, unable to speak.

"I was afraid you were," he said. "I know Fräulein. She won't listen. She must have her way."

Mary said tightly, "She can't have her way with my child, Papa."

"Let's go to your room, Mary," he said.

She slipped in ahead of him to switch on the light, and he made his way to an easy chair by the dead fireplace. He sat down and looked up at her, and there was a faint twitching of his lips that might have been a smile.

"Mary, when you were a child, did your people ever take a kitten out to the country to abandon, and did that kitten ever find its way back again to your home? That is the way with Fräulein. Sit down."

Mary pulled a hassock near him.

"It was a long time ago," Mr. Beckett said. "Richard and Edward were away in school, grown boys, and Julia was married. Mrs. Beckett had tried to discharge Fräulein, but one way and another we simply couldn't get rid of her, so we did a very cruel thing. We sent her off to visit her sister for a month and we abandoned her, like a kitten."

MARY shook her head, not understanding. The old man's voice was low and toneless: "We took a place in Tuxedo and closed up the house, and when Fräulein returned, there was no family. There was only the boarded-up house, and no word of any kind for her. We were gone four months, and when we returned and opened the house, and the expressman carried in the trunks, we heard a voice saying, 'In here the trunk, please,' and there was Fräulein. She had taken a furnished room down the street and watched the house, and she was here the minute we got back. She's been here ever since." Mr. Beckett sighed. "I always think of a kitten abandoned on the road."

"Yes," Mary said. "I understand, Papa."

"Not even Richard knew about it," Mr. Beckett said. "He's so fond of Fräulein and it would upset him to know."

"Papa." Mary put her hand on his arm. "Richard hates Fräulein."

For the first time she saw surprise on his face. "Surely you're mistaken, Mary."

"Perhaps I shouldn't say hate," she said. "But he doesn't like her. He told me so. None of the children liked her, he said."

It was then that the knock came at the door.

Mary called, "Come in," and wondered how much Fräulein had heard.

Fräulein stood solidly in the doorway, looking at Mr. Beckett. "I came to tell you," she said. "I am writing a letter to my sister. I go avay." Even then there was no anger in her eyes.

Mr. Beckett stood up, saying, "Perhaps we'd better wait until morning, Fräulein. Let's discuss it tomorrow."

"No, I am decided," Fräulein said. "I go avay. Ve have a nice house in Mineola. I save my money, and ve have bought a house and furniture. A long time my sister vants me to come live vith her. Now I go."

She shut the door behind her and they heard her feet moving quickly in the hall. Mr. Beckett was plainly upset, and his thin hands seemed to tremble.

"Papa, I'm sorry it's this way," Mary said. "We should never have come here, Patty and I."

"No, Mary, it's for the best." He hesitated, shaking his head. "But I think I'll go up and talk to her. After all, it's thirty years. But please don't worry about it."

In some way Fräulein had managed to put herself in the right and Mary in the wrong, and it was Mary who felt that she had been unreasonable and petty and hysterical.

The five minutes she waited for Mr. Beckett to return were long, tortured minutes. When she saw his face again, it was the face of a man who had dropped a kitten at the roadside.

"I made her an offer," he said softly. "A very handsome offer, as a parting gift. She wouldn't accept it, Mary. You know what she said? She insisted I take the money and endow a bed in a children's ward of a hospital in her name. That was all she wanted, she said, a token of her thirty years with us."

Here it was. Here was the bed and the plaque with the inscription: *The Emma Müller Bed, endowed in gratitude for her thirty years devoted service to the Beckett family.*

MARY stood staring at the shine of the bronze in the sunlight, and the hospital superintendent was saying at her elbow, "It's a fine thing, Mr. Beckett, a very touching gesture. Would you stand over here, please. We want to have a photograph taken. And you, Miss Müller, in the center, please."

They took their places, and Fräulein gave Mary a brief smile. There was no animosity in her blue eyes.

"Steady, everybody," the photographer said, just before the flash bulb went off.

Fräulein giggled and blinked her eyes.

"I can't think of a finer memorial," the superintendent said. "There will be generations of children who will know the name of Emma Müller—and of course your name also, Mr. Beckett."

They moved along the corridor and Mary heard Fräulein saying again, "I love so much children," and she thought that probably it was true; in her way, Fräulein *did* love children. Whether or not the motive for it was selfish, the fact remained that she had dedicated her life to one family and its children.

As they rode home in a taxi no one spoke. Fräulein sat smiling, holding in her arms the bouquet of yellow roses Mr. Beckett had given her. As soon as they were in the house, she turned to Mr. Beckett and smiled and said, "I go now and pack."

Mr. Beckett put his cane in the rack and said, "It's been a long time." He put his hand on Mary's shoulder. "At last we're rid of Fräulein."

But his tone sounded wistful to Mary, and she glanced up at his face. He looked very old and gray, older than his years, and she wondered then if he would be lonely, if he would miss Fräulein and the ordered routine of the household: the punctual meals, the dustless floors and the furniture always just so, as neat as a pfennig.

"Papa," she said softly, "it's not too late." She was thinking of the bed in the children's ward and the little speech the superintendent had made. Whatever you thought of Fräulein, she told herself, you came back to that bed in the hospital. She took Mr. Beckett's hand. "I'm going up to see her, Papa. Shall I?"

MR. BECKETT did not speak, but she saw the answer in his eyes. She ran quickly up the stairs, but slowed in the corridor as she neared Fräulein's room. It was beginning all over again, and Fräulein had won, but Mary knew she would always feel unhappy if she did not act. She thought of the kitten by the roadside and knocked on Fräulein's door.

"Come in," Fräulein said.

Mary opened the door. Fräulein was sitting by the bed, and she had not taken off her hat. She still held the yellow roses in her arms.

"Look, Fräulein," Mary said. "I came to tell you. I talked with Mr. Beckett. You don't need to go if you don't want to."

Fräulein's blue eyes were round and solemn, she looked steadily at Mary.

"Mr. Beckett wants you to stay," Mary said. "And so do I. That is, if you want to stay."

"Yes," Fräulein said, with a nod of her round head. "I stay."

"But I want one thing understood," Mary said carefully. "You must recognize that Patty is my daughter, and that I'll decide what's best for her."

"Sure Mike," said Fräulein.

THE END

The Icebox Stops on Friday

Continued from page 21

she can crawl around rugs without getting her knees dusty. But what bothered me most was Jane's air of superiority. I'd have to put up with it for four months until our lease was up. She had one of those legal minds; she'd refuse to budge until October, and meanwhile Bill would be around and I'd have to watch them fall in love.

That's the way it seemed to be, too. He came three or four times a week, took her dancing and to the movies, but usually they'd study blueprints of his electrical gadget. I tried to keep out of their way as much as possible. In the first place I couldn't bear seeing him with her, and then of course Jane made it clear that she didn't want me around. But I'd hear snatches of their conversation, and Jane was pulling the old nobody-understands-you-like-I-do stuff.

It seems there wasn't a thing she didn't know about 10-24 circuits, and if ever there was a woman up on her cathodes, it was Jane. But at the same time she never let up on the allure. Even during the worst heat spell New York has had in years she looked elegantly icy, the sort of person who can bully face powder into staying on for hours. I couldn't see how Bill could resist her for very long because I had to admit that she was perfect for him—brains and beauty and unshakable poise. I knew it was only a matter of time before he realized it.

Someone once spoke of the total depravity of inanimate objects and if ever there was a really depraved inanimate object, it was our refrigerator. It had a whimsical sort of sadism that operated in particular during heat spells. One sweltering night I came in loaded with limes and butter and eggs and beer and other perishables and found that it had gone off and defrosted itself. It was a Friday night, I remember, and Jane had said that Bill was coming. Now of course she usually could fix the icebox—she did something or other to its brush—but this night she wasn't home and all I could do was glare at it. Bill found me that way, mourning the melting butter.

"Bill," I said, "Jane is going to be so furious—we'd planned on mint juleps tonight. Do you think you could do something to make it work? I hate to bother you with anything so petty . . ." He looked quizzical, so I explained: "Naturally, you're interested only in creating things, not repairing iceboxes, but—"

He laughed. "Nuts," he said. "Who do you think I am—Einstein?" He had the motor purring in five minutes and then he led me into the living room and poured me a glass of beer.

"Look here," he said. "Why do you avoid me all the time? You're always either just going out or just coming in; I never have a chance to talk to you."

"I can't talk electrically," I said. "I guess we just don't have much in common." I started edging out of the room. Just to be in the same room with him hurt.

"Listen," he thundered—yes, he thundered, in a perfectly marvelous masculine manner—"I used to write radio scripts, too. I was a hell of a good radio writer, and I used to do commercials for a motor company. So you come back here and *talk*."

I did—we had a wonderful technical discussion about commercials and my soap operas and what trouble I have keeping my characters in hot water and he learned all about how I killed off Aunt Miranda by mistake and the riot it caused at the station. It was the sort of conversation that Jane wouldn't have understood at all. And then we talked about music, and argued, and he was just explaining the time-light theory when Jane came in.

"Well!" she said. "Don't tell me you're asking Shirley to imagine infinity—don't you know she's very close to a cretin when it comes to understanding abstract theories?" She patted me on the shoulder (potentially it was a pinch, of course), and of course we all laughed and that was that.

BACK in the bedroom, however, thinking it over, it seemed to me that Bill did seem to have fun explaining things to me. Probably he never was able to explain anything to Jane because she always understood to begin with. I was an exercise for his ego, and while it was scant comfort, still it was nice to be noticed once in a while. But I determined not to daydream about him. After all, he had merely been kind. I couldn't compete with Jane. But I caught myself buying new clothes—fluffy, lacy blouses and wide-skirted peasant dresses and hats I couldn't afford. Jane noticed it, of course.

"You're looking very well," she said one day. "Rather like a Godey print."

"Right up to the minute," I said crossly.

"Bill says you remind him of his mother; isn't that a scream?" I had a mental picture of a little gray lady in a wheel chair and agreed that it was a rare compliment.

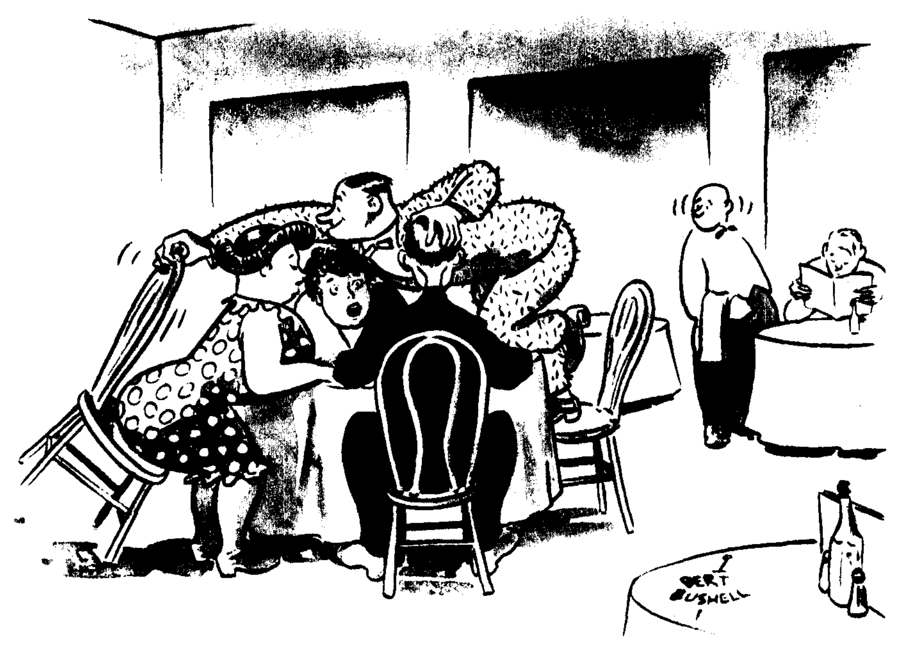
"I think," said Jane, "that I'll marry him."

"Has he asked you to?"

"Well, no, he's a very tough proposition but then, that's a challenge to me. Naturally, I think he's attractive, but this appliance is going to give him an income for life even if he never does another thing."

So that was it. She didn't even love him. And because I did, I was miserable for his sake because she would make him wretched. She'd boss him and hurt him and there wasn't a thing I could do to stop her.

About this time the icebox started stopping



COLLIER'S "Notice his manners, George. I never see you pull out my chair when I want to get up" BERT BUSHELL

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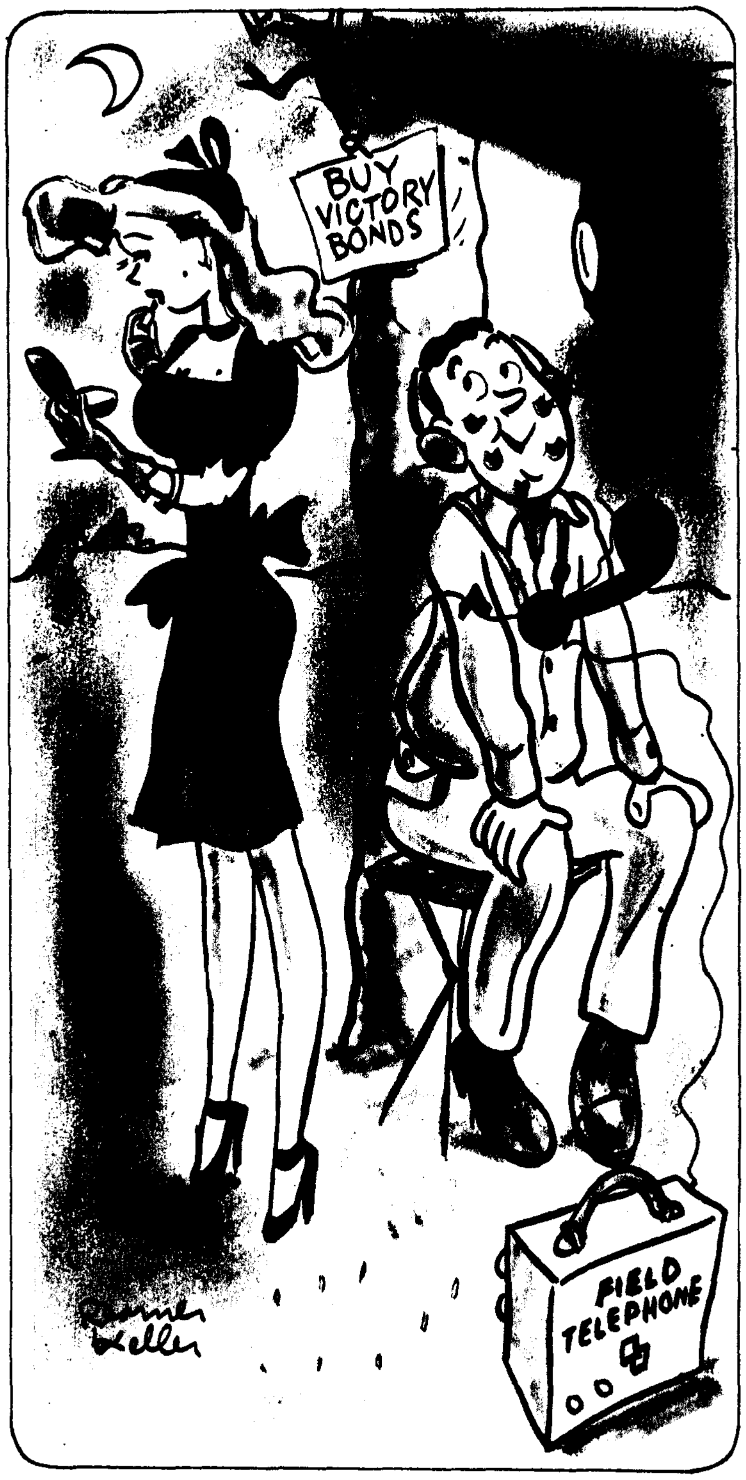
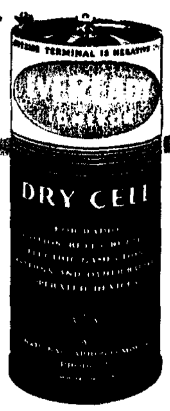


"She says I'll have to wait until tomorrow, Sarge. She doesn't believe in hasty marriages."



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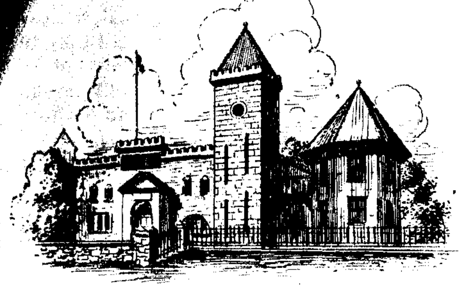

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National Distillers Products Corporation, New York regularly every Friday. Jane or Bill would fix it and it would run a few days and then stop again on Friday. It was one of those things that was more than coincidence—there was something supernatural about it. It seemed to know exactly when I had done the marketing for the week end, and stopped the minute it saw me bring in food. I began to get a complex about it, called in a repair man and watched him peer into it and make adjustments. But on Friday it stopped again. And that was the night that I saw Jane put her arms around Bill as he sat in the big chair, lean over and kiss him.

I don't know whether or not he kissed her back. Perhaps he didn't because Jane came to bed that night in a foul humor and for the next few days she was especially nasty to me. She didn't let an opportunity pass to make some crack about my inefficiency and "people who live in a dream world." And she blew up the night I asked Bill to replace a burned-out electric bulb because I am afraid to.

"Shirley," she said, "actually I believe this is all an act. I've been watching you for weeks and I don't think you're dumb at all. You seem to have an idea that it's charming to be helpless and feminine. Don't you think it's gone far enough?"

BILL started to say something, but I walked out. I went over to the park and sat on a bench and watched the moon rise up over the rooftops. A car across the street was having engine trouble and that gave me an idea. I started thinking of the icebox and what a beautiful revenge it would be on Jane if I could make it work—not temporarily, as she could, but permanently. And perhaps the way to a man's heart was through electric coils.

So for five weeks I went to school in a machine shop up on Seventh Avenue. My instructor, Mike McGee, was a patient man although privately I am sure he thought me a low-grade moron. Almost every night I was up there, puttering with the interiors of refrigerators and I learned quite a lot. Finally I asked Mike if he thought I knew enough.

"Iceboxes is funny," he told me. "You know enough to fix one kind of trouble, you might not know enough to fix another kind of trouble. I'd have to see your box to tell, but if I was you, I'd give it a try."

Friday the 13th was Bill's birthday and Jane invited some people in and bought some fabulous canapés and whisky. The night was cool, so we had a fire and there were asters in the copper bowl. The icebox was running perfectly, which was unique. I had counted on its going off, so, perversely, it wouldn't. I couldn't keep my mind on the conversation, because I kept listening for it to stop for more than twenty minutes.

At a quarter to twelve I had just about given up hope when, above the clatter of talk and the radio music, I heard sweet silence in the kitchen—no reason for it, either, because the icebox was on fast freeze. I slipped out of the room, closed the kitchen door, put on an apron and disconnected the icebox plug. I removed the little cap next to the spring and pulled out the spring and the brush. I looked at the commutator and suddenly it didn't look a bit like Mike's commutator. It was a frightening-looking explosive thing, and I started trying to remember. Mike had said to take the brush—but there were two brushes. Which one?

The door opened and Bill came in. He had some empty glasses in his hand and he nearly dropped them when he saw me surrounded by icebox parts.

"Shirley," he said. That's all he said. Then he knelt down on the floor and removed a smudge of oil from my nose.

"What are you up to?" His voice was so gentle that I nearly burst into tears. I wanted to put my head on that nice broad shoulder and I very nearly did.

"Tell me," he said.

I told him. Of course I knew it was the wrong thing to do, but I simply had to. When I had finished my story he started putting the things back in the icebox, explaining each step as he went along. Then he washed his hands at the sink and pulled me up from the floor.

"Shirley," he said, "we are going to tell a lie."

I had started to wash my hands too, but he stopped me. "No, leave those hands dirty. And keep that apron on. We are going back to the living room."

"I?"

"You have just repaired the icebox. It will probably run a week."

I did start to cry then and somehow his arms were around me and my head was on his shoulder. "Bill," I blubbered, "thank you. You're just sorry for me, but I appreciate it anyway."

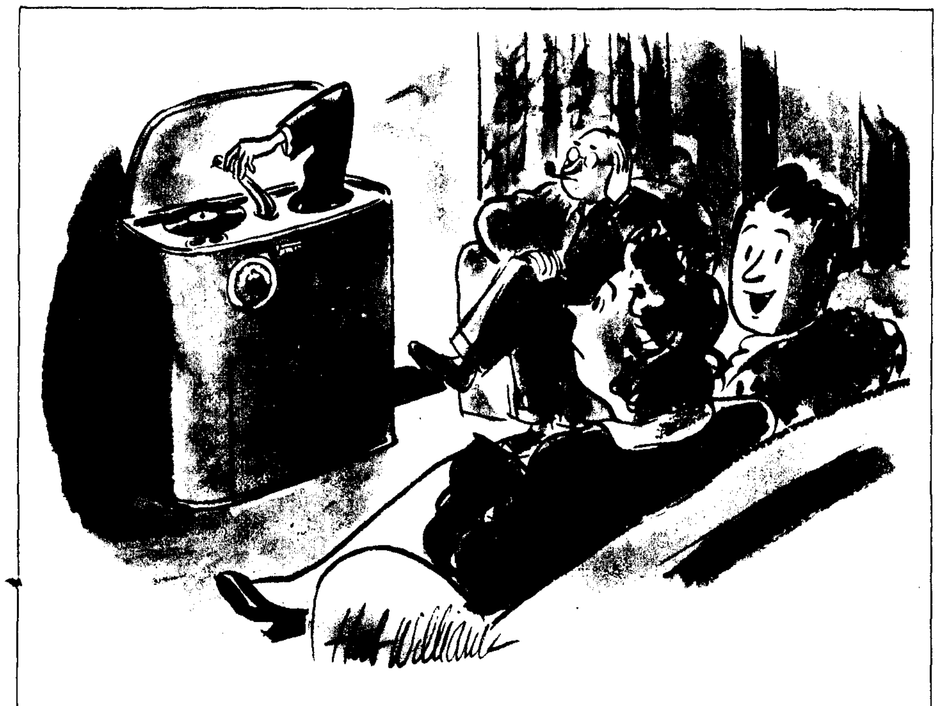
"I am not sorry for you," he said. "I love you. I loved you the third day I met you. I can remember the exact minute. It was a quarter to eleven. You came in and asked Jane to set the alarm clock for you. It seems that you can set the alarm clock for seven-thirty but not for eight-thirty."

"That's right," I said.

"And if I ever catch you so much as eying a commutator again—if you dare to even glance at a motor or run a vacuum cleaner or try to use a can opener or drive a nail I am going to divorce you. And as for alarm clocks"—he kissed me with terrific efficiency—"As for alarm clocks, you are not to touch one. Is that perfectly clear?"

It was. I understood perfectly. There is nothing abstract about Bill.

THE END



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Beethoven's *Sonata No. 14 in C-Shar*
("Moonlight"). Set X-MX-237 . $2.5

Ambassador of Love

Continued from page 17

on the tray, Lucas spoke her first words to Cook. "How soon?" she asked.

And Cook, who was intent upon George under the stove, answered, "I think so."

Lucas left without a word. George watched her go and then returned his attention to the steaks that sat on the sideboard. Despite their aroma and the warmth of the stove, it was not a good evening. The memory of the Doberman's unsportsmanlike behavior rankled in George's mind and, occasionally, as he dozed, his stub tail would begin to twitch and his long sharp claws would emerge from their sheaths as he considered the battle in retrospect

But for Cook, nursing her burned hand, the memory of the Doberman affair was pleasurable, boosting as it did her morale and padding her feeling of superiority. All, perhaps, would have been well had Cook confined herself to smiles which George would not notice. But Cook's pleasure was too strong a thing to be kept inarticulate and inevitably it came out.

She chuckled once, and George's eyes opened. She chuckled a second time and then, pointing her finger directly at George, she laughed aloud.

Cook said, "You looked real brave this afternoon lording it around the back yard—until that dog came."

George's tail twitched and his whiskers lay flat against his cheeks and his temper began to tighten. But Cook did not notice. She went to the icebox and got out some milk and poured a saucerful and put it, cold, under the stove.

GEORGE looked at the milk, and the fur on his heavy shoulders began to rise. He disliked cold milk. He disliked milk of any description for supper. This was adding insult to injury. Nothing could have expressed Cook's contempt more clearly than this offer of cold milk while the thick tempting steaks sat on the sideboard. George's temper stretched taut.

Cook closed the icebox door and looked down at George again. "Scrambling up the side of the garage," she said, "like an old woman going over a fence." And she pointed her finger and laughed again.

It was too much. George's temper snapped. He let out a squall of anger and came out from under the stove in a rush, like a small lion breaking out of his ambush. His ears were flattened and his eyes were mere slits and the thick fur stood up from his heavy shoulders like a ruff. Cook took two sudden steps backward and ran into the sink.

"Don't you touch me!" she yowled. But George's course was set. He landed on the sideboard in one magnificent leap and he seized the larger of the two steaks in his strong teeth and he tossed it over his shoulder as a man might hoist a cement sack. Then he jumped to the floor and whizzed through the back door into the night, and Cook's scream followed him like the echo of murder.

Tim, Lucas and the Grigsby reached the kitchen almost simultaneously. Cook, shaken to the core, clung to the sink and pointed to the one remaining steak. She babbled, "He took it! He just grabbed it and ran."

"What?" Tim demanded.

Lucas turned on him with all the fury of a woman who sees half of her red points disappearing. "The steak, you fool!" she said. "Our dinner!" She seized Cook's arm. "Who took it? Who was he?"

"He sprang at me," Cook said. "He pushed me back against the sink. He just grabbed it and ran."

Lucas' voice was almost a shout. "Who?"

"George," said Cook.

There was silence for a moment, and then the Grigsby laughed softly.

Lucas exploded. "That's the end! I will not live in the same house with that shaggy beast!"

Cook's imagination had recovered. "He growled at me," she said. "He tried to attack me. I fought him off."

Tim said accusingly, "You were teasing him." And then he saw the bowl of milk under the stove and he pointed it out to Lucas. "There. I don't blame George. If all I got for dinner was a bowl of milk, I'd steal the steak, too."

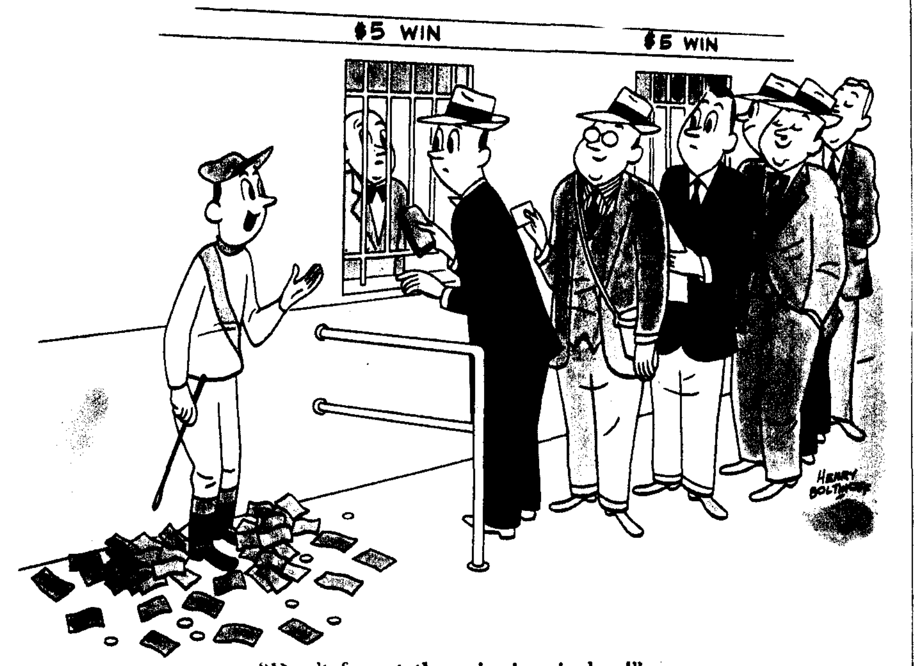
And he might have carried his point, for Lucas was a reasonable woman, but the Grigsby laughed again.

In the bushes behind the playhouse, George ate his meal in solitary splendor crouched against the cool ground, choosing the tenderest portions of his steak with care. His appetite was whetted by anger and untarnished by remorse. When he had had his fill and his furry stomach bulged like a small beer keg, he ambled out onto the soft grass by the swimming pool and sat down to wash himself and to contemplate the reflection of the moon on the still water.

It was the Grigsby, coming out of the uncomfortable atmosphere of the house after dinner, who found George there. The night was cool and clear, and the Grigsby walked slowly, smiling her secret smile, as she thought of the dinner, of the one steak for six people, and of Lucas' open chagrin and anger.

George watched the Grigsby's approach and decided that there was nothing in her attitude that promised anger. He continued his bath, keeping one eye cocked, nevertheless, in her direction. The Grigsby stopped beside him and stood with her hands on her hips.

"You, George," she said, "are a thief."



COLLIER'S "Don't forget the winning jockey!" HENRY BOLTINOFF

George stopped his washing and looked at her quizzically. There was no unfriendliness. He twinked his whiskers and yawned.

The Grigsby squatted beside him. "Was it a good steak?" she asked. "Ours was good, what there was of it." And her hand, moving very slowly, came to rest behind George's ear and she scratched through his thick fur skillfully.

GEORGE regarded her with indecision for a moment and his eyes were like polished agates and his body was taut. But the Grigsby's voice continued, and the touch of her fingers was friendly. George relaxed and curled his whiskers forward and thrust out his head so that she might rub his furry chin, and deep down in his throat he allowed a low purr to begin.

"Of course," the Grigsby continued, "our steak was cooked and yours was raw. Ours was too well cooked. I think I would have enjoyed yours more, George." Her fingers were working harder and her sharp nails digging through George's thick fur scratched pleasantly against his hide.

He leaned against the pressure of her hand, and the purr grew in volume until it became a rumble that echoed across the water of the pool.

"You and I, George, have a lot in common," the Grigsby continued. "A liking for red meat, a tendency toward taking what we want. Maybe I'm just not quite so obvious as you."

Tim appeared after a time. It was inevitable that he would, for the atmosphere within the house was not easy. The male Grigsby and the two Towles and Lucas were sitting around the edges of the living room, and Lucas, belatedly remembering her status as hostess, was attempting valiantly to make conversation, but her heart was not in it.

Tim came out into the back via the sideboard of the pantry where he paused immoderately to wash certain tastes from his mind. He came out to the pool with a long drink, his fourth, in his hand, and he hunkered down beside the Grigsby and rubbed George's back with vigor, ending each stroke of his hand with a pull on George's stub tail that lifted all but George's forepaws off the ground. George's purr shifted into overdrive and rumbled ecstatically. The Grigsby took Tim's drink and sampled it deeply.

"Lucas," she said, "is not happy."

TIM let it pass although he felt vaguely that he should come to his wife's defense. He pulled hard on George's tail and lifted George clear of the ground, and George's purr throbbed like the beat of a native drum.

"Lucas," said the Grigsby, "does not understand you, Tim. Lucas doesn't even try to understand you."

"Lucas," said Tim, "is all right."

The Grigsby changed her approach—maliciously. "Do you know," she asked, "that during all the time we were at school, you were the only boy in our whole crowd who didn't make love to me? Why?"

Tim's honesty was prompted perhaps by the drink in his hand and the drinks in his mind. "I was afraid to," he said. "I was madly in love with you but you were too popular. I was afraid you'd laugh at me."

The Grigsby studied her fingers still playing with George's ear. "I wouldn't have," she said finally, which was not entirely true. She looked up and her voice was soft as she added another half-truth. "I wouldn't now."

Her face was close and her mouth was parted and her red lips were inviting. Tim was still kissing her, with his drink in one hand and George by the tail in the other, when Lucas came out of the house.

When the house was quiet, when the shouting had died away and the Grigsbys and the Towles had departed, George came warily out of the bushes into the moonlight. The water of the pool was still and the sky was clear and the house was dark except for Tim's and Lucas' bedroom.

George sat down by the edge of the pool and scratched his ear thoughtfully with his hind paw. His stomach was full and he felt a little letdown after the night's excitement. He yawned, and twinked his whiskers, and stretched himself and then got up and ambled around to the back door.

But the door was closed and George pushed against it vainly with his shoulder. It was locked. He pondered the situation for a moment and then turned away and trotted briskly across the yard to the lighted windows of the bedroom. It was four feet to the window ledge. George made it easily in one smooth leap, landing hind feet first as a cat should. He looked in through the glass. He saw Tim with a drink in his hand sitting on the edge of the bed and Lucas standing, leaning back against her dressing table. Lucas' slim body was taut with anger. George yowled.

Tim got up from the bed and came over and opened the window and George dropped into the room and rubbed against Tim's shins ingratiatingly while Tim closed the window. A purr, full-blown, began deep in George's throat.

Lucas said quietly, stiffly, "I told you that I will not live in the same house with that thieving beast."

There was no mistaking the threat of her tone. George's purr stopped. He looked at Lucas and his eyes turned to agate and his stub tail, which had been high, dropped and began to twitch slightly.

Tim said, "Love me, my darling, love my cat." There was no laughter in his voice.

Lucas' hands gripped the edge of the dressing table until her knuckles were white. "Love you," she said slowly, distinctly, "love your cat and your redhead and any other small possessions you might acquire—"

"I've explained," Tim interrupted, "six times so far."

"And I didn't believe the last explanation any more than I believed the first," Lucas said, and her voice began to climb, "and I won't stay in this house another instant with that cat!"

Tim finished his drink and set it down. "In that case, my pet," he said, "you'll stay here alone. Come on, George. We'll sleep in the playhouse."

LUCAS awakened early the next morning, uneasily. She turned on her side and faced Tim's empty bed and regarded it blankly, and then she remembered.

"Oh!" she said. She looked around the room for some evidence that Tim had returned, but there was none. She got out of bed and put on her robe and hunted for her mules and once during the hunt she stopped and stamped her foot. "Serves him right," she said, "and I hope he was miserable last night."

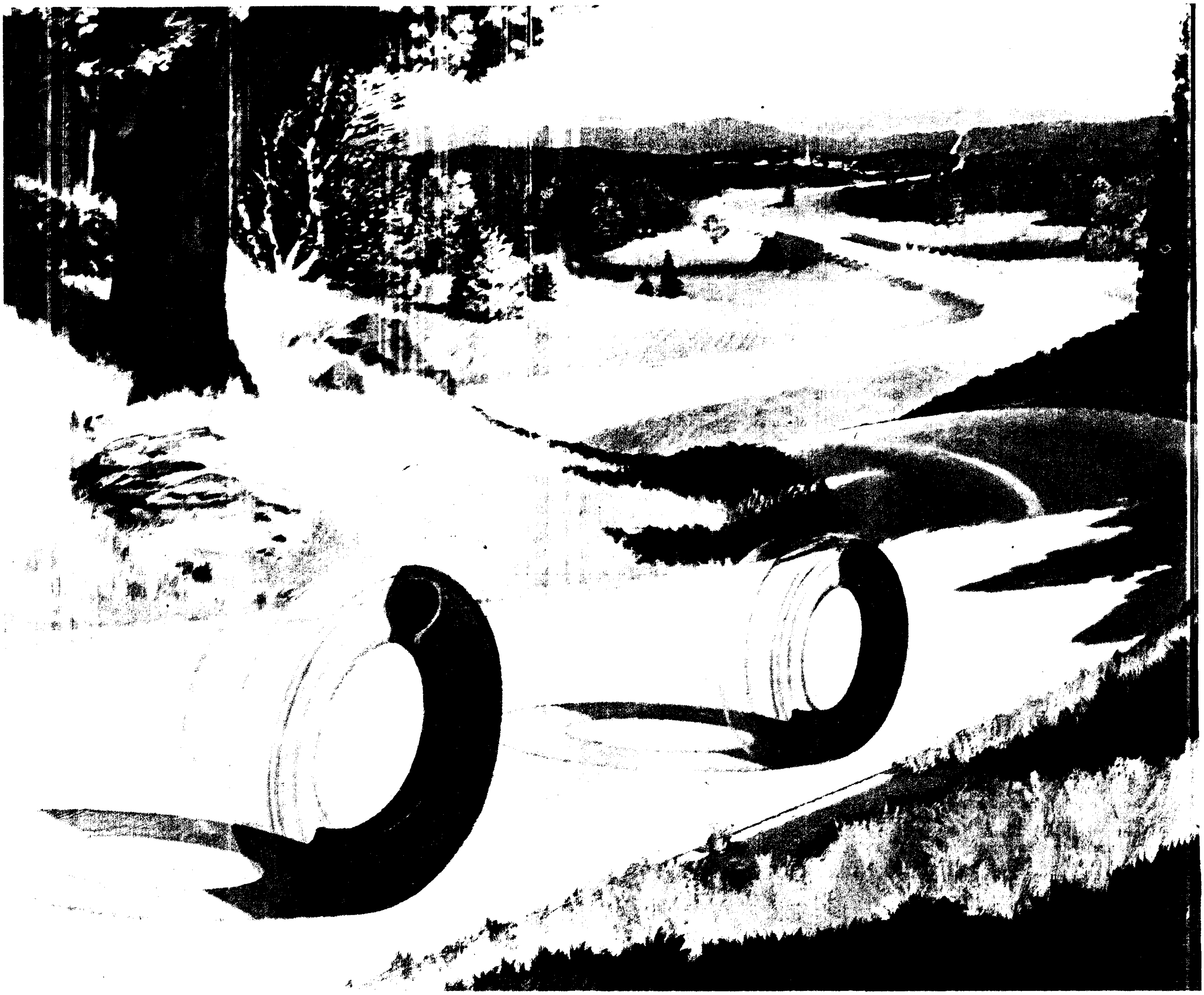
But it was small comfort, and the empty feeling just beneath her wishbone wouldn't go away.

Out in the playhouse, Tim, too, was suffering. There were three distinct troubles. There was a weight on his chest, an ache in his head, and remorse in his heart. The first trouble, which turned out to be George, was easily cleared up. George landed on the floor with a thump and settled down serenely to continue his bath.

The other two troubles remained. Tim got up from the studio couch. He was stiff and sore. He went around behind the bar and got a full glass of cold water and drank it eagerly. He found a cigarette. He went back to the studio couch and sat down. On the floor George continued his bath, holding his hind leg stiffly up in front of him and running its full length with vigorous swipes of his pink tongue. After each swipe, he paused, his leg still in the air, and eyed Tim quizzically as if waiting for a solution of their mutual problem.

Tim said, "I don't have a solution, so stop looking at me like that." He thought of the night and of the day, and he realized that the kissing of the Grigsby had been merely a climax, a last straw. He thought of Lucas, and an empty feeling that was not caused by hang-over came into his stomach. He sat and smoked his cigarette and regarded George and wished that last night had not happened.

George finished his bath. Across the yard there was the sound of Cook going into the house, and presently from the kitchen came the rattle of pots and the slamming of cupboard doors and the aroma of coffee, signifying to George that the day had officially begun. Habit moved him strongly. He stood up and stretched himself and regarded Tim once more and then turned and trotted, tail



Millions of Miles to find a Better Half

On good roads and bad—in all the weather the U. S. A. can produce—Shell Research and a leading tire manufacturer are teamed up in a search for "the better half": the half of a half-and-half tire that stands more punishment, with more safety and more mileage.

The War Production Board is in on the plan; so it's not only important—it's official.

Hundreds of tires are being tested: one half of each tire is built of the usual type of synthetic rubber. Then, because no two tires ever encounter *exactly* the same conditions, even on the same car, the other half of the same tire is built of a synthetic incorporating one important difference:

It is compounded with a new "plasticizer and extender" of rubber—Dutrex—which Shell scientists produced from petroleum.

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Those are the preliminary reports from laboratory and road tests less extensive and conclusive than the great "search for the better half" now going on—in which half-and-half tires, on Shell business cars and trucks, are covering millions of tire-miles.

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high, out of the playhouse, leaving Tim alone with his misery.

It was some minutes before George returned, because the choice had been difficult, but presently return he did with a virgin white carnation tucked crosswise in his mouth. He trotted up to Tim and sat down on the floor, and Tim took the carnation and pulled George's ears absently, and George's purr began.

Tim said, "Thank you. At least there's one light spot in the day." He turned the flower around in his hand. "Lucas would like this one." And then, quite suddenly, his hand stopped and he looked at George appraisingly. There was hope in his voice. "George," he said, "do you think you could swing it?" And he jumped up from the studio couch and began to hunt around the playhouse for a pencil and paper.

COOK was working at the sink, fixing a grapefruit, when George came in. Cook's temper was rarely of the best first thing in the morning, and this morning it was almost savage, for the sound and the fury of the night's party had penetrated even to her room behind the playhouse. She looked at George and she saw the carnation in his mouth and she pointed with her paring knife to the bowl of cold milk beneath the stove and she said, "There's your breakfast, you thief." She looked to verify that the dining-room door was closed before she turned back to her work.

But George was in no mood to be ignored. He stood in the middle of the floor and he lowered his head, and the thick fur on his heavy shoulders began to rise, and his stub tail began to twitch, and the throaty growl that rumbled in his chest was plain for Cook to hear.

Cook turned from the grapefruit and saw him. George, crouching, advanced a step. "Your milk's over there," Cook said. She swallowed once and gestured again. George moved another step forward, his chin low and outthrust, his furry chest scarcely clearing the ground.

Cook retreated a step. "I didn't mean it when I called you a thief," she began.

George ignored her words. His eyes were fixed and unblinking, and the growl rumbled menacingly and the fur on his shoulders stood at full height. He came forward softly on his padded paws and the muscles rippled down his back as he moved.

Cook's voice rose almost hysterically as George herded her into the corner. She scuttled along the side wall, clutching the paring knife, resolved to sell her life dearly. And then she felt the pressure of the doorknob against her back and she seized it and threw the door open and dashed into the dining room and quickly put the table between herself and George.

But George ignored her. His tail rose and the fur on his shoulders lay down and the growl faded away. Still clutching the carnation, he trotted through the open door and through the dining room and into the hall on which Tim's and Lucas' bedroom opened. The door to the bedroom was open a crack. George put his shoulder to it and trotted inside.

Lucas had found her mules and put them on, but that was all. She was sitting on the edge of the bed with her head in her hands, and her shoulders were shaking slightly. George advanced, making no sound. He sprang onto the bed and landed next to Lucas.

Lucas felt the jar and looked up and saw him. Her eyes were red. "You," she said, and her voice rose. "You!" She pointed to the door. "Get out!" And she raised her hand.

George had never threatened Lucas, considering her Tim's special property and different from Cook. But he had his instructions and in them there was no mention of protocol. He stood his ground and he held out the carnation in his mouth. His tail began to twitch and his eyes turned to agate and the fur on his shoulders rose and the growl began deep in his throat.

Lucas' hand stopped. She regarded George wide-eyed, in surprise. She saw the carnation between his jaws and she saw the note wrapped tightly around its stem. She dropped her hand.

"Tim sent you," she said.

George did not reply, but the growl faded and his eyes became friendly again and he thrust his head farther forward.

Lucas took the carnation from his mouth. She unrolled the note and read it eagerly and then she looked at George again, and the tears were plain in her eyes and in her voice.

"He calls you his ambassador," she said, "and he says that the carnation is your credential, and he says—" She dropped the note and the carnation and she bent over quickly and buried her face in George's furry side. "Oh, George!" she sobbed.

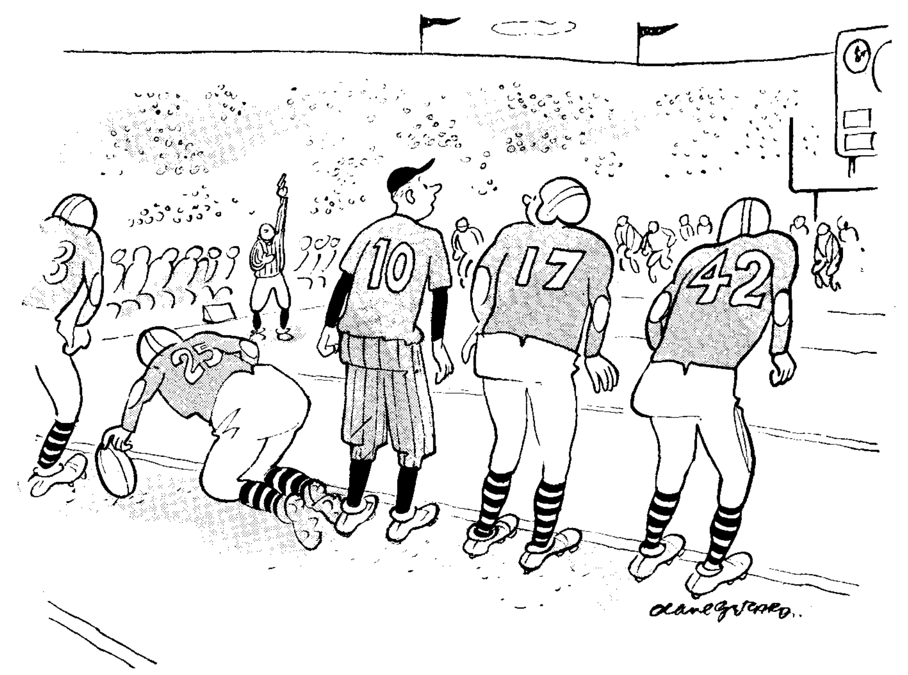
And from the door Tim said, "As an ambassador, you're superb." And he came quickly into the room.

GEORGE finished his bowl of milk with one final swipe of his pink tongue, and the taste of rum was in his mouth and the warmth of rum was in his furry stomach. He raised his head from the bowl and regarded Cook. He licked his whiskers clean and yawned and stretched and then he straightened up and his stub tail rose like a flag.

For a minute he waited hopefully for Cook to laugh, to scoff as she had the night before. But Cook was studiously silent, ostentatiously occupied. George turned away and with more than a hint of swagger in his gait he trotted out of the back door and down the drive and turned purposefully up the sidewalk toward the house where the Doberman lived.

It was going to be a good day.

THE END



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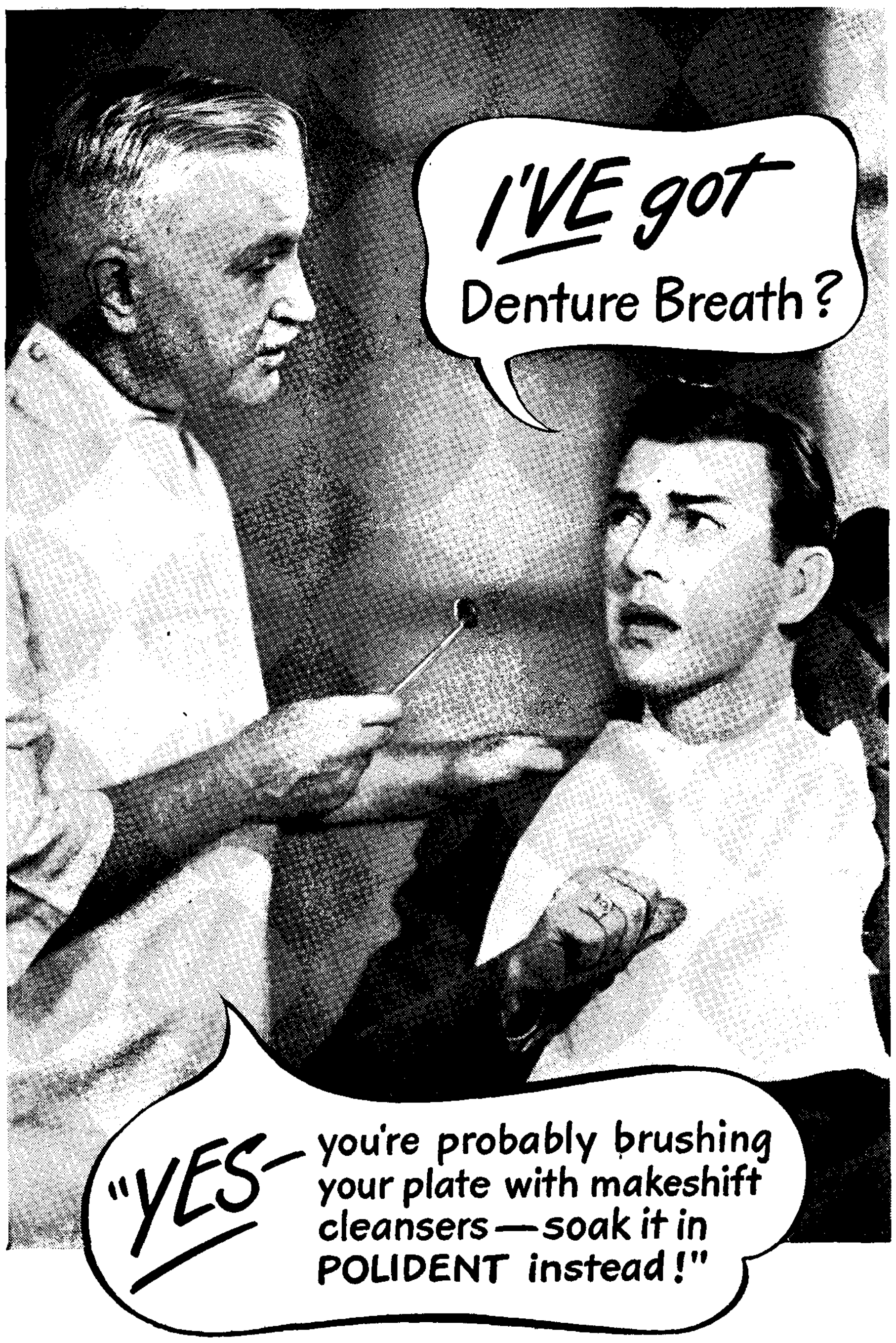
FALSE TEETH WEARERS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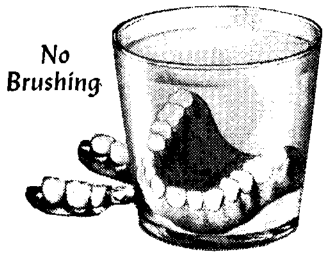

How YOU can Avoid Danger of DENTURE BREATH

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Asia Must Be Free

Continued from page 12

But there is another kind of exploitation. It has nothing to do with working a subject people for starvation wages. Instead, it permits vast business interests to interfere with the politics of a country and uses the enormous power of wealth to suppress the natural growth of a people. This brand of exploitation is common in the Orient.

Literacy is a universal and significant yardstick of the natural development of a nation. Apply it to colonized nations in the Far East, and what do we find?

The Dutch have been in the Indies for more than three hundred years, taking out rubber, quinine, tin, oil, sugar, rice, tea, coffee, spices, metals and copra. Java's literacy in that time *has climbed to 7 per cent.* During one 30-year campaign at the turn of the century Holland spent more than $250,000,000 subduing Achinese states in northern Sumatra, a territory somewhat smaller than West Virginia. Yet in a similar period of years the education budget for all of Sumatra has not totaled a tenth of that amount.

Before the Japanese took over, the Dutch allowed thirty Malayan representatives to sit with their twenty-four Dutch representatives in the Volksraad, the parliament of the Indies. Of these thirty natives, twenty were appointed by the governor general. In other words—some 75,000,000 Malayans in those islands had ten representatives in their national parliament which they freely elected, while some 70,000 Hollanders out there had twenty-four Dutch representatives *plus* the twenty assigned natives their group appointed through their governor. Otherwise natives held no office of authority in their government; nor were there good law schools in the islands where they could learn the business of government.

Contrast this with the Filipino situation. General elections have been held for their National Assembly since 1907. All 120 members are Filipino, and the speaker of the house is a Filipino. Since 1916 the Philippines has had its own judicial system—a lawbreaker, whether white or brown, is arrested by a Filipino policeman, tried before a Filipino jury, and sentenced by a Filipino judge. Even the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court is a Filipino, honored and deferred to by American lawyers practicing in Manila. These men have learned law and government at the University of the Philippines and five other universities offering law courses.

In the sixty or seventy years of enlightened French administration in Indo-China the unenlightened farmers have lived in the same black misery. Leprosy, malnutrition and malaria have been the same stark mysteries to them because there have been so few free clinics and visiting nurses, and no compulsory vaccination to set them on the path to health. The written word was unattainable because the beautiful new schools were only in the big cities. If by some miracle a farmer did get his son into a city school, he could only look forward to his becoming an inconspicuous clerk, since there was no civil service, and the top jobs on his country's railways, in the public works bureaus, banks and mercantile firms were reserved for Frenchmen. *The beautifully surfaced roads* the government built did not link one village with its neighbor, but led only to the ports from which French ships take the vast grain wealth to France.

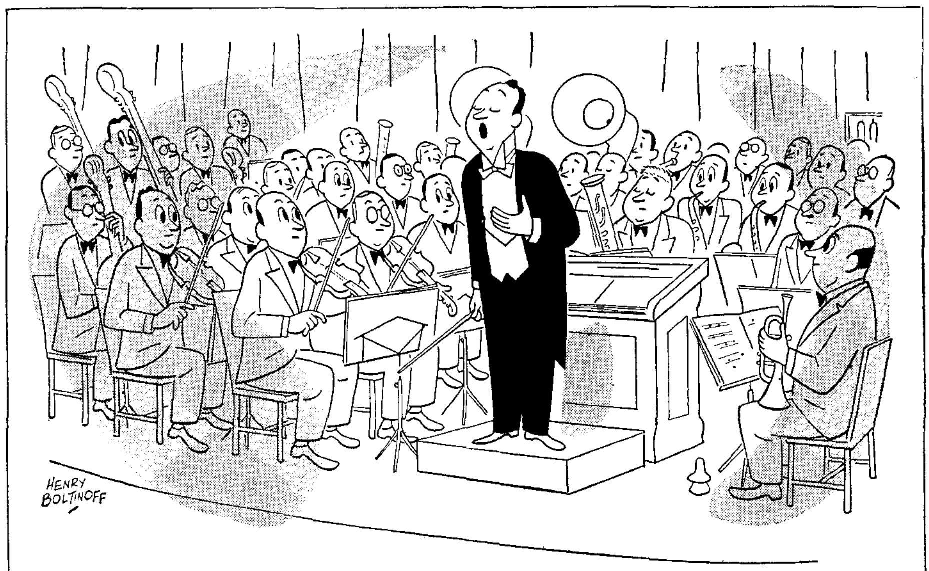
Literacy has an even more feeble showing in the Federated Malay States than it has in Java. In 1940, government revenues in those abundant lands were at an all-time high, so high that a present of 10,000,000 Straits dollars was sent off to the home government in London, and still revenues were left with a comfortable 20,500,000 Straits dollars surplus. Yet that same year less than 2,000,000 Straits dollars was spent on education. *Actually it came to about 1¾ per cent of the* total revenue. Exactly 58 pupils were learning agriculture in high school in 1938. That same year in the Philippines there were 4,600 students in agriculture schools, and another 9,000 in trade schools. Malaya has no political parties, and no elections, whereas two major political parties and a handful of minor ones have had a very vocal part in Philippine politics for more than three decades.

Just across the strait from Singapore is Johore, an unfederated native-run state. In 1940 Johore spent 1 per cent of its budget on education and matched, almost dollar for dollar, the British colonial government's appropriation for roads, leprosy control and sanitation. Johore, as the British colonial government did, turned handsome presents and surpluses over to the home government—which, in Johore's case, was the Maharajah's purse. But who can argue against presents for one home government, and not for the other?

Burma Tribes Still Primitive

The Burma tribes are as primitive now as they were sixty years ago when a British expeditionary force annexed the kingdom. Surfaced roads are nonexistent over a great part of the country. The principal oil fields are only accessible by river; railway and tank cars do not bring the oil down to Rangoon. The mineral wealth of the country is enormous, engineers all agree, and yet except for 1,000 tons of jade mined each year, it is practically untouched. With 85 per cent of the population *engaged in agriculture*, there is only one higher school teaching scientific farming. And in 1940, when a native political party advocated certain constitutional reforms and adopted a party program of "Two acres of land and a cow for every person," the leaders were clapped in prison.

Naturally these Malayans of Burma, of Java, of Annam and Cambodia look at themselves and at their rich lands, and then compare these with what they see going on in the Philippines. They know that more than 2,000,000 children go to schools in the Phil-



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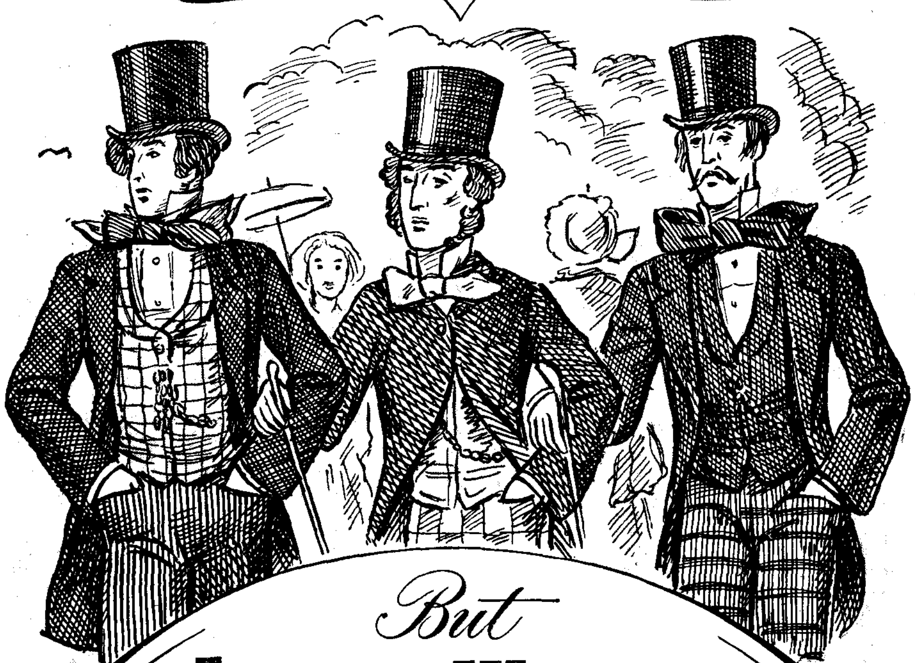

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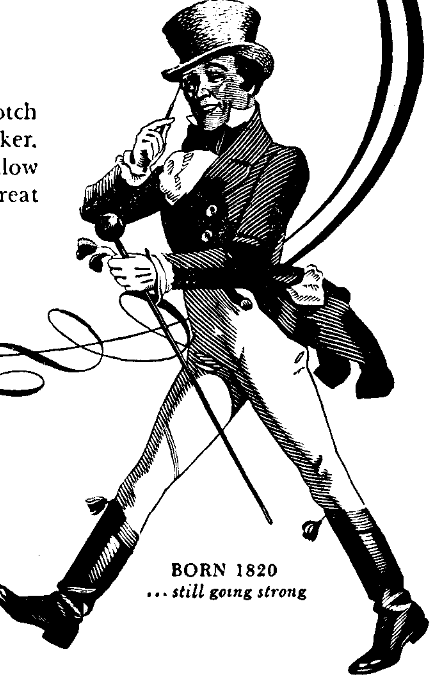

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ippines, and that the literacy rate there is now 51 per cent. They know that one of America's first acts upon taking over the Philippines was to send a boatload of 1,000 schoolteachers out to open schools and start training native teachers. What they probably don't know is that in the ensuing 42 years, those Filipino teachers have grown to a force of 40,000 in some 11,000 schools; that the American teaching force has dwindled to 80; that there are 5,000 public libraries with more than 4,000,000 books available to anyone who wants to read them. For the three years preceding the war, education appropriations varied between 33 and 37 per cent of the national budget.

But decency in living doesn't stop there. Malaria controls and compulsory vaccination have been set up in dozens of stations; there are more than 1,500 dispensaries and some 45 government hospitals, aside from the several dozen maternity centers and children's clinics, all of them teaching hygiene and sanitation and dietary values. Experimental agriculture stations put out monthly bulletins on new developments in sugar cane, rice, copra and pineapple plantings.

Holland had able nutritionists and epidemiologists in her colonics before the war. So had France and England. But the study of tropical diseases and cures, tropical diets and their deficiencies, were inconspicuous items on their programs.

No, Burma and Malaya and Indo-China and Java and Sumatra are not ready yet for self-government. But would they ever be, under such warped and selfish systems? Where are the tools to make them ready—schools, civil-service privileges and tutors in self-government to help them prepare? How can these raw-material-producing countries advance beyond that stage if they are given a peace that freezes them back to their primitive *status quo* before the war? We have a Malayan proverb which says: "Who knows whether a boy can swim, if he is not permitted to enter the water?"

Such development would eventually serve the best interests of Occidental countries. How can one billion Asiatics buy one billion toothbrushes if they are not economically able, and if they have not been educated to the use of toothbrushes? How can the oil worker in Borneo ride in a motor car if no roads are built in his country, and if he is kept to his Dutch wage of fifty cents a week?

We can't expect to have a spontaneous combustion of freedom and suddenly set loose millions of people to experiment with self-government. It is a goal they must achieve with good and proper tools. First they must administer their own local, then their provincial and, finally, their own national government—all on a definite time schedule, agreed upon in advance. During this fixed interim of development, a commission of guardians should supervise foreign relations, as the Americans did by placing an American High Commissioner in the Philippines.

But today in Asia this guardianship will never work out as the exclusive mandate of one European country. The British, the Dutch and the French, going into any such custody alone, will encounter a tidal wave of animosity in the Far East. But if the United States, the Soviet Union and China also had equal voice with them as tutors, this animosity would evaporate. Having that voice is a natural and just sequence of this war, and it is up to the American people to see that they get it.

The World's Race Problem

For essentially the problem of the Pacific represents the race problem of the world. Ignore it, side-step it, neglect it, and the next war will be a race war. But to work out a new pattern for the Pacific we need, not the Dutch approach, not the British approach, or any other approach except the human approach; and certainly we Filipinos have ample evidence to convince us the United States employs that approach.

The first step toward achieving a workable Pan-Malayan Federation is to call an open meeting of the recognized leaders of all the Malayan countries. I personally am making this my aim; and will lend whatever voice I have and my utmost co-operation to bring it about. My place and that of the Philippines in this proposed union should only be regarded as one of liaison between the Orient and the Occident, since we have had the fortune to grow up to political majority under the tutelage of American statesmanship.

Together, these vocal units of South Asia can draft and formulate plans. They must decide between them the specific bounds of their union—whether they want statehood status under one legislature with the same federal laws, the same currency and the same customs duties and treaties. This meeting must be immediate—before the end of the year. It must be official, authoritative and functional. It must reduce fierce and vague and confused cries for freedom to a concise blueprint which can be presented to the international council which will soon gather around the world's peace table.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

MR. BRIAN BORU DUNNE of Santa Fe, New Mexico, dismounted from his jet-propelled scooter in front of the post office to mail us the following information: "Santa Fe is crazy. It is my job to keep it different."

BUT it was in El Paso, Texas, that Mr. S. Page, about to register in a hotel, noticed that just above his line was: "Mr. and Mrs. Caroline G. Smith—name fictitious."

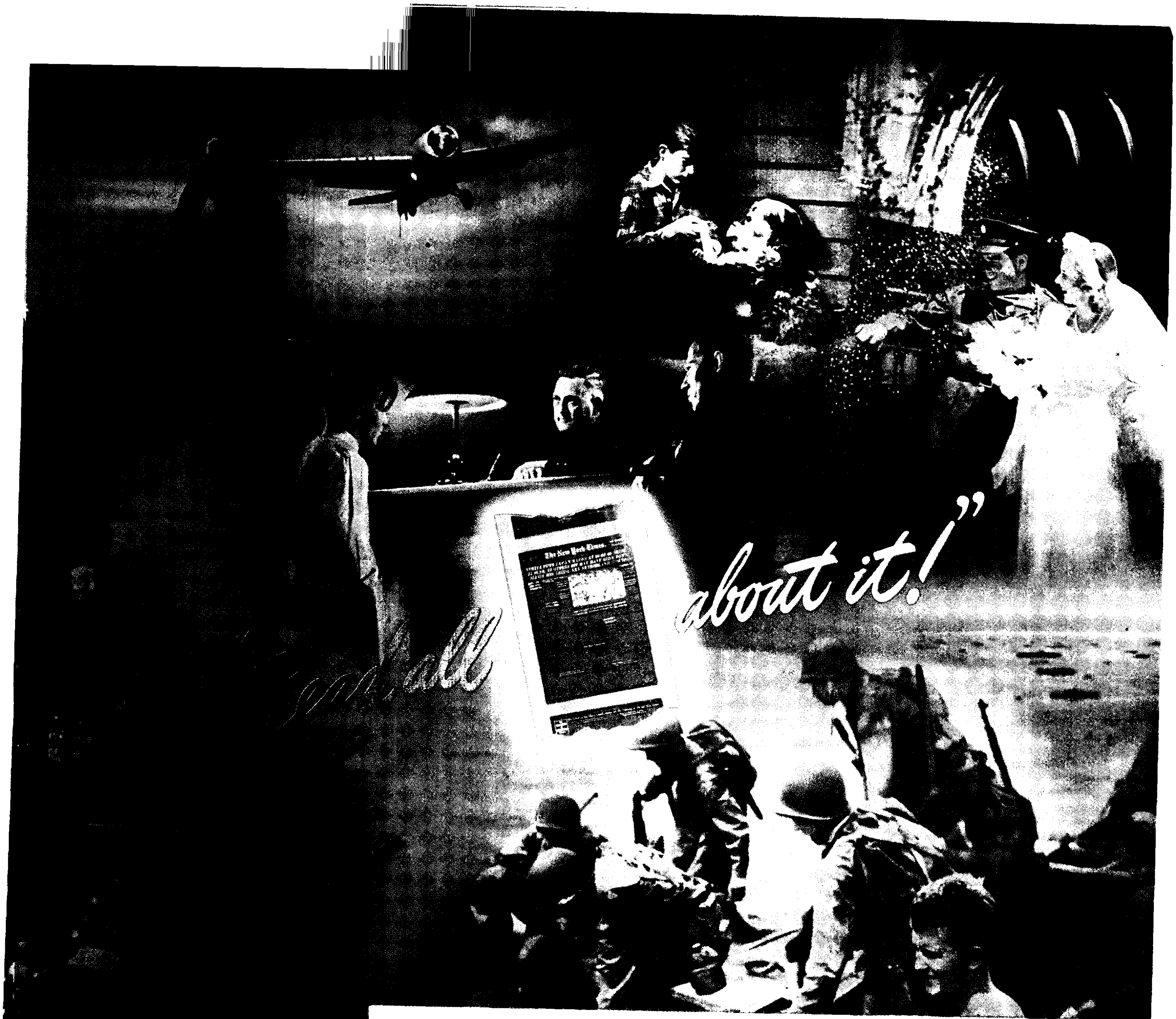
IN THAT this seems to be turning out to be a dissolute column, we may as well tell you that we have word, too, from a customer who says foreign gin distillers are flooding him with unreliable propaganda. The Guide to Gin he received said, among other things, that gin was discovered more than three hundred years ago by a Dutchman named Professor Sylvius of Leyden. Furthermore, it said: "Gin will not fire the brain or fur the tongue." Thus informed, he drank a couple of bottles and thinks that last statement is "an outrageous exaggeration."

AND Mr. Irving G. Broadhurst of Palo Alto, California, has come out against government pensions of all sorts. He is writing, he says, to California's delegation in Congress to back his plan for "weekly expense accounts for all, starting on the twenty-first birthday with a maximum of fifty dollars." Strict accountings must be made, showing that none of the money has been expended upon "clothing or any manner of personal adornment."

A FRIEND of ours in Fort Collins, Colorado, informs us that his brother John died recently. On the day of the funeral our friend's two sons—seven and nine—prowled around Uncle John's house, presently getting to the attic. From a nail in a rafter hung a large ham. "Look, Ed," said the nine-year-old, "there's Uncle John's soul."

FROM Guam comes a letter from a sailor who says that he has read forty-four magazine articles about what the returning serviceman wants. He says that all of them were written by nonservicemen. "We ain't worrying much out here about what we want. What's worrying us is what we're going to get. Do you know?"

A PARTY in Tulsa, Oklahoma, who says that he's a nut, writes a letter that just about ends the argument. He adds a postscript, however, which leaves the issue in doubt: "If some of the big shots in Washington was to pay some more respect to what us nuts say, they might be right once in a while and anyway they would not be any wronger and it would also get a laugh maybe."... W. D.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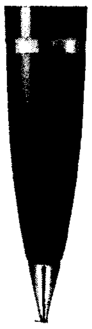

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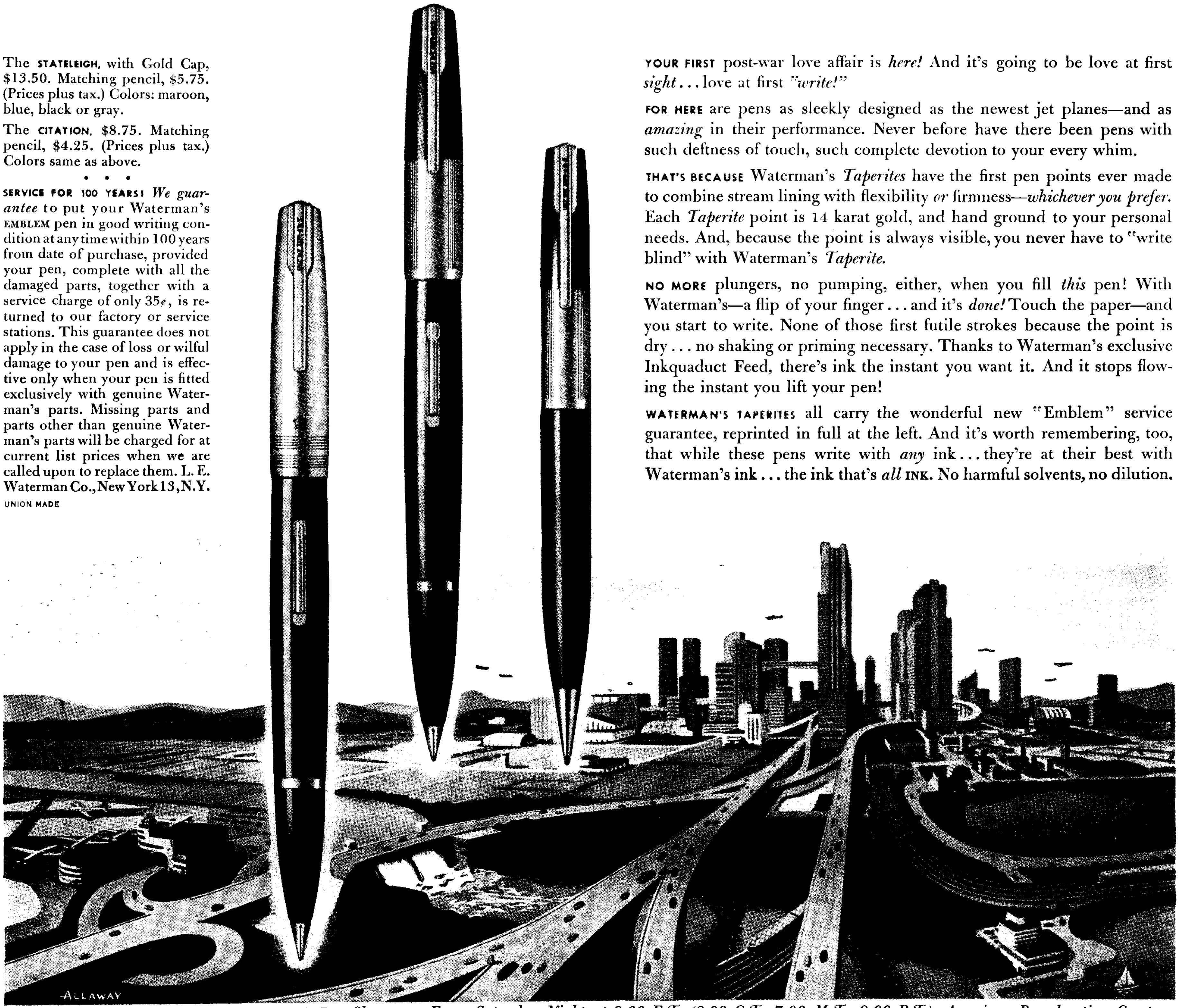

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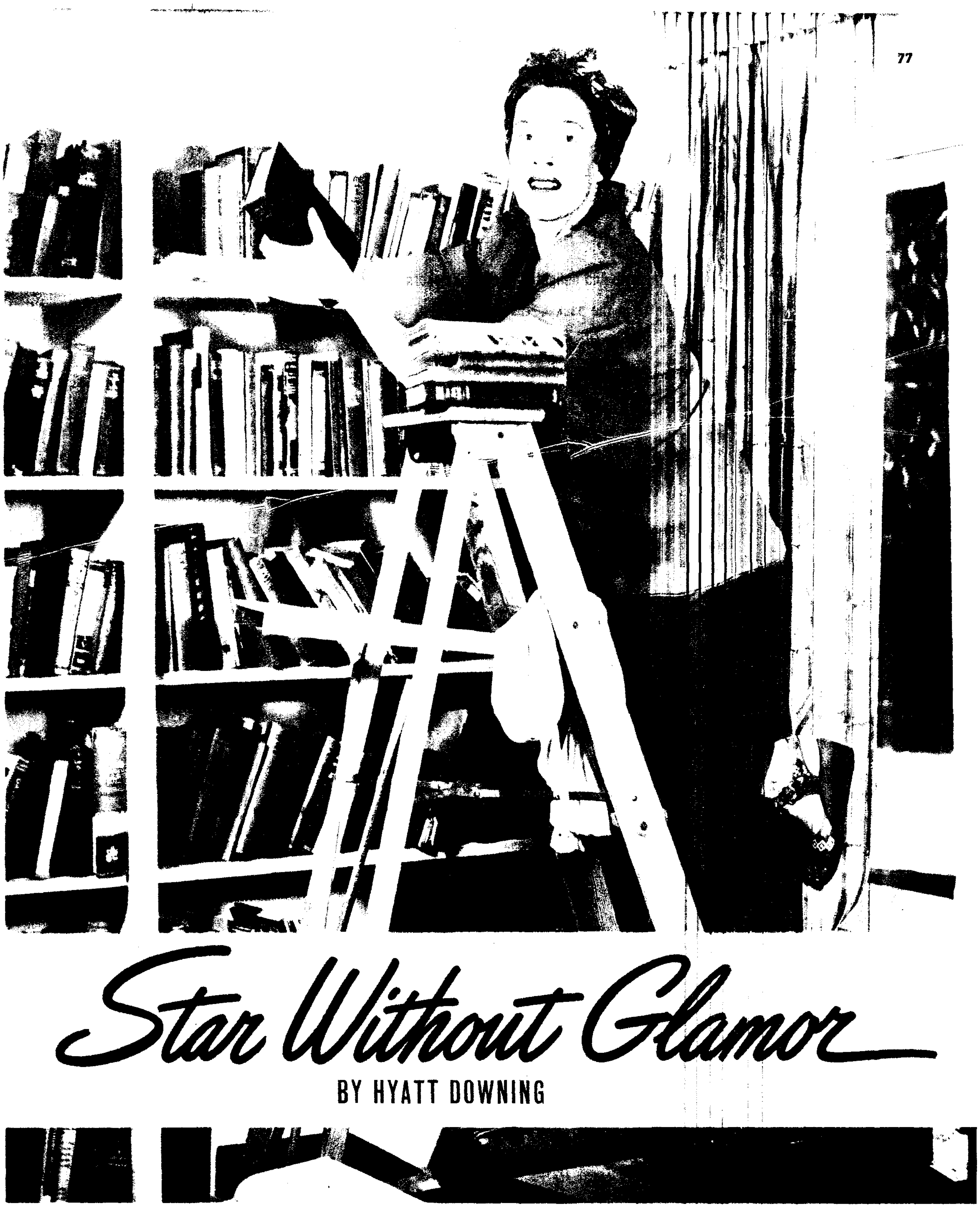
Waterman's *Taperite*

Star Without Glamor

BY HYATT DOWNING

Everybody, including her husband, knew that Anne Revere would never make an actress. Everybody was wrong. Talent, it seems, is ninety-nine per cent determination



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

WHEN Charlie Feldman (the theatrical agent who believes in his heart that the cosmos operates on a ten per cent basis) brought Anne Revere to Hollywood, he was happy. With a nose for commissions so acute that he is said to give tongue like a bloodhound every time a likely young actress comes along, Charlie was resting on the billows of a roseate dream. In New York, Miss Revere had scored in the only fashion that Mr. Feldman understood—the pay-off at the box office. His reasoning was simple: If New Yorkers would stand in line, clutching their money in damp palms to see Miss Revere, certainly some lovely financial throat-slitting could be arranged among movie executives on the Coast.

Two weeks after his first call at a studio, Mr. Feldman offered to pay Anne's fare back to New York if she would only get out of his sight and out of his life. The lady was a flop.

At that crisis Miss Revere remembered an ancestor of hers, Great-great-grandmother Hannah Dustin. Hannah, according to American history books, was captured by the Indians near Haverhill, Mass., in 1697, and after all attempts to rescue her had failed, was given up for lost. Three months later she came back to Haverhill with a grim smile on her lips and a handful of Indian scalps tied to her girdle. They couldn't, she said, do that to her.

Anne decided that if Great-great-grandmommy could handle savages, she could handle casting directors, and Mr. Feldman, talking to himself and a little bitter, went back to New York alone. His still-hopeful and stubborn protégée stayed in Hollywood and finally landed in the screen version of Double Door, which had been the objective of the trip in the first place.

Later on, however, after the picture was finished, Anne regretted almost frantically that she hadn't accepted Charlie Feldman's offer. "You could smell that picture from here to Hoboken," she says.

Currently top character actress in Hollywood, Miss Revere is still a little uncertain as to how she got that way. Far from beautiful by conventional Hollywood standards (she has yet to earn a whistle from a sailor on Sunset Boulevard), she still struggles against the handicaps which beset her early in her career.

Harry Moses, the New York producer, seeing her on the occasion of her first stage appearance in Priestley's play, Dangerous Corner, turned to a friend and whispered, "That girl has the ugliest hands I ever saw."

A Gal Who Could Take It

"In the first place," says Sam Rosen, her writer-director husband, "she couldn't act because she didn't know how to think; and she couldn't think because she had been spoiled by the neurotic crackpots of the twenties, the Mencken-Nathan crowd. Her body wasn't an instrument of expression; it was just a load she lugged around. She had just one thing that a director could work with: the ability to take a beating."

Her ability to absorb punishment, however, was strained to the breaking point early in her career. This occurred in Maine where Anne and her husband were promoting the Surrey Theater, a group activity which, strangely enough, was not calculated to make money but to serve only as a laboratory for the development of young talent.

"Anne was particularly inept at that stage of her career," Sam Rosen says. "She objected to direction. She fought me like a fishwife. In turn I lashed her unmercifully. Finally one night she told me she was through, she couldn't take any more. I watched her pack her bag and start out on foot for Ellsworth, six miles away, and I told her if she left then, she was finished as an actress. It was nearly midnight when she came back and then I really let her have it. I suppose I overdid the criticism a bit, but she took it. And she's been taking it ever since. Nothing has ever come easy for Anne."

But these spiritual beatings have left their mark. In repose, her strong-boned, highly expressive face is grave almost to the point of sadness. Recently a bosomy woman rushed up to her in a department store. "Haven't I seen you in pictures?" she demanded.

"Perhaps," Anne said. "I'm Anne Revere."

"My, my!" the woman exclaimed. "Isn't it wonderful what a little make-up can do for a plain person?"

In her latest picture, Fallen Angel, an attempt is being made to cast Miss Revere in roles quite different from those in which she gained her widest popularity such as the mother in The Song of Bernadette and National Velvet. Mr. Otto Preminger of Twentieth Century-Fox, an astute gentleman whose judgment of a production is based solely on the amount of noise the paper money makes as it is shoved through the box-office window, has made a startling discovery: Miss Revere has legs. With the vigor and decision that always characterizes executive genius, he began ordering costumes, twelve of them, each more seductive than the other. Thus in this piece, Miss Revere will emerge into glamor.

She herself is skeptical about the whole business. "You don't become a beguiling wench simply by changing your clothes," she says.

In the beginning Anne had no ambitions concerning the stage. It was not until a fellow student at Wellesley became ill and Anne was asked to take her part in a campus play that the instinct awakened.

"I must have been awful," she says, "for my dramatic teacher held her fingers delicately to her nose and murmured, 'Oh, dear,' when I told her that I intended to make the stage my career."

Her father, a Wall Street broker who had casually written a book with one hand while manipulating cotton futures with the other, was equally discouraging. He advised her to take up nursing.

It was several years and a good many buckets of sweat later that he was forced to revise his opinion. Anne had a very small part in a piece called Lady With The Lamp in which Edith Evans played the leading role.

"Father came to the opening because Mother made him," Anne says. "He fell asleep before the curtain went up and roused only when I came on the stage and after Mother had given him a good poke. When the show was over he rushed backstage. Edith Evans had given a really distinguished performance, and Father slapped her on the back and shouted, 'That long-legged daughter of mine is the best damn' actress in the world.' Miss Evans, being a great artist and a fine person, just smiled and said, 'Of course she is.' "

Anne, however, did not share her father's enthusiasm, believing that she had failed miserably. She always feels that way after a show. To this day her most painful moments come when she is forced to sit through a preview of one of her own pictures. She scrunches down in her seat and writhes in anguish. Recently at such a sneak preview,

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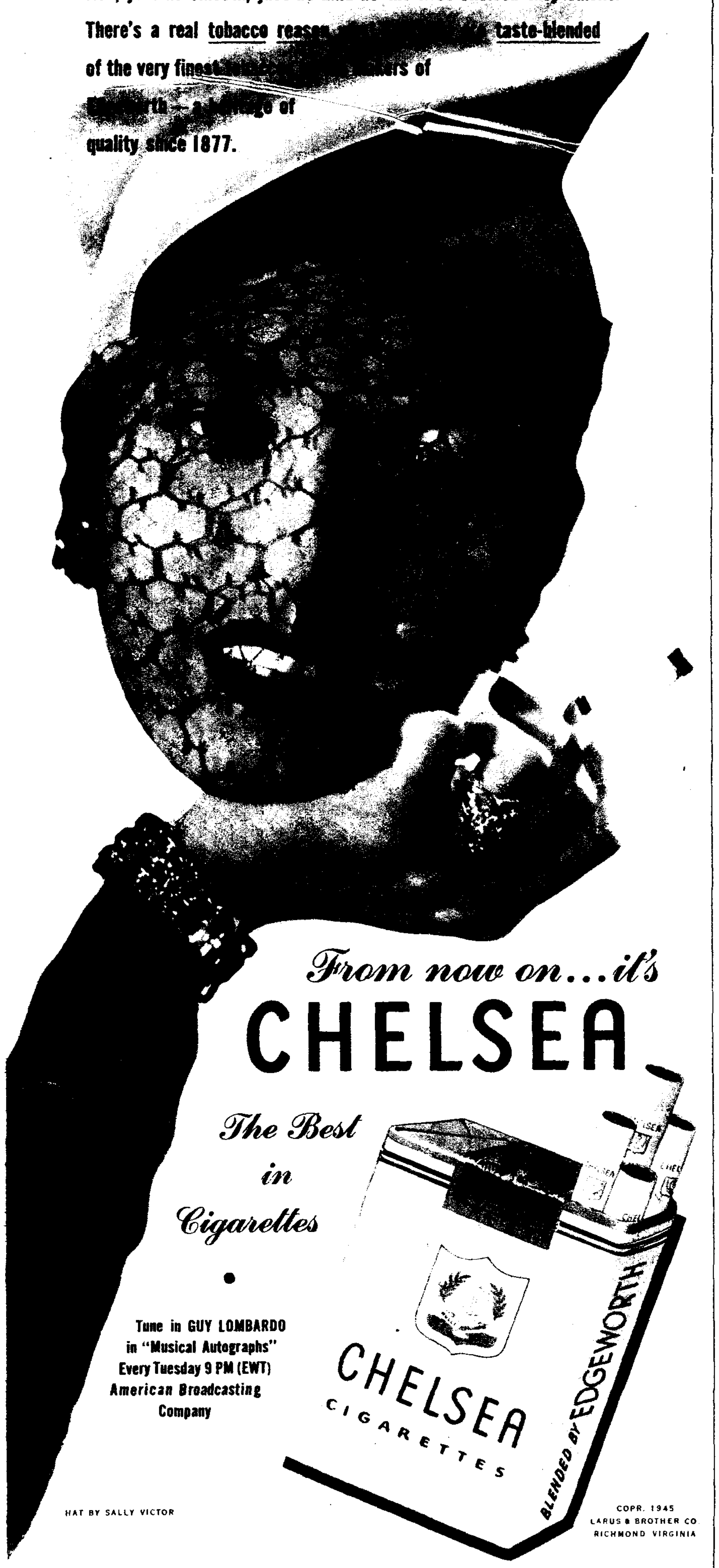

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she was gasping with shame at her "inferior" work when a youth in the seat next to her hissed: "Look, sister, if you don't like this show, why don't you just scram?"

Sam Rosen, Anne's mentor and severest critic, believes that she is America's greatest example of what hard work, a modicum of talent and good native intelligence can do for an actress. She is strictly a product of the blood, sweat and tears method, he says. The only time a part was offered her on a platter was when Bernadette came along. Even then she didn't get the role she originally wanted, that of the sadistic nun. It was only after much argument that she yielded and agreed to play the part of the mother which earned for her a nomination for the Academy Award.

Commenting on the hard road Miss Revere has traveled, Katherine Emery, who played a leading role in The Children's Hour, Miss Revere's most successful stage play, recalls the difficulties she encountered in winning a place in the cast. Lillian Hellman, then an unknown playwright, had written a play which Herman Shumlin was to produce. Anne heard about it and asked Shumlin to let her read the part she wanted. He consented and, when the reading was finished, admitted that she might do but insisted that she read for Miss Hellman also. A newcomer in the theater herself, Miss Hellman wasn't having any newcomers in her play. The result was that Anne was turned down.

The next day she drove to Philadelphia with Miss Emery, who had already been selected for the cast. There, while Anne was sitting in a dentist's chair, the telephone rang. It was her sister, with whom she was staying while in town, saying that Shumlin wanted her to return to New York at once.

"For the first time in her life," Miss Emery says, "she let a producer wait. Two days later when she walked into Shumlin's office he told her quite humbly that she could have the part."

The Children's Hour ran two years on Broadway and another on the road. After that, producers came to her with offers of more roles in which she was to play the part of an unhappy, repressed young woman. Fearing that she would be typed for all time, Miss Revere declined them.

It was about this time that her father, a very whimsical guy, told her about a young fellow who had approached him with the idea of getting backing to start a theater group. "He heard that I've written a novel," he told Anne, "and labors under the delusion that I'm a rich patron of the arts. You better come out and see him. The kid has ideas."

Anne didn't want to talk to any theater-struck young man with "ideas." She wanted to rest. But on the following Sunday, she found herself at her father's table in Westfield, New Jersey, arguing with a youth who irritated her more than anyone she had ever known. "He told me all the things he could think of that were wrong with me as an actress. I detested him. We fought all afternoon, took a late train back to New York and continued the battle until two o'clock the next morning. Well, what can you do with a man like that? I ended up by marrying him."

Soon after that, Miss Revere, her husband, Katherine Emery, Shepperd Strudwick and Helen Wynn went to the Maine coast to start a theater of their own. There they really ran wild, doing such plays as Candida, Hedda Gabler, and Heijermans' The Good Hope.

"We really had a good time," Sam Rosen says. "It would have been perfect if Anne hadn't been mad at me most of the time. One night after I told her she had given a particularly bad performance, she flew into a rage and hurled all my belongings out of the window. It took me half the next day to gather them up. I never did find my watch."

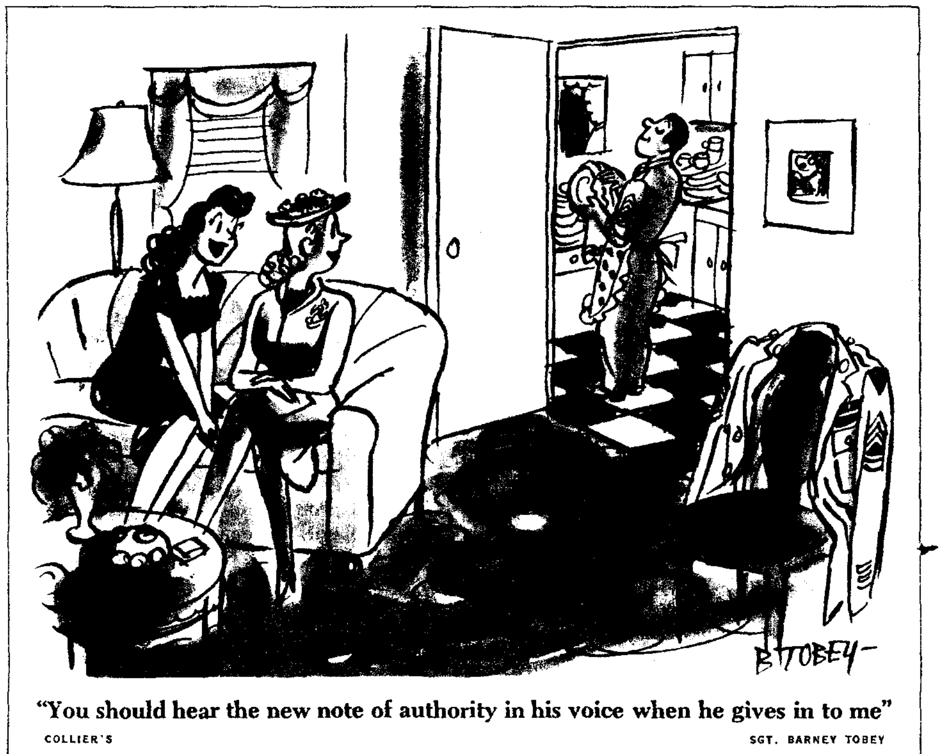
Experience—the Hard Way

Hollywood, for the first year or so, was pretty rough on the Rosens. There were times when food was an urgent and immediate problem. Knowing nothing about the technique of screen acting, Miss Revere took what was offered: day work and bit parts when she could get them. She did a series of horror things with Boris Karloff and some B pictures for Republic Studios. But she used each to gain experience for the roles she hoped would come later, and she fought the tendency to bodily awkwardness, a curious lack of flexibility, which still plagues her. "She leaves her best performances in the rehearsal room," says Clarence Brown, who directed her in National Velvet.

Known as one of the busiest women in Hollywood, she manages to run a maidless house in the Hollywood hills and finds time for activities quite unrelated to her screen career. During the last Presidential campaign she spoke all over Los Angeles in Roosevelt's behalf. She thinks she was a complete failure at this, because on one occasion when she was talking to a group of high-schoolers in the Mexican quarter, a youth called out: "We don't want to hear about Roosevelt. Tell us about Barbara Stanwyck."

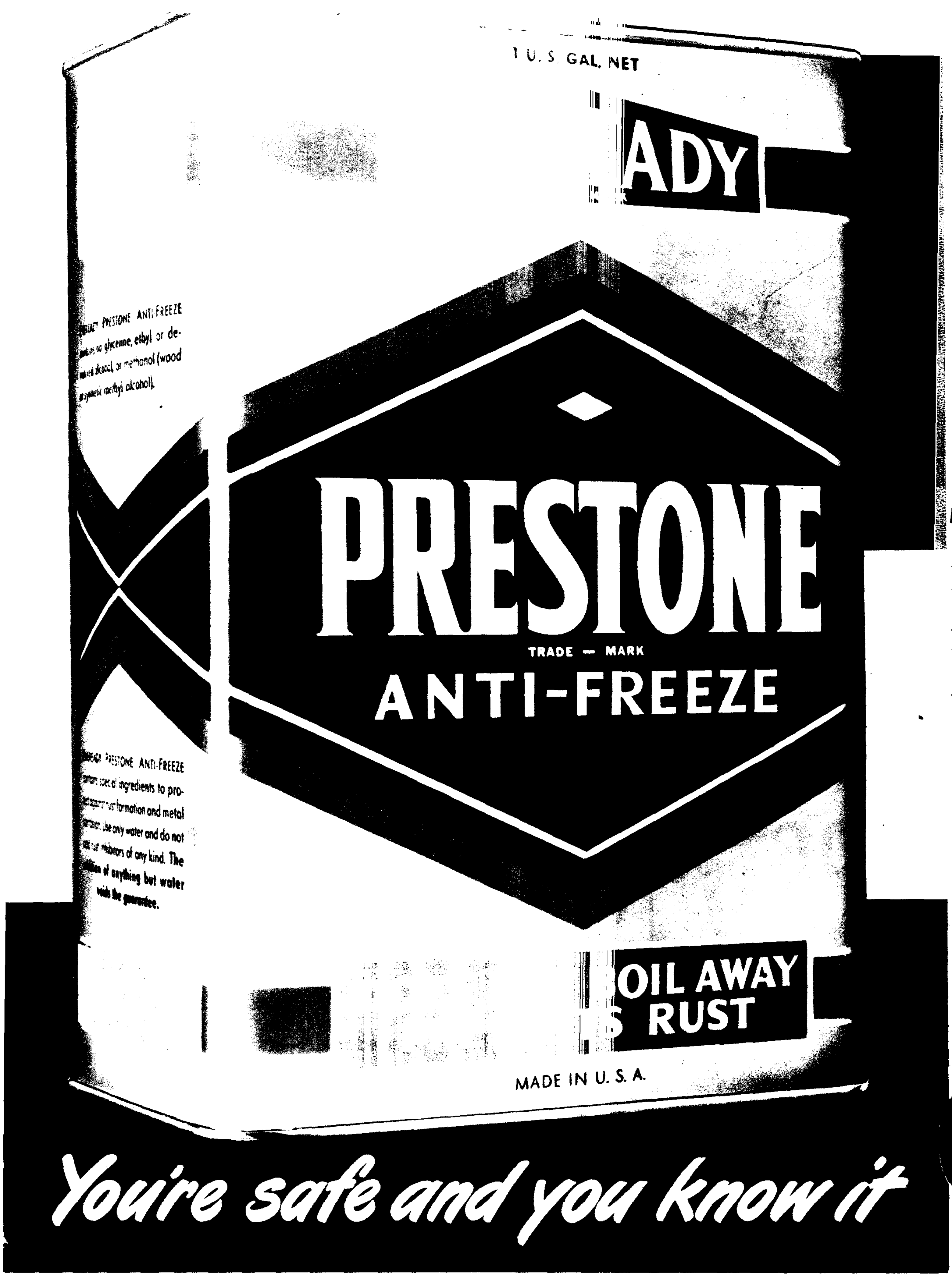
With her career doing very nicely now, Miss Revere nevertheless looks forward to the obstacles that lie ahead and to the battles she'll have in surmounting them. Some of these battles she hopes to win, and many, she knows, will be lost. But she's pretty philosophical about it. "Sometimes," she says, "I get tired of fighting and feel sorry for myself. And then I think: Well, you've bumped along this far and you've kept the same husband for ten years. Quit yelping, my girl, and be thankful for the luck you've had."

THE END



"You should hear the new note of authority in his voice when he gives in to me"

COLLIER'S SGT. BARNEY TOBEY



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Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

gentlemen. Something tells me that things are completely fouled up here. Good morning, gentlemen." And then without giving the weary officers sitting at their posts directing air smashes at enemy blocks a chance to reply, he would stroll out to breakfast.

Before he'd finished breakfast, two or three of his officers would come to him, their faces black with resentment.

"Now look here, Cap (or Dick)," they'd begin.

But Whitehead held up his hand. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," he cooed. "Tell me, are you angry?"

They told him that they were very angry indeed. Whereupon a very broad smile spread across his face. "Well, tell me, gentlemen," he said, "what has made you so angry?"

They told him—vigorously.

"Speak up, speak up," said Whitehead. "You see, I'm not angry at all."

So they told him that everything was under complete control in the control room and that he had no right whatever to barge in on them after being asleep all night and say that things were completely fouled up. What the hell could he, still sodden with sleep, know about it anyway? He heard them through. And then, the smile disappearing: "Now remember our rule. It is my turn to get mad. So smile, gentlemen, smile." Whereat he gave them hell for something that happened the day before and about which he had said nothing at the time.

The captain believes that you should keep a few complaints to fall back on in such emergencies, and the rule he has asked his officers to remember is this: Neither he nor his men may be sore at each other at the same time.

If you are looking for Dick Whitehead, try anywhere but his office. He's seldom in it. He roams the ship, stopping frequently to talk to somebody. It's just as likely to be a Negro mess steward. "Hello, sailor, what's your name. Mack? . . . Okay, Mack, what's on your mind? What are we doing that's wrong? Come, come, now. Speak up. We're all sailors together. What don't you like?"

His most ardent admirers say that he's probably the worst "paperman" in the Navy; that is, he has no stomach for all the clerical chores and bookkeeping that go along with a commanding officer's job. Of course he has an executive officer and a chief of staff. They're the fellows who actually do the fact-compiling and paperwork. Furthermore, the captain's decisions, ideas, inspirations and so forth are supposed to be passed down through them in order that they, too, may have some knowledge of what's going on. But Dick Whitehead pays very little attention to them. He'll get a brain flash, dash off to pass it on to the admiral or perhaps to some junior officer sitting at the ASCU table. Or, suddenly smacked squarely between his eyes with a new idea, he will pounce upon a junior officer and begin selling the lad on air-support control just as if the poor fellow was a wholehearted disbeliever in the job he'd been doing well for weeks. In self-defense, the lieutenant may come up with an idea of his own.

Within the next hour or two, the captain will have repeated the lieutenant's idea to a dozen people, from the admiral down to the enlisted men. He makes mental notes as they talk, puts nothing on paper. His memory is astonishing, and he has the gift of making people talk freely, officers and enlisted men. In a day or two perhaps the lieutenant's idea emerges from Dick Whitehead's office as a directive, written by himself. And it will be just as much a surprise to his executive officer and chief of staff (who never quite catch up with him) as it is to the lieutenant.

No one remembers him having gone to the idea originator and praised him. And yet, if the idea has been sound, the result good, the idea's owner is more than likely, some time later, to receive word from the Navy Department that he has been promoted or awarded such and such a decoration. Whitehead never warns them that it's been recommended or that it's forthcoming.

Dick Whitehead enlisted in the Navy in 1917, straight out of the Massachusetts Naval Militia. He is not quite sure why he ever joined the Massachusetts Naval Militia but thinks it was because the social goings-on in that festive organization appealed to him. Anyway, he had a good time. He enjoyed it. Once enlisted, he lost no time in becoming an ensign and having a good time on the battleship Nebraska. A bright lad, the Navy sent him to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to be instructed in navigation.

He elected to stay in the Navy, serving on cruisers, destroyers and presently aircraft carriers. Meanwhile, he had spent enough time at the Pensacola Air Station to become one of the Navy's superior airmen and, in 1935, he went ashore to be naval attaché and naval aide to Ambassadors Gibson and Caffery in Rio de Janeiro. He has a chestful of decorations and gold and silver stars including Knighthood of the Brazilian Order of The Southern Cross. It was he who organized flight-off-carriers training on the Great Lakes, using in lieu of carriers two old lake steamers which, at least, gave the lads the idea.

He did everything on the dead run, just as he has organized and commanded the Pacific's air-support control units. In such manner he organized the reserve air bases at Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City and Minneapolis. He is married. His wife was Miss Dede Koche of Chicago. Her son, his stepson, Lieutenant Emerson Otte, is a pilot in the Naval Air Transport Service.

WALTER DAVENPORT

New Statesmen—New World

Continued from page 15

raw materials of American policy toward the sixty-one nations with which the United States normally maintains diplomatic relations.

His first appointments brought hoorays and hosannas from the Department's professional critics. Ostensibly the nomination of Dean G. Acheson as Undersecretary was of Presidential origin, but it's unlikely that Truman would have sent the handsome, urbane former Assistant Secretary's name to the Senate without prior approval by Byrnes. In Acheson, who is 52 and in the Groton and Harvard tradition of Department career men, Byrnes has an experienced economist and an expert on reconstruction and rehabilitation problems.

A New Dealer and a protégé of the late President, Acheson is classified as a liberal in the political spectrum, but his views probably won't differ substantially from those of his immediate boss. Bearing in mind the feudin' and fussin' that went on between Cordell Hull and his Undersecretary, the self-possessed Sumner Welles, the Byrnes-Acheson team promises a major improvement in the topside efficiency of the Department.

Although not a starry-eyed dreamer, Acheson recently demonstrated his awareness of the magnitude of man's destiny when he said: "There are periods in the history of mankind that are clearly marked for great achievement. The Renaissance was such a period; the 18th century was another. To this generation has been given the opportunity to shape a world in which men will be freed from the scourge of war."

As Counselor to the State Department, a post revived since it was vacated by the death of dour old Judge R. Walton Moore in 1941, Byrnes brought in an ultra New Dealer named Ben Cohen, former law partner of Tommy (The Cork) Corcoran. Fiftyish and tough and able, Cohen is a new note in State Department society which, in its upper echelons, has demonstrated a chronic allergy to Jews.

Cohen is about as like the late Judge Moore, to whom the word Russia was synonymous with leprosy, as a champ woman tennis player is like a prissy New England spinster. An experienced political jockey who helped write the Securities Exchange Act, Cohen will likely be Byrnes' liaison man with the Hill, although as of a late date, his duties were not clearly defined.

Under him the Secretary of State has six Assistant Secretaries in charge, respectively, of Economic Affairs, Congressional Relations; European, Near Eastern, African and Far Eastern Affairs; American Republic Affairs, Public and Cultural Relations, and Administration. In addition, he has a staff of Special Assistants, the most important of whom are those in charge of International Organization and Security and Press Liaison.

Of the Assistant Secretaries, Byrnes purled two and dropped three in knitting together his new organization. Those he kept were wise William L. Clayton, Southern cotton-made millionaire and the personification of that progressive element in American big business which believes in an expanded world trade for the greater good of the greater number of nations and people, and James Clement Dunn, a smooth careerist who knows where to put all the commas and which t's to cross, and who has been widely labeled by the left wing press as a "reactionary." Clayton remained as boss of the Economic Affairs division, and Jimmy Dunn as head of the Division of European, Near Eastern, African and Far Eastern Affairs. It's hard to figure which has the tougher job.

Three Assistants Dropped

Those Byrnes dropped were young Nelson A. Rockefeller as head of American Republic Affairs, Archibald MacLeish as director of Public and Cultural Relations and Brigadier General Julius C. Holmes in charge of Administration.

The removal of Rockefeller and Holmes should please those who saw in their presence in the State Department hierarchy two ultra-conservatives congenitally unable to countenance and much less understand the leftward march of events in Latin America and Europe, respectively. Rockefeller was accused of Red-baiting south of the border, and Holmes was held co-responsible with Ambassador Robert Murphy for the opposition to De Gaulle in France and the deals with Admiral Darlan and General Giraud. The elimination from the scene of the professional MacLeish similarly gave aid and comfort to those who believed him a poetic pinko without the administrative capacities for his job.

To replace Rockefeller, Byrnes put in Spruille Braden, a big, bold and beefy career man, who was ambassador to Cuba and then ambassador to that hell spot of Latin-American politics, Buenos Aires. In both posts he demonstrated himself to be a friend of the popular movements gestating in the American republics and an uncompromising enemy of Fascism. Young (only 51) and outspoken, he promised reviving transfusions of forthrightness and intelligence in the handling of American Hemisphere affairs and an end to appeasement south of the Rio Grande.

Into Julius Holmes' old job, Byrnes poured the youngest top executive in the Department, former Colonel Frank McCarthy of General George C. Marshall's staff. At the Potsdam Conference, Byrnes was astounded by the smoothness with which Marshall's administrative details were handled.

"How do you do it?" Byrnes asked the general.

"Easy," said Marshall, "get a man like McCarthy."

Byrnes got the original as soon as he could be spared. McCarthy is only 33 years old, but since he was graduated from Virginia Military Institute in 1933 he has packed a lot of experience into his young life.

For two years he served on the VMI faculty; for one, he worked on the Richmond News Leader. In September, 1939, he enrolled in the School of Government at Virginia University where on June 11, 1940, Frank heard Roosevelt make his "stab in the back" speech. A few days later, Brigadier General John Magruder summoned him to Washington, pinned a lieutenant's bars on him and made him his assistant in the Army General Staff's Intelligence Branch.

He finally became secretary to the War Department General Staff in 1941 and thereafter was in on every major secret of the war, acting as liaison officer between the High Command and the White House, participating in every conference from Casablanca to Potsdam. Unmarried, handsome and energetic, he will inevitably be known as "Junior" in Washington, but it will be his job to reorganize the administrative machinery of the State Department after co-ordinating the recommendations, suggestions and orders of Byrnes and his immediate diplomatic family. McCarthy's is a key job.

MacLeish's successor as head of the essential but as yet embryonic division of Public and Cultural relations is 45-year-old William Benton. He has had no experience in foreign relations, but as salesman and high-pressure press agent, he has few peers. Whether he can "sell" America to foreign countries, and the State Department to the public, is another matter.

The Assistant Secretaryship dealing with Congressional Relations will probably go to Donald S. Russell, attorney, friend and one-time law partner of Byrnes.

With the Department and its ten acres of floor space and its mile and three quarters of corridors, Byrnes inherited two Special Assistants, Leo Pasvolsky and Michael J. McDermott. Pasvolsky has charge of the division on International Organization and Security Affairs, and McDermott runs the Department's relations with the working press.

Pasvolsky is a short, round man with a lunar-shaped head who was born in Russia, came here as a boy, became a naturalized citizen and still retains, at 52, a faintly Russian accent. He's a professional economist but skilled, also, in politics. He is the epitome of caution but has the reputation of being an expert draftsman of treaties. He was one of the backstage architects of the Bretton Woods and San Francisco agreements.

About five feet five inches tall, Pasvolsky is known in the Department as Mr. Five by Five. Round tortoise-shell eyeglasses over round, slightly protuberant eyes, and a habitual round pipe give him a roly-poly, jovial look which doesn't fit his taciturn nature. He's shy of newsmen who want tomorrow's news today, but he's the only one in the Department, of the old-line officers, who'll give you a definition of American foreign policy. He says it's "enlightened self-interest." His knowledge and experience and proved ability ensure his continuance as a Special Assistant.

Mike McDermott, a stubby, white-haired Irishman, has survived a succession of Secretaries of State from Robert M. Lansing to date, and there's no reason to believe that Byrnes will not keep the durable mick. Mac knows every newspaperman in Washington by his first name, and he, too, knows how policy is made and applied.

Hull Regime Holdovers

Dunn, Pasvolsky and McDermott are among the principal topside holdovers from the Hull regime. Otherwise the Department's hierarchy is brand-new or contains such men as Will Clayton, whom President Truman and Secretary Byrnes would probably have chosen anyhow. Acheson's elevation to the important Undersecretaryship indicates their confidence in him. It was natural that Congress-conscious leaders like Truman and Byrnes should want their own man in the post of Assistant Secretary in charge of Congressional Relations, which Acheson previously held.

Byrnes has, therefore, a strong team, at least in the sense that its members are uniformly of a mind with their boss, a situation which hasn't existed in the Department since Hull's heydey before the war. From about 1937—soon after the beginning of the Spanish Civil War—onward, the Department became a boiling ideological alphabet soup of differences over policy toward Spain and divergent attitudes toward the war, relations with Argentina, the political reorganization of Europe and what to do with Japan.

Running through the turmoil was the quarrel over Russia between those who saw the Soviet Union's growing power and influence as a threat to our security and those willing

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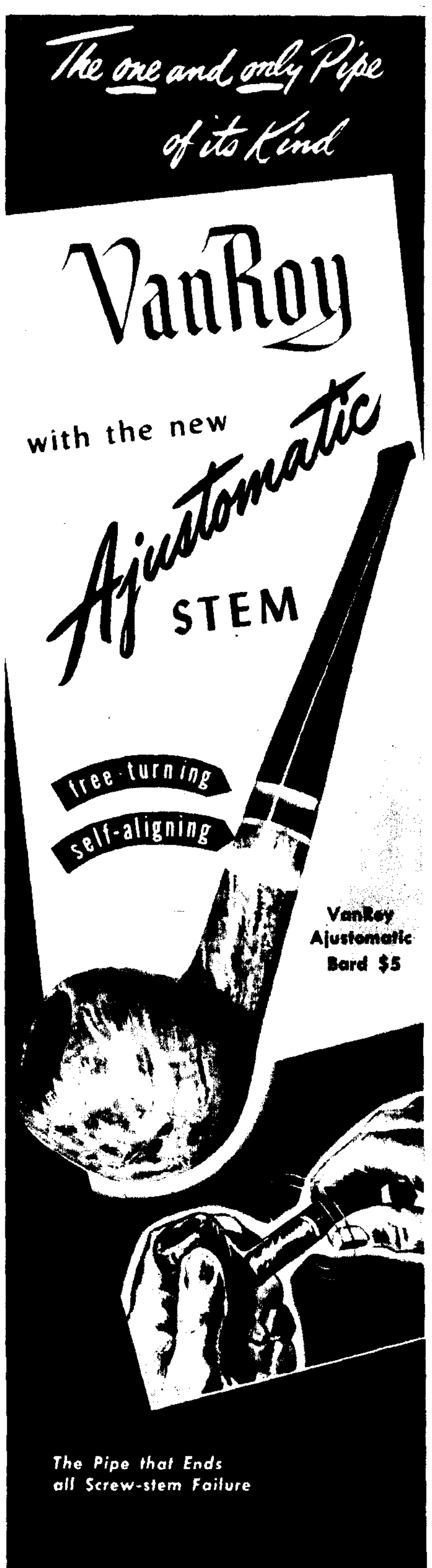
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to accept it as a natural outcome of the most recent major revolution in history and a victorious war against Communism's antithesis, Fascism.

Stettinius, during his brief tenure, was unable to do much about pulling the Department together. He found it clogged with incompetence and tethered by traditions. Had he been his own Secretary of State instead of a glorified White House clerk, and had he had the time and genius needed for the task, he might have reorganized the Department into an instrument worthy of America's new eminence in world affairs. But Roosevelt, particularly after Hull was obliged to retire because of illness, was Secretary of State as well as President. Busier than any other man since Napoleon, Roosevelt hadn't the time to ponder appointments too carefully. The result was a mild kind of chaos, with *men sitting side by side working at cross* purposes.

Roosevelt and Hull gave the Department new functions. At the President's insistence, a Division of International Labor, Health and Social Affairs was created, with men in the field to report on the activities of workers' organizations in about a score of countries. The labor attachés were to ascertain and report the sources of labor's power in their respective areas and to assess their strengths and weaknesses and analyze their objectives.

Hull, following the traditional low tariff policy of the Democratic Party, evolved the reciprocal-trade-agreements program for mutually advantageous commercial relations with the other Americas. Under Hull, the importance of economics in international relations was more fully recognized than ever before and, both inspired and supported by Roosevelt, the Department's Economic Division grew from a relative handful of economists and clerks under an Assistant Secretary to its present strength of some 600 experts under chiefs and subchiefs.

Effective Economic Weapon

An economic policy, more readily identifiable as such than our political one, began to emerge under Hull and, by the time Byrnes took over, it was a powerful weapon for expanding world trade and our share thereof, for restoring prosperity to the rest of the world and therefore ensuring our own.

Otherwise, the Department which Byrnes found was much as it had always been, largely a relic of the 19th century when relations with foreign countries were relatively simple and were concerned chiefly with negotiating treaties governing navigation, fishing and minor commercial rights and the residence, nationality and movement of immigrants. Founded by an Act of Congress on September 15, 1789, the Department was designed for an era when the world was big and so was America, and the country was concerned with the all-engaging business of growing up.

Moreover, the Europe that emerged from the Congress of Vienna in 1815 and from the wreckage that Napoleon wrought was, until 1914, relatively stable and well behaved. It was possible and perhaps even advisable in such a world to have no "entangling commitments and alliances," for the nation was secure, protected on the west and east by great, wide oceans. Canada was largely a wilderness, friendly and not a threat to America's security. The Monroe Doctrine, one of the few pieces of positive policy in our pre-World War I history, proclaimed our hegemony over the Americas south of us and was implemented by the powerful navy of Great Britain, which didn't want outsiders in Latin America any more than we did.

Any nation's foreign policy is first concerned with security—safety from physical attack. Second, it attempts to insure profitable trade—access to raw materials and to markets for surplus goods. Geography practically guaranteed 19th century America the first, and its own fabulous natural wealth precluded any great preoccupation with the second. The country's needs for imports were small and were supplied by South America, Britain and the Orient. Markets weren't a problem. America, until the turn of the century, hadn't yet matured into an industrial giant and didn't until 1914-1918.

So it was that American foreign policy evolved along negative rather than positive lines, away from entanglements rather than toward active alliances with other countries for the achievement of definite political and economic ends.

And so it was that, in spite of the first World War, which should have proved to us that the world was shrinking and isolation was no longer possible, America continued to avoid "entangling alliances." This remained a basic tenet of our foreign policy until as recently as July 16, 1937, while the devils of Fascism and Nazism stoked the fires of the hell which came only two years later.

Few men in the Department today, certainly none on Byrnes' executive team, would subscribe to isolationist philosophy. But one of Byrnes' biggest immediate tasks will be to *root out of the lower echelons of the Department* all the residual isolationists. There undoubtedly are many in the 6,800 employees on the regular service list. Policy is made at the top, but if the facts are distorted as they travel upward to the policy-makers, or if policy once made is sabotaged and perverted as it is being applied, the Department's work, no matter how well-intentioned, can be nullified.

A far more delicate and probably even more difficult job which Byrnes faces in his final reorganization of the Department will be that of dealing with the anti-Russian and Red-baiting elements in the Department and in the field—in the embassies, legations and consulates abroad. The field men—the ambassadors, ministers, consuls and the various attachés overseas—are the State Department's reporters. Their mission is to obtain information concerning the economic, political and cultural life of the country to which they are accredited and to transmit it to the Department, where others assemble and analyze this mass of material and route it to the hands of the policy-makers.

Obviously the tone and content of their reports is influenced by their personal political leanings and by their own shortcomings in education, experience and culture. Too often they obtain their information from their social equals, from the people at the top and not from those below.

In practically all countries except the most backward, like Saudi Arabia, there are now strong popular movements which seek economic and political advantages for the greatest number of people. Often those in power, with whom our ambassadors and other representatives swap dinners and the social amenities, don't represent the people at all. They characterize the leftward trends within their countries as Red and Bolshevik and often—as in Cuba and Argentina, to cite two immediate examples—attribute them to the machinations of Moscow.

State Department representatives, unable to tell a Red from a herring because their senses are atrophied by their own prejudices, cannot make unbiased, objective and otherwise efficient reporters. There are many such in the Department's foreign service, and their presence there doesn't make the task of "getting along with Russia" any easier.

Even the more conservative of the Department's top diplomats admit that the business of "getting along with Russia" (next to the United States the most powerful country in the world) is the most important single piece of work Byrnes and his associates have to do.

For its part, Russia has demonstrated a willingness to co-operate with the United States and Great Britain and China for the construction of a strong and lasting peace. It did so when it agreed to put huge sums into the common economic pot of the Bretton Woods Bank and Fund; by signing a pact with Chiang Kai-shek's China, which *practically ditched Moscow's natural allies*, the Chinese Communists; by acceding to Anglo-American objections to elections in the Balkans, which certainly would have swung to the Communists; by declaring war on Japan and otherwise fulfilling the promises of the Moscow Declaration signed in October, 1943—one of those "executive agreements" undertaken by our government without either the foreknowledge or approval of Congress.

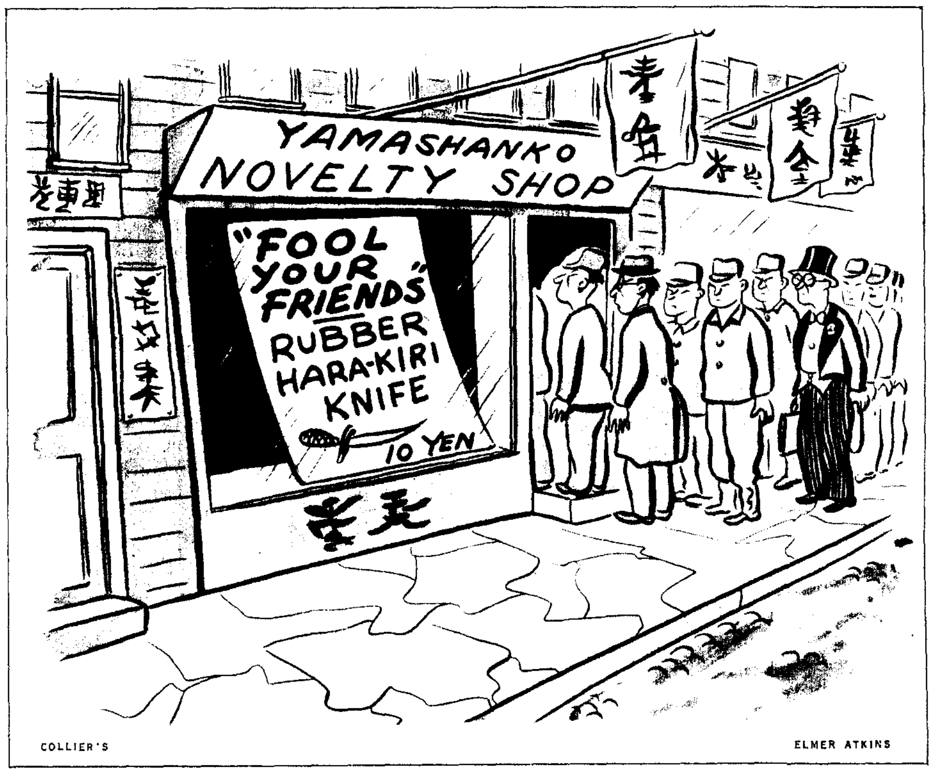
Allies in Peace as in War

At that meeting, the United States, Great Britain, China and Soviet Russia solemnly agreed to continue their wartime solidarity into peacetime. They swore never to use their weapons against one another or anyone else except to prevent small wars from becoming big ones. This was mutual recognition of the fact that none of the four major survivors of World War II was big enough to keep the peace singlehanded.

Yet there are not only anti-Russian elements within the State Department but anti-British ones as well. These are as harmful to the interests of America as the Red-baiters. Unless they are removed, American foreign policy, whose objectives, as always, are to (1) guarantee the country's safety, and (2) insure profitable trade conditions, can be defeated in spite of our economic power and military might. The prejudices and unfriendliness of our officials, if translated into policy, might cause foreign countries, yesterday's allies included, to form a coalition against us.

At Yalta, in his simple toast, Byrnes showed that he was aware of this danger when he said that he hoped the peoples of the world might grow to understand and like one another. If he succeeds in translating his hopes into the kind of overhauling the State Department needs, generations of Americans, Britons, Russians, Chinese and some 57 other varieties of humans will remember him gratefully.

THE END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The matador brings the bull's head down for the killing sword thrust

El Soldado, a famous classical fighter, signs his autograph. Below: Garza, Lorenzo the Magnificent, in his dress cape

DANGER and DEATH

BY MARGARET SHEDD

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY NELSON MORRIS AND VICTOR DE PALMA—PIX

This is picing. The matador and peons are waiting to draw the bull off

The tourist's attitude toward bullfighting usually is that it's simply a bloody spectacle which he wants to say he has seen. Actually, it is a ceremonial performance done according to tradition

ON THE opening Sunday of the Mexican summer season one of the three bullfighters got a goring, one became an overnight sensation and one had a catastrophe which probably never happened to a bullfighter before. His pants were hooked off him twice by the same bull.

If you ask a Mexican what he thought of that afternoon, first of all, and expertly, he will analyze the capework of the new sensation. Then he will detail the number and present condition of the horn trajectories in the anatomy of the wounded boy. But he will shrug off the pants episode, or apparently not remember it, although from the human angle it was far and away the most interesting event of the afternoon.

But bull-ring human interest is something different from our American kind. And the reason for this is that bullfighting is a stylized, immensely difficult performance, involving death often and danger always. Highlighted by the possibility of death, each event must occur in a traditional manner.

Anything not pertinent simply stays outside the focus of the saturated and informed attention which the regular bullfighting crowd gives the show. This crowd, made up of taxi drivers, peasants, women, children, cabinet ministers, has a reputation for being fickle, emotional and demanding. It is. But what is more striking is the crowd's technical information. It is composed of experts.

The bullfight is held on Sunday afternoon at four o'clock; and it always begins on time. It lasts two hours, and six bulls are brought into the ring one after the other, the three matadors appearing in rotation and in order of seniority. All three go in to show off at the beginning of each bull, especially if he is good, and they must all be on hand in the ring or the alley throughout the afternoon. Each bull used in the formal season costs two to three thousand pesos, or $400 to $600.

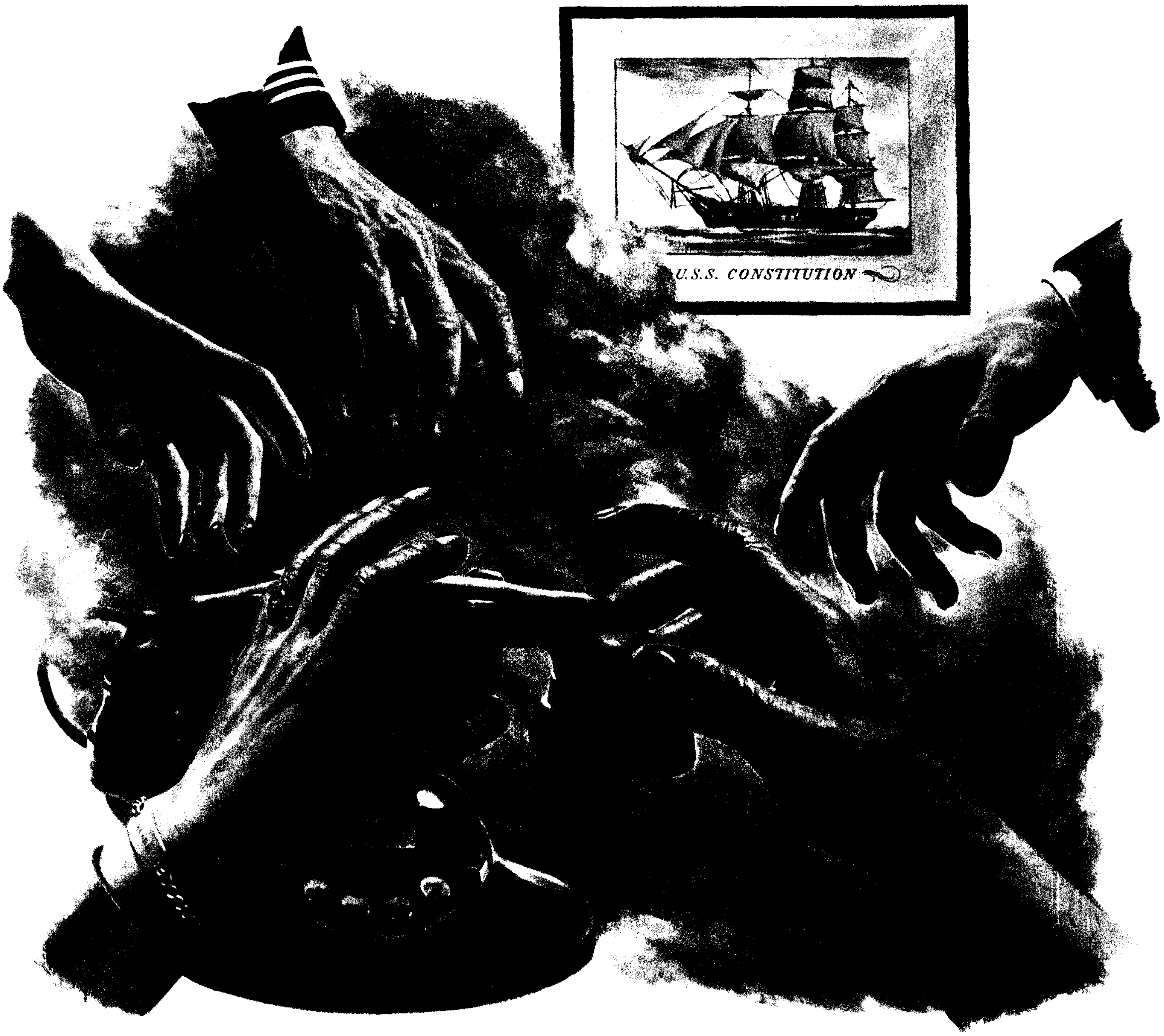
In the summer season when the boys are being tried out for the big time, the bulls are smaller, younger and cheaper. The boys are also younger and cheaper, getting from $100 to a very rare $600. But a star matador in his prime gets six thousand dollars an afternoon. His prime may last only a few seasons, rarely after he is thirty-four. Out of his fee he pays his manager ten per cent or more, pays a total of $500 to three of his five fighting staff (the management pays the other two), and until a couple of years ago he has given a large weekly bonanza to the gentleman who manipulates bull-ring press and radio. The matador's fighting suits are also a considerable item. Those imported from Spain cost $450, while the ones made in Mexico cost a little less. The matador's prestige demands that he appear in a different suit at each important fight. Also he supplies his capes and swords.

A bull is on stage fifteen minutes, and the fight is a rapid ritualistic fable of dissolution. This allegory divides itself into three parts.

There is the trial period for the matador to find out whether his bull is nearsighted or cross-eyed, what terrain he is going to pick to charge from, which horn he favors and, most important of all, whether he will follow the cape. This is when the matador shows his capework. The bull is allowed to charge freely. Sometimes a cowardly bull jumps the fence into the alley, which is thickly populated by managers, sword handlers, doctors, the press and bull-ring servants, all of whom hurriedly leap the fence into the ring, a comic reversal of roles.

The second period is when the picadors enter on horseback. Pics are spears, and they must be placed in the bull's shoulder muscle to bring the animal's head down, or a man on foot would never be able to find with

(Continued on page 95)



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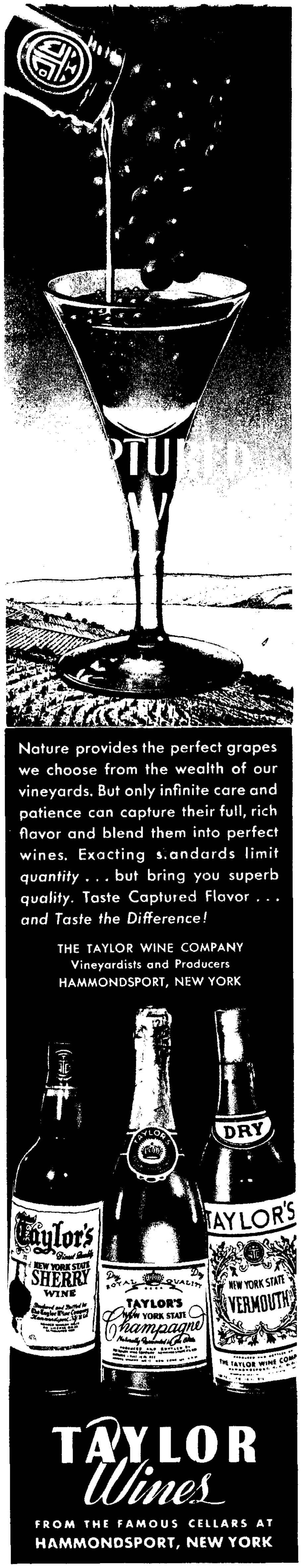

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Southward Passage

Continued from page 19

flurry of wings, they came down from the skies and built their nests, mated, and hatched their broods. Then, the hot summer sun beat down on the shallow water, and its edges receded farther and farther into the earth. The ducks and their staggering broods followed the water until a lake became a pond, and the pond a small wallow; and then the wallow disappeared and there was nothing but hard-baked, dry land.

Then pitiful migrations began. Mother ducks might easily fly to other water, but the ducklings could not leave the earth on their young, sprouting wings, so the old ducks stayed and led their broods over the baked ground in the direction of water. If water was within three miles, the waddling youngsters might make it, but there was very little water left in the vast dust-choked land. On this pathetic march they died by millions; first, the young, then the mothers who would not leave them.

It was on these findings that More Game Birds in America, Inc. advocated an extensive program in the United States and Canada for the restoration and management of the wildfowl breeding grounds. But the United States Government was in the midst of the disastrous depression of the middle 1930s, and legislation to finance this program was defeated. "Let the sportsmen pay for it," was the consensus.

In 1934, the Duck Stamp Act was passed, whereby one dollar special fee had to be paid by sportsmen wishing to hunt migratory waterfowl. Eventually, another twenty million dollars and considerable WPA and CCC labor was made available to the United States Biological Survey for wildlife restoration. The laws governing hunting became more stringent, and still the ducks did not stage a comeback.

The conservation-minded sportsmen would not throw in the sponge. There *must* be a key to the solution. There had to be! But a search for this key disclosed a startling fact.

The Foundation's report showed that more than seventy per cent of the ducks on the North American continent were produced in the Canadian prairie breeding grounds. It was from Canada that the great flyways fanned out along our Pacific Coast, past the Rockies toward Mexico, down the great Mississippi and along the curving Atlantic Coast from Maine to Florida.

And those great duck factories that held the solution to the waterfowl problem were in a neighboring country. Certainly, the United States government could not very well spend its taxpayers' money across the border. But there was no law that prohibited the taxpayers and sportsmen from sending their own money there if they so desired. And they did desire it.

More Game Birds sponsored and financed, for a three-year period, a nation-wide, nonprofit association of waterfowlers to carry out the restoration and management work in the Canadian duck-breeding areas. The name "Ducks, Limited" was suggested, but one irate member exploded, "Ducks, Limited, hell! What we want is Ducks Unlimited!" And Ducks Unlimited it became.

Millions Die at Breeding Grounds

So began the greatest and most amazing movement in the history of game restoration. The Foundation started it off with the necessary organization expenses. The initial work began with field men, surveyors and naturalists gathering additional information in the breeding areas, and the reports which they brought back were anything but cheerful. They found that drought, although the worst of the killers, was not the only one playing havoc with the ducks. Drought killed more than twenty per cent of the prospective duck population; crows and magpies, destroying eggs and killing ducklings, accounted for many more than the total bag of the duck hunters; fire accounted for another twelve per cent; pike, or jackfish (as the Canadians call them) picked off a few million more.

Then there were other minor causes like disease, ground squirrels, wolves and even Indians who found duck eggs and ducklings very palatable. In all, of a prospective hundred million ducks, seventy million died or were killed before they even left the breeding grounds. There were other factors, too, the report advised, and there were bound to be innumerable complications not yet anticipated.

Ducks Unlimited had a fight on its hands. They rolled up their sleeves and pitched into it. One of their first steps was "borrowing" Tom Main from the Canadian National Railways. Main is an engineer and water expert who probably knows the prairie country better than any other man in Canada. He became general field manager, and the work began.

Drought was the worst enemy of the ducks, so it was the first one to be attacked. The prairie and marsh country is fairly flat, and even a small dam, judiciously placed, will prevent the runoff of the early spring snow waters and flood a considerable area. The Big Grass Marsh in Manitoba, a 50,000-acre area which had become a death trap for countless ducks as it dried each year, was the first one to be reflooded. Other key points were attacked as quickly as possible and, although some large concrete dams had to be built, it was found that small earthwork dams, impounding smaller but more numerous bodies of water, were also of great help. When funds ran low (which was often) artificial sloughs were created by the simple means of a few sticks of dynamite which blasted a crater into the ground to receive and hold any seepage and rainwater.

The enthusiasm of the "duck men" was contagious. The Canadian government extended fullest co-operation. The Province of Alberta provided Ducks Unlimited with quarters, telephone, light and heat free of charge as well as free use of lands needed. The Fisheries and Game Divisions of Saskatchewan and Manitoba likewise aided in every possible way.

Canada, having suffered as much as the United States by the World War I wheat debacle, had a vast drought-control program in operation under the Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Administration. It promptly offered the management of suitable breeding areas under its control to the organization. It was not long before vast areas which had reverted to the Canadian governments when the wheat crops failed and the drought had destroyed millions of acres of land were made accessible for duck refuges through leases and easements. The Mormon Church at Cardston, Alberta, presented thirty thousand acres more. Hundreds of individuals turned over their lands for Ducks Unlimited management.

The band wagon was rolling, and the Canadians, with the true spirit of the good neighbors they are, rushed to climb aboard. Three thousand Canadians volunteered their services without pay as field observers, fire watchers and census takers. The prairie farmers threw in their lot without hesitation. The drought had hurt them financially, but they had also seen many pitiful little dramas enacted in their very yards. They had seen their own farm animals suffer and sometimes die beside the sloughs and water holes that once had contained water and were now going dry. They had seen thousands of ducks waddling helplessly over the parched prairies, searching for water that was not there. Their hay had been contaminated by the bodies of the ducks that had died.

The Farmers Help

When it was pointed out to the farmers that it would help to fence off their water holes so that cattle could go to water without trampling a lot of nests and eggs, they were ready and willing to erect the fences. It was their custom to burn over their hay lands in the spring to render them weed-free, but when the field naturalists discovered that flight birds seldom build their nests before the 20th of April, the farmers were only too glad to burn their lands before the nests had been built and the eggs laid.

Prairie fires were old enemies, and when Ducks Unlimited asked for help to prevent the annual loss of fifteen million ducks, attributed to fire, the farmers pitched into the work eagerly. They helped dig fireguards and clear trails so that they could get to the danger points quickly; they built fire towers and manned them. A prairie fire became a community affair to be met and disposed of as quickly as possible.

But the white population of Canada was not the only one whose co-operation was needed to make the duck experiment a success. The Indians also had to be won over. The Indians had been practically forced to live on duck eggs and ducklings when other means of livelihood had been wiped out by a vicious circle, not uncommon when the balance of nature has been disturbed.

It was discovered that the beaver, which once had been one of the richest assets of the northland, had been practically all trapped out. With the going of the beaver, the dams which they had built to store water eventually rotted and were washed away by the

Who's Who?

Though Shakespeare said, "What's in a name?" and meant it, authors have long chosen to write under assumed names—or have found it expedient to do so. Oddly enough, the names listed below in the left column are world-famous and yet they are in reality pen names. On the right is the column of the proper names each bore. See if you can match them. A score of 6 or over is good; 8 right suggests that you've a memory for facts; and 10-11 declares that the pen is mightier than the sword. Answers on page 95.

O. Henry	**M. Olchewitz**
George Eliot	**Samuel L. Clemens**
Dorothy Dix	**Jacques Anatole Thibault**
Voltaire	**Mrs. Stephen Townsend**
Lewis Carroll	**William Sidney Porter**
Maxim Gorki	**Mme. Dudevant**
Frances Hodgson Burnett	**Mary Ann Evans**
Mark Twain	**François Marie Arouet**
Jules Verne	**Charles L. Dodgson**
George Sand	**Aleksyey Maksimovich Pyeshkov**
Anatole France	**Elizabeth M. Meriwether**

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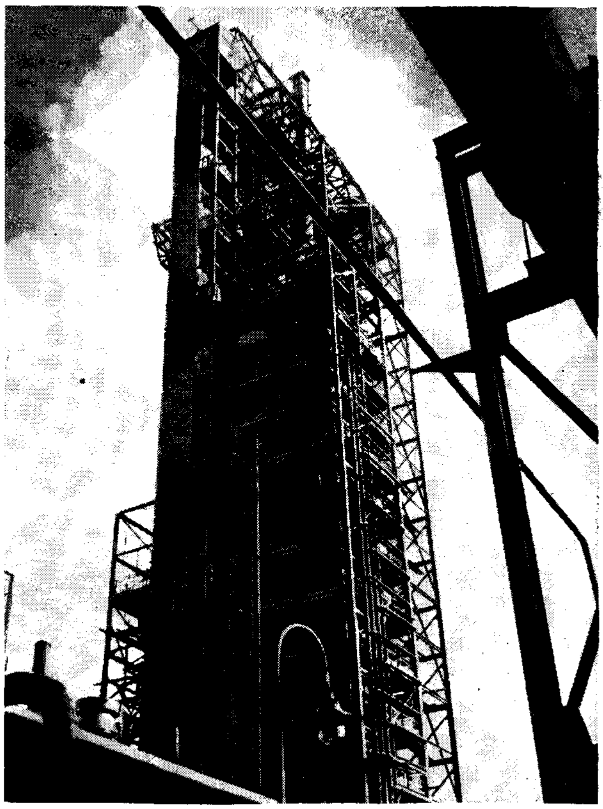

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spring thaws, permitting the water to escape, spread out, and add to the general drought. This disappearance of the beaver dams also contributed greatly to the number of fires in the north country, which in turn were responsible for the destruction of furred animals and game, which in its turn was responsible for the poverty of the Indians.

The first move was to introduce beaver into favorable locations. These animals were live-trapped in Canada and as far away as New York State, and forcibly migrated to their new homes by transport planes. The next step was to convince the Indians that marsh restoration would not only benefit the ducks but also provide breeding grounds for the muskrats, a source of income to the Indians. A big powwow was called, attended by Chief Jonas and the headmen of the Cree and Chipewyan Indians living on the Athabaska River delta of Alberta. The program for controlling drought, and its benefits to them, was outlined, and work was promised to them on the projects, with no discrimination to be made in the employment of "treaty" Indians who are full-blooded and wards of the Dominion, and "half-breeds" who, although under provincial jurisdiction, enjoy greater privileges than the full-bloods. Following the powwow, three hundred thousand acres were turned over to the management of Ducks Unlimited. It has already proved to have been a wise move for on the 50,000-acre Big Grass Marsh project alone, ten thousand surplus muskrats were trapped last spring.

The work continued with unabated enthusiasm, gathered momentum as each year showed an increase in the duck flights winging southward over the United States. The death traps of the drought-stricken marshes were slowly being reflooded, and life-giving water was being restored to the ducks, but there were still many enemies eager to destroy them.

The worst of these enemies were the crows; they destroyed over fifteen million eggs and ducklings during a single breeding season. A bounty was placed on the head of these outlaws, or, rather, on their feet. Five cents for a pair of crow's feet may not sound like much, but it helped to defray the cost of ammunition in hunting them down. The rest was sheer pleasure and revenge.

A New Type of Bounty System

But the children of the provinces wanted a share in the work of controlling crows, and, for their benefit, a new type of bounty system was introduced. For every crow's egg turned in to their teachers, the children received two cents. Instead of apples, the teachers of the prairie province were presented with over sixty thousand crows' eggs during the first year of the campaign. Some of the eggs were held back to be presented to the moving-picture theaters which accepted them for admission. Over two million crows and magpies have been accounted for.

The pike, or jackfish, that devoured more ducklings each year than the total number of ducks killed by hunters in the United States came in for their share of the blitzkrieg. The pike left the deep lakes and rivers in the early spring to spawn, and worked their way up the channels to the shallow ponds and lakes which were also ideal breeding places for ducks. Chicken wire spread across the channels kept them from reaching these places.

Another enemy of the ducks which had to be combated was a disease known as botulism, a form of paralysis which first attacks the duck at the neck. The duck is unable to hold its head above water, and drowns. It was found that the bacteria of this disease thrive at high water temperatures in stagnant water, and the general deepening of the marshes by the new dams helped to decrease it. But when an area became infected, "scare ducks" were erected to keep the birds from alighting on it until the waters could be deepened, the carcasses of the dead ducks burned, and the area made safe once more.

It was no easy task to restore the ducks. There were an infinite number of tasks to be performed, each task bringing with it its own complications. Money was often short, and although sportsmen's clubs held benefit shoots, and individuals contributed to their utmost, it was often necessary to use ingenuity instead of money to keep a project going until new funds were available. Then, war broke out once more, hitting Canada before it reached the United States.

Shouldering New Responsibilities

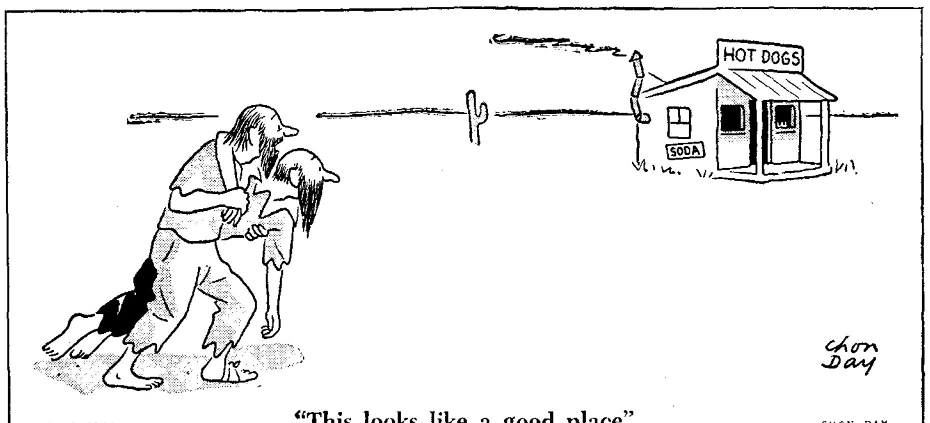
It was necessary for the Canadian government to postpone most of its domestic projects and concentrate on the new and greater enemy, and it was typical of their American cousins, the sportsmen, to show their appreciation of all the help and co-operation they had received, by continuing this project as best they could. Much of the duck restoration work was along lines similar to the work of the Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Administration, so drought areas continued to be dammed and flooded, crow bounties were continued, and fire fighting took on a deeper meaning. Every tree destroyed, every acre of land, every grain of wheat burned, was a minor battle lost.

When America joined the conflict, the greatest percentage of her million and a half duck hunters went out for bigger game on which there was no bag limit. Their financial contributions toward preserving the sport they so loved still came from the fighting fronts all over the world. But their greatest contribution was going to their country.

They crouched beside their guns and squinted their eyes up at the early morning sky and watched small dots appear, V-shaped and swift, over the horizon. They grinned a little, with the sure knowledge that they were the best antiaircraft gunners in the world. They had learned, over the marshes and the lakes and the ponds of their own home land, how to gauge speed and lead their target and when to fire. They had learned on ducks, on the living clouds that once had brushed the peaceful skies back home, and now they were shooting metal birds out of the death-swept skies over Germany and over the Pacific.

They can take this consolation to brighten their dreams of home. Something has been done about the waterfowl. Something is still being done about them. For the thirty million ducks of ten years ago have now been increased to over one hundred million. Let's hope that many will be back in time to see them winging southward this fall; if not this year then next spring, the proud V of their flight standing for a victory too . . . a victory of friendly co-operation between two neighboring countries.

THE END



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The Grenadier

Continued from page 24

As usual, the Japs were holding out in something that couldn't be demolished with a blockbuster—all concrete, sand and coconut logs, with one low, flat slit facing toward the beach. We began pouring fire at the slit, and the Jap just took his machine gun off the beach and put it on us. In a second, Viller, Puzik and Rook were down to stay. After a while, I raised my head again at a rate which seemed to be minus one mile per hour and a Jap bullet whipped over the sand and grazed my helmet.

Corning crawled a little to his right, toward me, to get a better shot at the slit. He quickly popped up his head and just as quickly his body relaxed and he slid back into the sand, face down, blood running in a quick, thin stream from under his helmet.

To my right, an M-1 rattled away and there was Smithersgreen. He wasn't hitting anything, since he was a naturally bad shot, but he kept trying. He ducked down only when a machine-gun bullet creased his helmet and spun it around on his head. As usual with him, there was little nobility in what he could do or what he could expect, but he tried very hard in his own way.

We were getting no help and it looked as if we would get none for a good long while. The Japs were making a slaughterhouse of the beach, and as the desperate minutes flew by, I began to worry about the possibility of Japs advancing from behind the dugout. There were so few of us, it seemed, and so damned many of them. I had a half-dozen grenades in my pockets and I laid them beside me on the sand. I took a few more from Corning's pockets and some from Rook's. Then I sprawled there on my side, lobbing grenades over the lip of the ridge, slowly, and, I suppose, very ineffectively. Smithersgreen sat watching me, grinning, always grinning, and every once in a while he would stick his rifle over the ridge and fire away without knowing or caring where he was shooting. It was better than nothing.

And it was better for both of us, too, that Smithersgreen did not have any grenades. In practice, he had been dangerously impartial with his grenades, flinging them here and there and at whatever suited his fancy. There was something about grenades which seemed to excite Smithersgreen, but he had absolutely no technique and he whipped them about like so many rocks. So Smithersgreen was kept from grenades much as a child is kept from matches, and the sole occasion on which I had ever seen him express the slightest resentment because of an order was when I told him he was never to use grenades. He looked at me then, silent as always, but with something very like hurt in his eyes, and slouched away.

I UNLOADED another grenade, and as my hand curved quickly through the air above the ridge, a terrible shock ran through it, as if I had just stuck my finger into a light socket. When I brought down my hand, it had a bright red, narrow channel across the palm and it was completely numb. It wasn't much of a wound but as a grenadier, I was now kaput.

"Smithersgreen," I yelled, "do you think you can throw a couple of grenades without blowing us all to hell?"

"Yassuh!" Everything in the affirmative was "Yassuh!" with Smithersgreen.

"Okay, then, Smithersgreen, start throwing!"

"Yassuh!"

Smithersgreen throwing grenades at nothing in particular is my idea of tactical imbecility, but it was interesting to watch. He cautiously lifted his head above the ridge and took a quick look. Then, awkwardly and trembling a great deal, he went into a half crouch. He rested his throwing hand, the right, against his knee and struggled to pull out the pin with his left. With a shout that sounded something like "Sunva beeyuch!" he suddenly straightened up and threw the grenade with a jerky, erratic motion.

A grenade cracks out like a whip when it explodes in the open, and I was waiting for this sound, but it never came. Instead, there was a muffled *whoomp!*

I couldn't believe my ears, but when I looked, I had to believe my eyes. Smoke was drifting from the machine gunner's slit and the gun was silent. Smithersgreen had done it.

It couldn't have been, but there it was. And there was Smithersgreen, grinning exultantly. Seeing him there with his wild mop of yellow hair falling from under his helmet into his eyes and his big, wet mouth full of yellow teeth all exposed in that cavernous grin, I knew that, at last, Smithersgreen was experiencing the savage and unforgettable joy of the victorious soldier. And, in a man like Smithersgreen, that was dangerous.

"Smithersgreen," I bellowed shakily through the racket, "you'd better get in one more." Then, hastily, when he made no move, "Just in case. . . ."

I sat down on the sand and glanced toward the beach. Our stuff was beginning to pile in now, although the machine gun on the right still was raising hell. Smithersgreen, his silly, crazy grin having faded not a whit, was hefting a grenade. There was something strikingly eloquent in the way he did it, as if to say, "Well, I'll take my time with this one." It made me feel very sorry for him. It takes so little, I reflected, to aggravate a man's vanity to the point where he will foolishly fly into the jaws of the most massive and overwhelming impossibilities. Here, this poor oaf, having been touched lightly by genuine luck for the first time in his joyless, ragged life, was attempting to repeat a feat which was accomplished against odds of, conservatively, a million to one.

Whoomp!

I NEVER in my life can remember being as stunned and witless as I was after Smithersgreen put that second grenade through the slit. As I stared over the distance of thirty yards at the wisps of filmy smoke which drifted out of the cruel-looking aperture, I was paralyzed with amazement. And yet, within me, just as it must have been with Smithersgreen, there throbbed a pulse of barbaric joy, an electric thrill which comes only when one has seen or experienced something tremendously moving.

But when I turned with a shout to Smithersgreen, the sound froze on my lips. In those pale blue eyes of his there blazed an unearthly light more insane than insanity itself, an unspeakably bright and demonic glare so devoid of anything human that before it everything withered and paled, became fixed and terrified. His face, as chalky as a skull and contorted in a quivering, twisted, wet sneer, hung over the lip of the ridge, and in that one moment he was so strange, so otherworldly and shaken by all the hates of hell, that I could not envision him as the low and impossible creature he really was. All the abuse and cruel cuts he had ever received; the many, many days when he worked alone, out of sight and forgotten; the nights he stumbled, shocked and friendless, through blazing mists of alcohol; all the misunderstandings, hunger, shyness, slavish labor, unkindnesses, catcalls and cold, unfeeling exclusion from common gatherings, all these now were fused in a molten look of devilish loathing.

I was so terrified and sickened by what I saw that I could do little but stare at him, and it seemed long before I brought myself to move; the pain of my hand, perhaps, irritated me into action.

I picked up the last of the grenades and handed it to Smithersgreen. That look slowly, reluctantly disappeared inward, clouded over by his return to reality, and was replaced by cold inquiry. As idiotic as he was, there was something very cool and masterful in Smithersgreen's gaze as he unsmilingly accepted the grenade.

And quickly, unerringly, miraculously heaved it through the black slit.

Dimly, behind me, I could hear Major Grunck screaming, "Okay, okay, let's get that Goddam' tank over here. This dugout needs knockin' out!"

I was quick to reach Major Grunck. "Sir," I said, "no need for a tank over here, I don't think. Smithersgreen just put three grenades into the dugout."

Either Major Grunck didn't know Smithersgreen or he hadn't carefully looked over

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the situation. At any rate, he just clapped his hands sharply, barked, "Great work, men!" and was off to wheel a column around, or something.

It was different, however, when the colonel heaved into view. A flame thrower had just worked over the dugout, in which six dead Japs were found, and there was no connecting tunnel found in the rear. The colonel, who had expected this landing to be a fairly simple operation, had been worrying about the dugout on the left and still was worrying about the one on the right. Now, he was so relieved to see just one thing going well that he had come to offer his personal congratulations.

"Sergeant," he roared, "you did a wonderful job. Knocking out that machine gun meant everything to us."

"There's only one man to thank, Colonel . . . Smithersgreen."

"Smithersgreen? Excellent! Excel . . . SMITHERSGREEN!" The colonel halted abruptly, his face suffused with outrage or incredulity, I couldn't tell which.

The colonel walked past Smithersgreen, who stood shyly and silently by, gulping and grinning his big, sloppy grin. The colonel looked at the dugout. Then he walked back to me, refusing to recognize Smithersgreen's presence by so much as a glance.

"How did he do it?" the colonel demanded sternly.

"With grenades, sir. Three of them. From there." I pointed right to the spot on which Smithersgreen was standing.

The colonel looked at Smithersgreen's feet but not at Smithersgreen. Then he gauged the distance to the dugout. Then he looked at Smithersgreen.

"I-M-M-M-POSSIBLE!" he bellowed.

"But he did, sir," I yelled, hotly. "I thought it was impossible, too, but I saw him do it with my own eyes!"

"Smithersgreen," said the colonel, "come here!"

Still grinning and gulping, Smithersgreen stepped forward in a reasonably smart manner, although he was patently nervous.

"Smithersgreen," said the colonel, as quietly as was possible in that racket, "is all this true?"

"Yassuh!"

"You put those three grenades in there?"

"Yassuh!"

"Yourself?"

"Yassuh!"

"Unaided?"

"Suh?"

"I said, without help?"

"Yassuh!"

"From where you were just standing?"

"Yassuh!"

With each successive question, the exalted shriek of Smithersgreen's voice mounted and an increasing agitation was set up in his limbs until he fairly danced with joy. Where before he was aflame with hate and madness, he now was responding to recognition by the gods, the most infallible and omnipotent of whom now stood before him, helmet tipped back, cheek smudged and eagles glittering. Smithersgreen's eyes, the bright focus of his soul and all his violently emotional being shone with the divine fire of the supremely happy. It was the first time in his life Smithersgreen ever had stood before a person of higher authority without having to explain guilt or hear sentence.

The colonel came a step closer to Smithersgreen and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Son," he said, and I thought he said it somewhat sadly, "I want to thank you. You did a superb job."

IN THE days that followed, Smithersgreen's stature rose at such an astonishing rate that it was akin to complete metamorphosis. It was almost as if Smithersgreen had emerged, butterflylike, from a cocoon. His name spread from company to company within the regiment, then to the other infantry regiment, and even to the division which had landed on Blue Beach farther down the coast.

Smithersgreen's fame was given impetus, found voice in every tongue, when, after knocking out that first dugout, he went on to perform similar miracles on pillboxes, caves and other positions as we pushed into the hills. There was just nothing that Smithersgreen could not do with a grenade. This secret talent which had erupted so spectacularly on the beach was so remarkable, his arm so unerring, that he came to be regarded first as a wonderful freak, then as a half-wit touched by something divine, then as a great soldier.

We had just reached the foothills of Kulangi and were setting up a perimeter one fast-darkening night, when the colonel appeared.

"Sergeant," he said, "I'm going to take Smithersgreen away from you. My plan is this: to keep him with me at the regimental command post and to send him out whenever we run into trouble and he can be used. He'll be a sort of, well, trouble shooter, you might say. Tell him to get his gear together and be at the CP early tomorrow morning."

This was the sparkling crown for all Smithersgreen's achievements. When I drew Smithersgreen aside and relayed the colonel's order, I could hear him gulping in the dark. It took him long minutes to grasp the significance, so tremendous to him, of the compliment the colonel was paying him. When it began to flicker through his bird brain, he said, over and over, "Goddayum! Me? Goddayum!"

The colonel came to believe so fanatically in Smithersgreen's flawless arm that he drove the poor fool to the limit calling upon him to perform the same unbelievable task he had performed that day on the beach. There were, however, two important differences. First: Whereas I had challenged Smithersgreen to do the impossible, the colonel ordered him to do it, the connotation being that punishment and disgrace would follow failure. Second: Although I never expected Smithersgreen to repeat against such blackly discouraging odds, the colonel demanded that he repeat, not once, but once a day.

THE day after Smithersgreen had taken care of the dugout on the beach, a war correspondent collared him with the idea, naturally, of getting the story directly from the hero himself. But the correspondent hadn't reckoned on Smithersgreen's innate modesty. Smithersgreen creased his face in a wet smile, scratched his mop and muttered, "Goddayum! Me? Goddayum!" The correspondent patiently tried to wrestle a few facts from Smithersgreen, but after a few minutes, he put his notebook back in his jacket and moved off.

I caught him by the arm. "Wait a minute," I said, "I'll tell you what you want to know. I was there." I pulled him a little to one side, out of earshot. "I want you to get me straight," I said. "I'm not looking for any publicity. It's just that Smithersgreen is so damn' dumb that he has to be helped along sometimes, and that's what I want to do now. I'd like to see that he gets all the credit he has coming to him."

The correspondent once more pulled out his notebook and right there began a series of legends that will live as long as there is a United States Army. It was all truth; there never was any need to exaggerate Smithersgreen's competence with a grenade. After I told the correspondent the story, I brought him back a quarter of a mile along the trail to the dugout and pointed out the spot where Smithersgreen had crouched when he threw the grenades.

The correspondent himself was amazed at Smithersgreen's marksmanship and, after he had taken all of his notes, he chased down a photographer who posed Smithersgreen at the ridge, crouched, grenade at the ready. The photographer kept shouting, "Close your mouth! Close your mouth!" and every time he shouted, poor Smithersgreen would turn his head around and grin fluidly. After this happened a few times, the photographer, an impatient, cocky little guy, said, "Nah! Nah! Nah! Look. Go into your crouch, see? Like this. So." He bent Smithersgreen over and pulled back his right arm. "Now keep looking toward the dugout, or pillbox or whatever it is. That's right. And look—*close your mouth.* Close it. Like this." He reached up and with index finger and thumb pressed together Smithersgreen's moist, livery lips. This drew a big laugh from a gang of men who were standing around. The photographer cracked wise a couple of times as he backed off to get the range for the picture and these were good for a laugh. A very,

very funny fellow. He was about to speak again when he saw Smithersgreen glaring at him in hot rage and, knowing at last that even a moron has a limit, he shut up.

After he took a few pictures, I walked up to him. "Have a lot of fun?" I asked.

"Yeah," he said. "That's a hell of a hero you got there."

"Yeah, and it's a hell of a way to treat one, too."

The photographer looked up at me sharply, then over to Smithersgreen who was in no jolly mood.

"Lot of bad feeling all around, eh?" He was trying to be smooth, but he wasn't very convincing.

"Yes," I said, "and there's going to be a hell of a lot more if you don't drag out of here in a hurry."

I DIDN'T see much of Smithersgreen in the next few weeks, just glimpses of him tagging around after the colonel or at work on a special job to which the colonel had assigned him. Since I was on patrol most of the time exercising my own drab, everyday talents, I didn't have much of a chance to watch the famous fellow, but I heard a lot about him.

Particularly after the time he landed three grenades out of five in a machine-gun nest fifty yards up the side of a cliff. I ran into Captain Moody, whose company had taken a beating from that cave nest, and he said Smithersgreen's performance was the most incredible thing he ever hoped to see. Moody knew Smithersgreen from way back. "What do you say we make a trade?" he used to say to me. "Second Lieutenant Witherup for Smithersgreen and five third basemen." Now, Moody was a Smithersgreen fan, after a fashion.

"You ought to see him now," said Moody, delightedly. "He's quite the professional, quite the artist.

"That woodpecker had been holding us down for two hours when I sent for Mr. Smithersgreen. He arrived briskly on the scene, if you can imagine him being brisk about anything, and he looked around him and up at the cave, darting his head this way and that, all the while rubbing his hands and cracking his fingers vigorously, like a pianist limbering up for an important concert. Then he called for grenades.

"He took up a position on a flat patch of ground near a big rock, and now he was a major-league pitcher. He hitched up his pants, hefted the grenade, looked all around, knowing that we were watching him very hard from behind the trees and rocks and brush. The woodpecker let go a burst that sent the rock chips flying, but it never bothered him a bit. He just glared up at the cave like a World Series pitcher giving the eagle eye to a batter who is going to make or break the game.

"Then," continued Moody, leaning forward intently, "before each pitch, he actually wound up. *Wound up!* He had a nice, smooth delivery and he let the grenade go with an artistic little flip of the wrist. His follow-through was very nice, very nice.

"It was an impressive thing to see.

"And I want to tell you something." Moody's big, red face grew very serious and he tapped me on the knee. "I don't know what he's got, but he believes in it very strongly. There's no downing him, no getting him flustered.

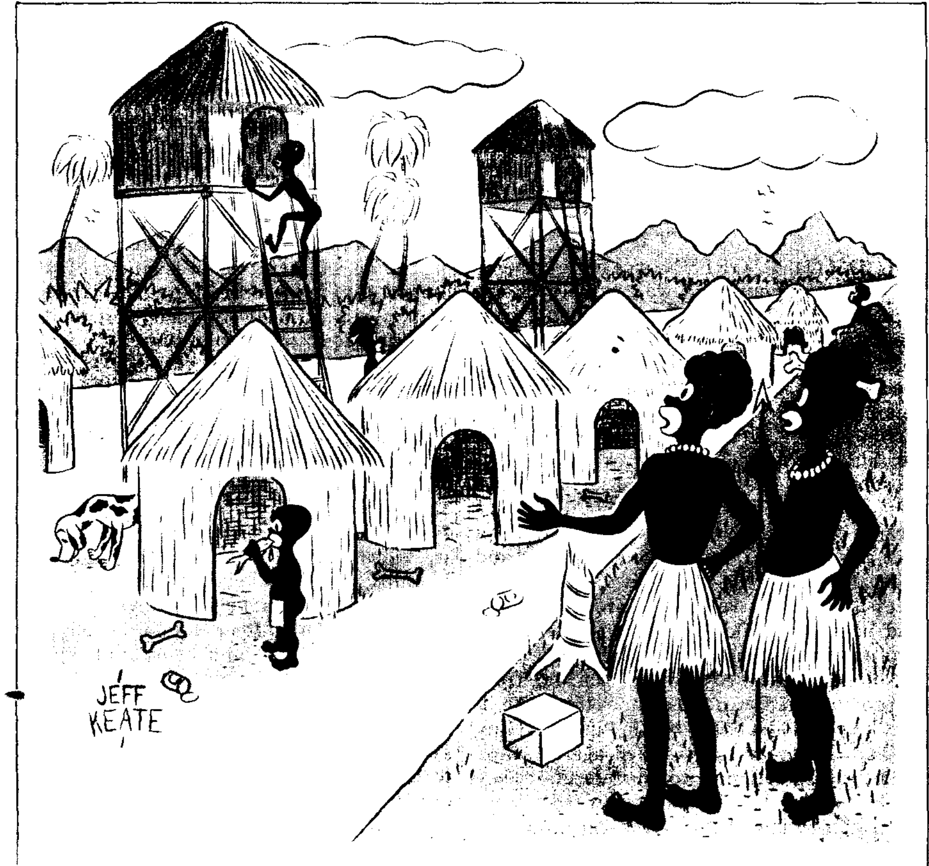
"The first two grenades didn't connect. He missed with the first one by about two yards, and he was wider with the second. We got sort of uncomfortable. 'Is he cracking up?' we asked ourselves. 'Is the old soupbone finally wearing out?' From deep in the woods somewhere, some loudmouth yelled, 'Back to the minors, hayseed.' It was a pretty bad minute for Smithersgreen. But he just looked over his shoulder with a sneer, like a high-class major-leaguer toning down a wise punk in the stands. After that, he put three grenades up into that cave so fast that we didn't even have time to get out from under the rocks.

"But then," Moody's face changed from serious to funereal, "he spoiled it all. After he pitched the third grenade into the cave, he pointed to it, laughed like a maniac and screamed, 'Looky thar!' All of us were excited as hell over what he had done and we were about to give him a big cheer, but when that happened we just stopped short and laughed fit to bust a gut.

"It could have been a pretty wonderful moment."

ABOUT a month after Smithersgreen had begun to establish himself as just about the most phenomenal man in the Army, the great man himself sought me out. Despite his success and accompanying notoriety, he still approached me with a sort of cap-in-hand attitude. I was sighing over my K-rations at the side of the trail one noon when Smithersgreen came up and said, "Howdy, Sergeant," nodding his head in the manner of faithful old Rastus bowing to the Massa.

I told him to sit down. "Want something to eat?" I asked him. Smithersgreen shook his head and, still shaking it, drew from his jacket a very carefully folded oilskin packet. From this he extracted a newspaper clipping



COLLIER'S "Three months ago this was just a B-29 runway" JEFF KEATE

* © 1945
*Reg. T.M.

"NIX, NIX!"... said MR. HICKS

"That's not the drink I asked you to mix.
I want a cocktail smooth and mellow
Made of rum that's *rich*, dear fellow!"

"SURE, SURE, for a connoisseur
I have a rum that's really pure
Delight! Absolutely the peak o' flavor
Here, try it—it's Ronrico, neighbor!"
Hicks sipped, then said, "No doubt about it!
Never again will I be without it!
Ronrico, eh? That's a famous name—
I'm on my way for a bottle of same!"

BEST RUM BAR NONE* RONRICO

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GRAVY MASTER 15¢ MAKES GRAVY MEN LIKE!

Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

THE NEWS
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spread the news near & far!

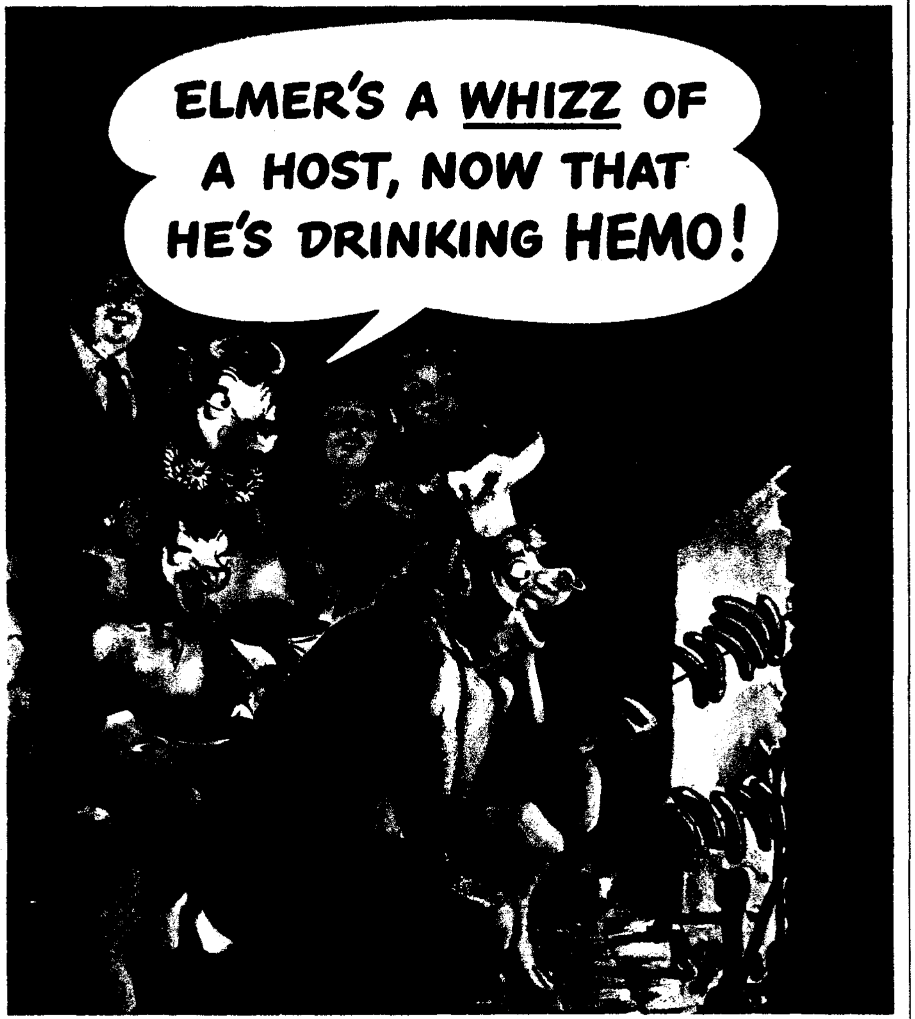
ace combs of hard rubber *will be back again*

HAIRWAYS

This seven-foot Watussi chief has a hairway to make him even taller. In our country we like the modern way, the "JERIS-WAY." To have easy to comb, well-cared-for hair, free from loose dandruff, massage your scalp daily with

JERIS HAIR TONIC *corrects loose dandruff*

AT DRUG COUNTERS AND BARBER SHOPS


ELMER'S A WHIZZ OF A HOST, NOW THAT HE'S DRINKING HEMO!

Zip up with delicious vitamin-rich HEMO!

Why not get some fun out of life? After all, you *should* have some pep for play when work is done!

But to have get-up-and-go you must get *enough* vitamins! And 3 out of 4 of us may not be getting enough with our meals!

And what do you do to help guard against "lack" of vital vitamins everybody needs every day? . . . Supplement your meals with glorious, *"milk-chocolate"* flavored HEMO!

HEMO is vitamin-rich! Mineral-rich! Rich in body-building proteins, too! And the grandest-tasting chocolaty drink you ever set lips to!

Just 2 glasses of *"milk-chocolate"* flavored **HEMO** made with milk supply your **ENTIRE DAY'S NEEDS**—according to government standards—of all the vitamins and minerals listed in the chart. *Count 'em!* Yet the full-pound jar of **HEMO** costs just 59¢ at grocery or drug stores.

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HEMO made with *hot* milk, for a good start.

SNACK TIP:
HEMO made with *cold* milk, a great food drink *any* time.

"LULLABY" TIP:
Relax over a steaming cup of luscious HEMO.

EACH GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:

The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!
PLUS
The Vitamin B_1 in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!
PLUS
The Vitamin B_2 (G) in 4 servings of spinach!
PLUS
The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!
PLUS
The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots!
PLUS
The Iron in ½ pound of beef!
PLUS
The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!

© Borden Co.

Borden's Hemo

Vitamins in a drink that's a treat!

which, with much shy gulping and grinning, he handed over to me.

It was Smithersgreen's link to immortality. There was his picture—as good a picture as there possibly could be—and there was the story of his first great achievement. The clipping was out of a New York paper, no less, and for the first time, I learned the correspondent's name, Harold Knapp. He had written a long story, or maybe it just seemed long. At any rate, it made me feel very good to see that he had hewn close to the facts, hadn't attempted to make a princely creature out of Smithersgreen and yet hadn't cheapened him with the ugly pseudoanalytical writing some like to call realistic.

Reading that story was a revelation to me. Here were only the facts of Smithersgreen's contribution to the battle. The account dealt only with Smithersgreen's actions, not with what he was to the rest of the regiment. It said nothing of his slobbery grin or shambling manner or shrieking, crazy laugh; his dull, uncomprehending, infuriating way when he was wrestling with something which, to him, was involved; or the bitter, heartbreaking loneliness forced upon him when he had first come among us.

The story told, merely, of the bravery and expertness in battle of a soldier who had contributed greatly to the measure of his regiment's success and in so doing had saved probably a great many lives. The cold clarity of the story, the detachment with which it was written, for the first time made me look upon Smithersgreen objectively, and I felt very, very proud of him.

"Dammit, Smithersgreen," I said, gulping a little myself, I'm afraid, "you've become famous. Do you know what? You're as famous as Kelly and Bulkeley and Basilone and O'Hare all put together with Bong thrown in for good measure and Powers to tie them up. And we're proud of you, proud as hell. I mean it."

Smithersgreen's grin reached almost to his ears. He retrieved his clipping with trembling fingers and carefully, lovingly, put it back in the oilskin packet, then with another Rastus nod, he was up and off.

He had gone only a few feet when a suspicion darted through my mind. As I watched him scuffle down the road, I tried to nail down the idea that was chasing around inside my skull and get rid of it, but I couldn't. I jumped up. "Hey, Smithersgreen," I shouted. "Come back." He about-faced quickly and slouched back. He had about him no appearance or air of inquiry; he was like a robot, at times, controlled by grooved impulses.

"Come here, Smithersgreen. Sit down."

He sat down and I sat down beside him.

"Look, I want to ask you a question. And I want you to promise not to get mad at me. Promise?"

Smithersgreen jerked his head up and down in assent.

"Smithersgreen," I asked, as kindly as I could, "can you read that damn' clipping?"

He looked down at a tuft of grass between his feet, not ashamedly but shyly, and whispered, "Nope."

SO SMITHERSGREEN once more brought out his clipping and we sat there by the roadside in the shade of a bluff, and I read aloud to him the story of his own greatness. I read it slowly, looking up now and then to see if he was getting it. As I read on, his body trembled and his eyes, those remarkable and terrible eyes, flared with bright and unmistakable ecstasy. Thinking back on it, it almost seemed as if I could hear the poor bastard's soul fluttering through the air. I was to read many more clippings to him before it was ended, by the sides of roads and footpaths, on river banks and under shade trees and on the running boards of trucks, and never once did he fail to respond with that imprisoned and gigantic passion.

Still, his relations with the men, far from improving, had worsened, and this time it was he who balked; the baffling inscrutability he had developed now worked against those who had forced him to nurture it. They spoke to him: he did not answer. They invited him to join them as they sat around in broken groups, their mess kits on their laps: he shook his head and moved away. They greeted him on the road or waved to him from a distance: he was silent and kept his greetings to himself. His mute, painful aloofness now was so powerfully expressed that the men came to despise him; they glared at him as he shuffled past and went white-faced with rage when his name was mentioned.

"That *bastard!*" they snarled, slamming home the ugly word with all the vehemence at their command. "He's lucky with a few lousy grenades, and now he won't even speak to us. Won't even *speak* to us! Well, he can't last forever. Some day he'll start easing up . . . and that's the day we're waiting for. Let's see if he speaks to us *then!*"

It was a hateful, saddening thing.

KULANGI was a great deal like hell, except that it went straight up instead of straight down, and so was that much tougher. The Japs had damn' near all their artillery on Udengue concentrated in the upper reaches of Kulangi, which was topped by a round, green knob; they had so much fire power concentrated there that we had only to probe the Knob, just touch it lightly with a patrol, and the whole green, stinking thing would explode into shattering geysers of steel and fire. They were taking a terrible toll, but there was no backing down. And it was there, on the Knob, that the legend of Smithersgreen began to dissolve.

It was Smithersgreen, more than anything or anybody else, who had brought us that far. The caves of Kulangi and the rat tunnels that honeycombed the Knob were made to order for a man of his talents. He could crawl where a 155 couldn't be hauled; he could pitch a grenade with the mechanical perfection of a mortar, but he was ten times better than a mortar, because it took only one man to operate Smithersgreen and he didn't have to be sighted in. He was his own rangefinder, his own computer, his own spotter, his own crew, and he killed Japs with a thoroughness that knew no refinements and a blank, unfeeling hardness that made him trudge and toss, accurately, devastatingly, day after day. The colonel continued to drive him mercilessly and even sulked when poor Smithersgreen could not accomplish the precise impossibility in precisely the time demanded.

In eight weeks of fighting, from Red Beach along the trail to the foothills of Kulangi, then up to the Knob, Smithersgreen had worked desperately and unselfishly, with never a murmur of complaint, until his steps dragged even more than ever and he grew pale with exhaustion and the constant, unpitying pressure exerted upon him. He often went without food and once it was discovered accidentally, but only accidentally, that he had been kept going at such a frenzied pace that the poor fool had had only one meal of C-rations in two days.

The colonel could not seem to realize that the mechanism which governed Smithersgreen's fabulously accurate arm was delicate, even fragile. He envisioned Smithersgreen only as a long, bony flail capable of revolving in an endless series of perfect and annihilating throws. The measure in which the colonel and the entire regiment came to depend on Smithersgreen was fantastic; it ballooned until it was so entirely out of proportion, so monstrously lopsided, that to think of it now is to shudder in disbelief.

Smithersgreen was the very last to realize that the unseen, exquisitely delicate coil within him had been wound too tightly and now was broken. Slowly, as I read the clippings fed to him by the division public relations officer, he came to know that in the States he had become a great name. Half a dozen other correspondents had come to see him in action while we were still in the foothills, and although Smithersgreen never actually became publicity-greedy in the sense that a more normal man would, his clippings were, to him, food and drink and all that was needed to sustain life.

He could not grasp the full picture of his own greatness, but, bit by bit, he became aware that he was well known in New York, New Orleans, San Francisco, in hundreds of towns and dozens of states he had rarely heard of and whose existence he could only dimly comprehend. Everywhere, I told him, everywhere a paper was published or a radio tuned in, he was known and admired. I told him of how people read about him in subways, on trains, in limousines, in restaurants and bars, in homes rich and poor, and how his name was carried everywhere, was on every tongue. He listened intently, his eyes bright with hunger and inquiry, and he asked me shyly, pleadingly, painfully, if I thought they knew about him in Carvers Wells, Tennessee.

Of course they do, I told him, of course they know you in Carvers Wells, Tennessee; and I've often wondered since then, I've wondered a thousand times, if they really did.

Smithersgreen's collapse was sudden, complete and wholly without the nobility that sometimes accompanies a spectacular failure. There was a simplicity about it that was merciless and degrading.

He was sent out one day to clean out a cave, one of the hundreds that formed a ring around the base of the Knob, and on this day the intricately delicate mechanism of his arm refused to function properly. As the sweating, battered men behind him grew more impatient, more uneasy, Smithersgreen lobbed grenades at a pace which quickened with desperation. After it became apparent to him that he was through, at least for the day, he turned his back on the cave and threaded his way through the crouching men. His face was white with shock and the slowly dawning discovery of his own impotence. He was trembling visibly and great rivulets of sweat dripped from his face.

IT WAS the same the next day, the next and the next. At the regimental command post, they watched Smithersgreen humbly approach the colonel to ask for "Jes' one more chancet," and they turned away from the broken, suffering creature, themselves sick with sympathy. For no one turned against Smithersgreen except, possibly, the colonel, and he was more baffled than angry. Even the men who had waited so hungrily for the day when Smithersgreen no longer was capable of sustaining his drunken pace; even those who had cursed his aloofness and trembled inwardly with loathing at the very sight of him now prayed in their hearts for the restoration of his strange and singular talent.

It was the vision of Smithersgreen's agony that cut away the cancer of their hate. In a few days, he grew as pale as death; his nights were sleepless and he spent long hours sitting on a rock with a blanket over his head, smoking one cigarette after another. His dark-circled eyes, even from a distance, burned in an anguish without name or limit. He had about him, in those last few days, the haunted and unearthly look of the totally deranged; it was impossible to meet his smoldering, sightless stare or offer a word of encouragement in the face of his agonized loneliness. Men who had borne with fortitude the tormented moans of dying friends now looked at Smithersgreen and felt the fear of the unknown plucking at their souls. They began to speak of sending him back.

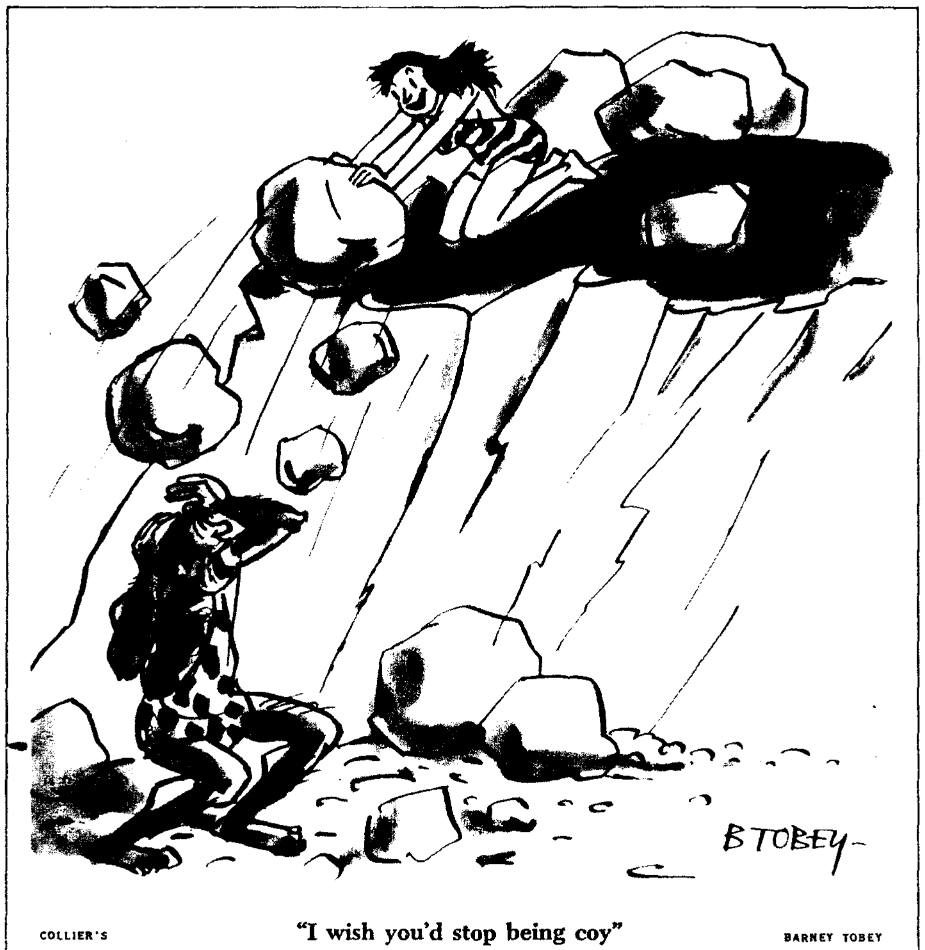
And now, when the hearts of all were with him and the men snarled at themselves for having let him pass without a word of encouragement, now he was more apart, more alone than ever. He became, in his cruel decline, untouchable, unapproachable.

I saw him once, standing on a rock and looking up into the caves at the base of the Knob. He had reason to think he was alone and unobserved, for it was evening and the rest of us had dug in for the night. Storm clouds had gathered in the west and now he was fixed against the dark and scowling sky. He stood very still, his eyes upraised, like a child in a dream. The breeze stirred his lank, fair hair, passing it across his brow, and the bony structure of his pain-battered face in the late evening light was craglike, even powerful. I could think then, as I watched him, only of a prophet to whom eloquence had been denied and who had exiled himself to desolation and eternal loneliness; an ancient, long-forgotten strength lay in this child, whose mind was lost among the clouds. Suddenly, as I watched, his entire body was shaken by a convulsive, shuddering sigh and he turned away.

The next morning, as he dragged himself listlessly along a footpath from the regimental command post, an M-1 tucked in the crook of one arm, a sniper put a bullet through his head and he was gone. His body was quickly recovered; he was brought down the sheer side of Kulangi, spirited into the earth with a quickly whispered prayer, and his tortured eyes and gangling frame, his shock of yellow hair and loose, wet mouth were gone from the earth forever.

Word of his death shot from mouth to mouth, from unit to unit. By nightfall, every man on Udengue knew that Smithersgreen was dead. And among us, among those who had known him from the beginning until the end, when falling clods of earth blotted him from sight, a strange and terrible thing happened: we became happy, all at once, happier than any man among us could remember, and we were, all of us, happy for him.

THE END



COLLIER'S "I wish you'd stop being coy" BARNEY TOBEY

...Now that he's back–

People who knew him before seem puzzled, and say "Changed a lot, hasn't he?"... Hell's bells! Nobody wears wings and rank for three years, earns an Air Medal with clusters and a stack of service stripes on his sleeve, and comes back the old pre-war model . . . It's going to take time to make him a civilian.

People who know him say "Doesn't seem very happy to be home, does he?" . . . Well he isn't, yet. He's harrassed with a set of habits that don't fit. His clothes seem too loose. Little decisions, such as picking a necktie, ordering a lunch, doing this or that first—all bother him. His sleep is sometimes broken by some not very nice dreams. He bounces awake in the dark at 3:30 a.m., all set for something big to happen. He's lonesome, misses the old gang, the old grooves.

Getting the name on the dotted line, checking a shop schedule, clearing up the correspondence before noon, revising the estimate for the new account, meeting Mr. Whoozis at 3:15, finding out what the Soandso Company is doing . . . seem pretty unimportant scaled up against his late assignments. The new job is bound to seem a little tame. And old bits of unfinished business, voices and faces of missing men, the friends who will never come back, give him some very bad moments from time to time...

All he needs is time. He has given a lot of time to do the toughest kind of a job, for all of us. He deserves the time he needs to readjust, to slow down to normal living. He's worth waiting for—because these fellows who did their fighting in the air were the best the country could find, the best any country could have, the peak of national manpower. Business, the country, the future needs them. And time and understanding are all they need!

THIS company presumes to speak in behalf of returned airmen because we know them. It was our privilege to make most of the aircraft engines which trained the bomber pilots. The training program established the Jacobs as one of the best aircraft engines in the world, capable of delivering more flight hours with less maintenance than any other plane engine.

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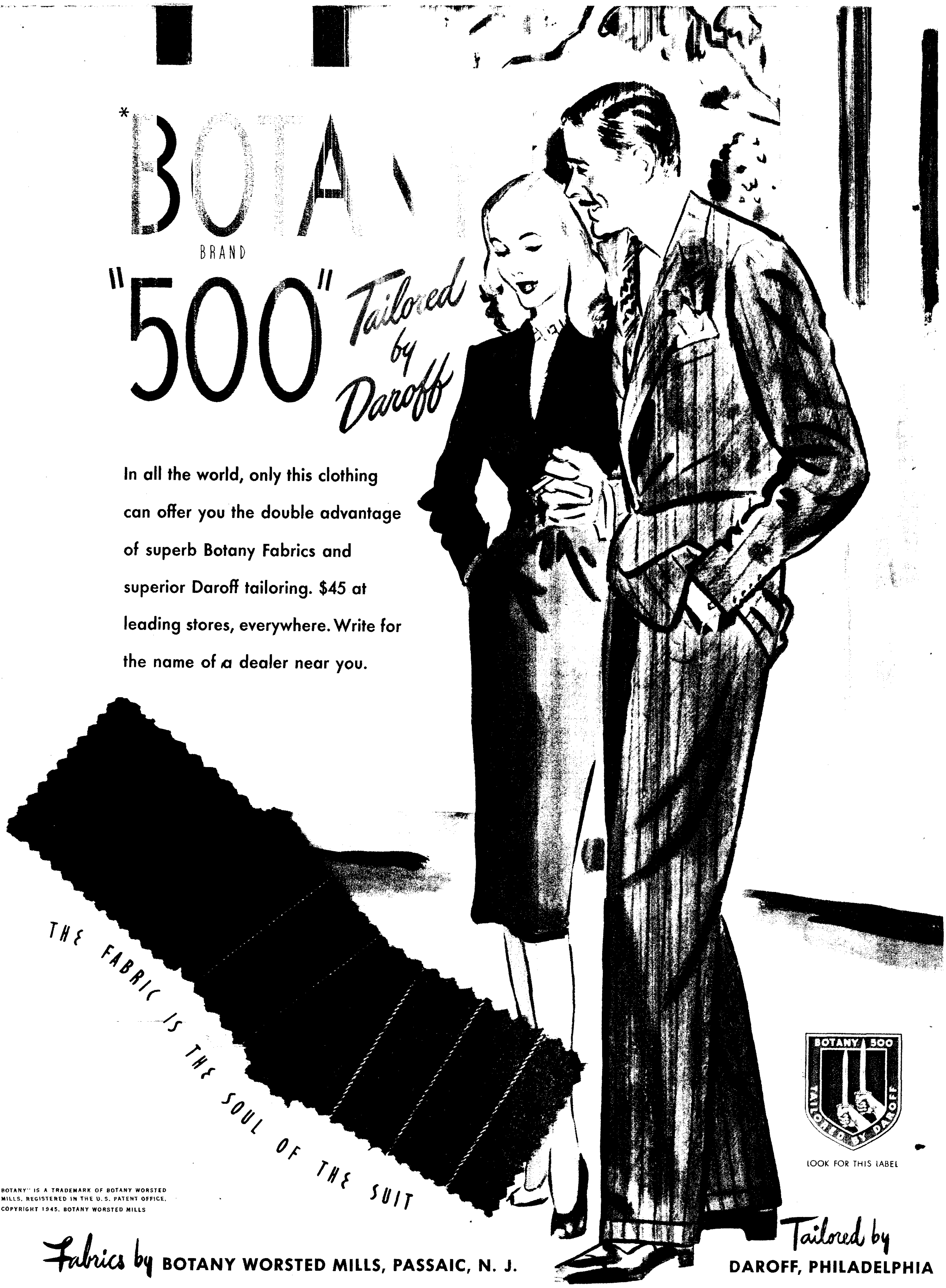
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Danger and Death

Continued from page 84

his sword the one vulnerable spot in the bull's vertebrae. The bull must charge the horse. If he refuses to do so up to the third piccing, the judge can send the bull out. This seldom happens.

Also in the Mexico City plaza few horses are killed because they are armored on one side. They are also blindfolded on that side, and their fright is horrible. If wounded they are not killed unless it is certain they cannot be patched up. A horse may last two seasons. This is all very ugly, and I have never got used to it. The crowd, however, is not aware of the horses or their misery; that is the simple truth.

On the other hand the placing of the *banderillas*, barbed arrows used in pairs, is a beautiful sight, like flying, with the raised arms and arrows for wings. This can be done by the matador's assistants, called peons, but in Mexico the crowd usually demands that the matador himself do it.

It involves getting the bull to charge without using a cape to attract him, then running toward him on an arc which will take you away after the arrows are placed in the animal's shoulders. It is probably not seemly for a woman to describe the technique, as the only women I ever saw do it were an all-female team which fought on Mother's Day and which failed so miserably that some of the bulls had the arrows in their hind quarters. Conchita Citron, the great woman matador who fights Portuguese style, does it from horseback; thus avoiding the ridiculous spectacle of a woman in tight trousers running.

After the banderillas, the drums roll for the third and last period. Matador and bull are left alone in the ring to bring the cycle to a close. The man exchanges the cerise and yellow cape for the small red muleta, concealing a sword. The end is death, but good killing (matador means killer) is rare. Death confronts the man himself when he leans over the horns to put the sword in that certain place between the vertebrae. There is no other way to do it and there is no rehearsal. Every boy child in Mexico practices capework and footwork from the day he can walk. But it is not until he is in the ring that he can practice with a sword. Many matadors, brave otherwise, are simply too cautious or too frightened to kill properly.

This may explain the peon, that ubiquitous assistant who must do everything in the ring except kill, who never gets any glory but without whom even a good matador is lost. An American seeing a fight for the first few times can hardly distinguish between the star and his peons, for they are dressed alike, except that the star wears a pigtail or at least a long lock of hair rolled up at the nape of the neck, and his clothes are finer.

Every star has a confidential peon, an alter or lesser ego, who is often his brother, sometimes his manager and always his first line of defense. It is this peon who tried before the fight to make the best of an inferior lot of bulls by dickering for one good and one bad, and who may even, for all I know, arrange for the temporary laming of some monster bull that his matador draws and who, limping in, has to be taken out after the first few minutes.

I have never been able to admire even the best picadors. Their job looks ugly and cruel, and some of them have a fat, cruel air. I think the crowd feels the same. There is nothing they resent so much as senseless piccing.

One Sunday, Armilla, the great maestro, who is rich now and cautious, had his picador almost kill a good bull to save himself the trouble. From that moment, the fight was not between Armilla and the bull, but between Armilla and the crowd who scoffed at every move he made and shouted threats at him. But they had direct action for the picador who had done Armilla's dirty work. When he rode out through the alley his head reached almost to the first row, and he was hit with the hard seat cushions and spat on by everyone who could reach him.

A Matador Has No Private Life

Americans have a strange idea of bullfighters. Movies which show matadors are usually scandalously inaccurate. Matadors are public figures, of course. When Armilla wanted to kneel with his wife by the coffin of their first child, who had died while he was fighting out of town, crowds of people came into the house and were offended when his brothers asked them to leave. "We have a right to see how Armilla acts when he is suffering," they said. Their possessiveness is a shade different from our movie-star worship. The identification of this crowd with their idol is not on a sex-and-success basis, but a courage-and-success level. That adds up to another kind of glamor, but it is only the uninitiated who think that a matador can be a devil-may-care swashbuckler. When he is, he dies young.

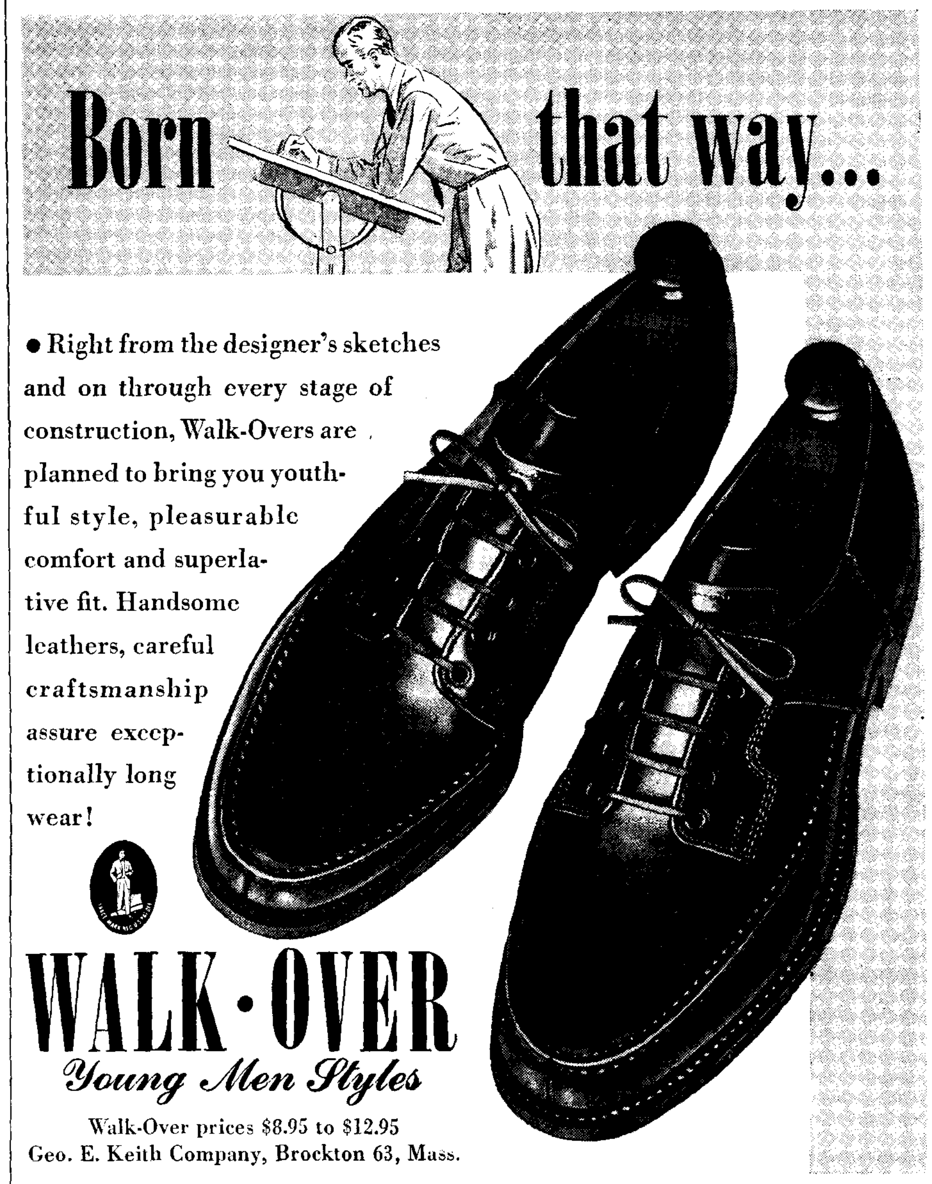
None of the present top group is a wastrel. Several own *ganaderias* (ranches where bulls are raised). Others have various business interests. They must retire at thirty-four. These men, with the exception of Jesús Solorzano, called *el torero aristocrata* because he is from one of the old families, and Carlos Arruza, whose patrician mother is also his manager, have come up from the bottom. And the bottom in Mexico is something.

In recent years 95 per cent of the management stock of the bull ring has been in the hands of a politico, General Maximino Avila Camacho, the president's older brother and, quite unlike the president, one of the most disliked men in Mexico. At the beginning of the 1944 season, Maximino almost doubled seat prices; in protest there were fires started

ANSWERS TO WHO'S WHO?

(Page 86)

O. Henry	**William Sidney Porter**
George Eliot	**Mary Ann Evans**
Dorothy Dix	**Elizabeth M. Meriwether**
Voltaire	**François Marie Arouet**
Lewis Carroll	**Charles L. Dodgson**
Maxim Gorki	**Aleksyey Maksimovich Pyeshkov**
Frances Hodgson Burnett	**Mrs. Stephen Townsend**
Mark Twain	**Samuel L. Clemens**
Jules Verne	**M. Olchewitz**
George Sand	**Mme. Dudevant**
Anatole France	**Jacques Anatole Thibault**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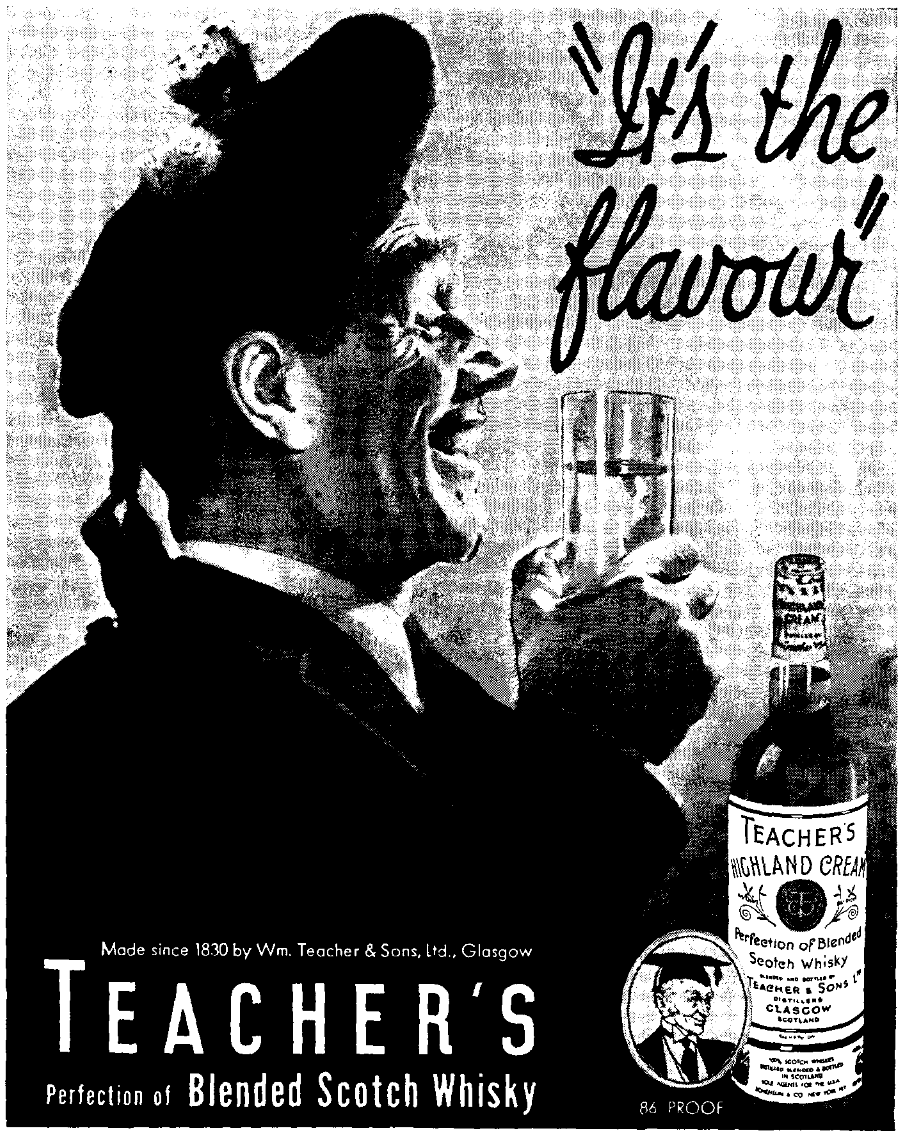
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in the grandstand, and big advertising signs were torn down and thrown around.

There were developments enough. In every way the season of 1944 was the most unpredictable and eventful in years. To begin with, for the first time since the Spanish Civil War, Mexico and Spain exchanged fighters. Before, the big names fought in both countries as the seasons in the two hemispheres don't coincide, Belmonte and Joselito in Mexico, Gaona and the Fregs in Madrid. The Mexicans, El Soldado and Armilla made fabulous records, Armilla fighting seventy-six consecutive Sundays in Spain.

Their success and the fees they were able to command brought on jealous repercussions ending in a *boicot* which worked both ways. Besides, Mexico has never recognized the Franco regime and, although bullfighters are not very political-minded, the Matadors' Union still could not bring itself to do business with franquistas. Meantime bullfighting in Spain declined because of the war; new talent was scarce; the moldy old fighters who hung on were more famous for amours with marquesas than for their work in the bull ring. Quite the opposite was true in Mexico.

Cut off from Spain, a young crop led by Armilla and El Soldado began to develop their own styling. So that by now the situation is simply that Mexico instead of Spain is the bullfighting capital of the Latin world. So much so that Carlos Arruza, a very great fighter whose family had as many ties to the older country as to Mexico, nevertheless was brought by his manager-mother to Mexico to debut. Now, Mexico is snobbish about the Spanish fighters, instead of vice versa.

Six Spaniards came over last December. Two were gypsies, and the Mexicans have a great curiosity about the difference between their own and gypsy-style fighting, which is sentimental and un-Indian; so while throwing things at the ring they still paid the double prices to watch Gagancho or El Gitanito on the same bill with El Soldado or Silverio. But the Spaniards made more of a show in Ciro's Sunday nights than they did at any time during the afternoons. And the protests in the ring began to get more and more vociferous. One of the Spaniards, but not a gypsy, Pepe Luis Vasquez, improved. He became the darling of Mexico, and special night fights had to be scheduled to take care of this enthusiasm. And Maximino Avila Camacho suddenly died at a banquet.

General Maximino's widow gave the bullring concession, lock, stock and barrel to Mexico's Department of Salubridad y Asistencia, which means the proceeds go to orphanages. Actually no one knows yet exactly what it does mean, because Mexicans, being realists, know that their politicos are as apt to bob up in an orphanage as anywhere else. But in spite of the effusive mourning rites and a very impressive bull dedication by Pepe Luis Vasquez to the dead general, a feeling of gaiety was afoot. This good humor became a demonstration a few weeks after the general's death when Lorenzo Garza returned to the ring.

Bull-Ring Hero in the Doghouse

This ambidextrous and frolicsome fellow once had the effrontery to win a famous lady from General Maximino, or at least had not cared to share her. This scandal was so well known it was never mentioned, or that may have been because of Maximino's pistoleros. At that time Garza was receiving the highest price ever received for an afternoon, and was so popular he could refuse to pay judges' fines for swearing in the ring and other offenses, and could take all six bulls, three Sundays in a row, and fill the ring. But he couldn't get a booking. Philosophically he turned to raising bulls and making movies. His triumphant reappearance was a happy occasion for everybody, including the lady.

But Garza was not the only matador to flout the long hand of *racketerismo*. For the last eight or nine years, the newspaper and magazine bullfight reviews have been in the hands of one man. Not that he wrote them, but he decided, according to whether the appropriate fees had been paid to him, who had or had not made a success. The cynical Mexico City *aficionado* doesn't care a hang for the reviews; he sees the fights and decides for himself. But, although the fighter's glamor depends on his reputation with the city *aficionado*, his main livelihood depends on his out-of-town and Peruvian, Colombian and Venezuelan contracts. These bookings, in turn, depend largely on what is said about him in the Mexico City press. The power had got so concentrated that the bullfight pages on all the principal dailies and weeklies, except Esto and the snappy, independent Redondel, belonged outright to one man.

The union as such had stayed out of the argument, giving its energy to contract violations and raising money for retired or ailing matadors. But a group of the leading fighters signed an agreement refusing to pay the toll or to appear on the same bill with others who paid it. The result was a flagrant misreporting job, which reached the ludicrous in not mentioning fighters who the day before had been awarded the ears and tail off their dead adversaries, the ultimate sign of the judge's approval.

Arruza Spills the Frijoles

Some of the fighters could not survive this strenuous *boicot* and gave up; but Carlos Arruza, the young *criollo* who made his debut in Mexico and whom Mexico has taken to her heart, made a statement in New York, published in Esto, in which he gave not only the name of the head racketeer, but of those matadors who had kept their agreement and those who had not.

Few Americans become *aficionados*, which means to go nearly every Sunday. I don't know of any who have *trajatas de apartado*, a regular seat held until three o'clock Saturday. None of our embassy people are *aficionados*.

The late Russian ambassador Oumansky made himself liked, among other ways, by attending the bullfights and even learning some of the basic passes from El Soldado, who was always invited to Soviet receptions, as representative of one important stratum of Mexican life.

One trouble is that tourists seldom see the good fighters, because the formal season lasts from November to Holy Week, and in the summer, *novillero* time, the kids, although they are colorful enough and take chances, nevertheless can't hold a candle to fighters like Garza, Armilla, El Soldado, Silverio Pérez, Arruza and a few others. It's a matter of all-over timing. A good fighter, having sized up his bull, makes a plan almost unconsciously. He may improvise on this but the pattern is evident. The kids do a brilliant bit here and there but it is all jerky. Also you can tell how afraid they are; the older fighters have learned how to be afraid and at the same time execute maneuvers in split-second timing.

To see the pattern behind a great matador's fight you must watch him several times; technical understanding of his problems and of his styling is essential. Generally speaking, Americans only go to the bullfight once and because it is a bloody spectacle they want to say they've seen. So when they walk out before the fight is over they are booed. Or when a Texan yells, "Ride 'em, cowboy," it is resented, or the lady tourist who screams, "What a wild animal!" when the bull stands pawing and bellowing, which, to everybody but the lady and the bull, announces that the animal is cowardly.

Perhaps most of all, Americans fail to understand the attitude of the crowd to the bull, who is sometimes applauded more than the man. During the summer season the owner of the bulls often receives twice as much as does the fighter! The name of each bull is on the program, although this naming always struck me, like that of Pullman cars, as a great waste of ingenuity. However, each season posthumous honors are awarded the bravest bulls.

Bullfighting is ritual; also it's a barometer to tell any gringo plenty about his Mexican neighbors, whose destiny we have no hesitation deciding, but whose language we are only beginning to learn, whose movies we seldom see, and whose national fiesta we haven't, up to now, tried very hard to understand.

THE END

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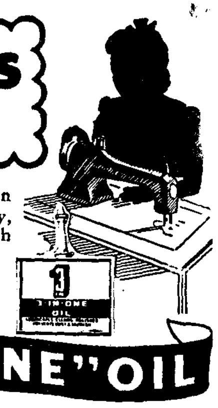

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Bill Mauldin and family

As a spokesman for returning soldiers, you could hardly find a better man than Cartoonist Bill Mauldin, author of Ex-G.I., p. 22.

All you have to do is look at Mauldin's Up Front cartoons to know that he knows what he is talking about when he talks about soldiers. His famous cartoon characters, Willie and Joe, got to be two of the best-known G.I.s in the European theater. Born during the Italian campaign, they carried on heroically through battle after battle all the way to Germany. Unkempt, irreverent and uninhibited, they won Army fame by appearing regularly in The Stars and Stripes, the soldier's newspaper. People at home got to know them through syndication of Up Front in 125 newspapers. They said and did a lot of things that irritated the brass hats, but the soldiers loved them.

Georges Carousso

Now Willie and Joe, like their creator, are ex-G.I.s. But Mauldin, at 23, comes back to fame and fortune, while he is going to keep Willie and Joe just average, and through them show the typical problems that face the veterans.

Mauldin's book Up Front, with text and cartoons, is a Book of the Month selection. Already he has earned more than $25,000 with his drawings, and his honors include the Legion of Merit and the Pulitzer Prize for 1944's best cartoon.

He and his wife and young son—whom he saw for the first time this summer—live in Los Angeles.

Georges Carousso is, as you'll discover from his article Southward Passage, p. 18, a hunting and fishing man. In his boyhood, he says, he planned his career that way. "All I wanted out of life was to hunt and fish and travel in all the odd corners of the world, and meet all the crazy people in them. When it became clear that I would have to work for my right to laziness, I became a civil engineer and built all kinds of things ranging from hospitals to sewage-disposal plants. In my spare time I wrote, fished, hunted, trapped, wrote, wrote, fished, hunted—and wrote. It took only ten years to sell my first story. Lately I gave up engineering as an unprofitable hobby and settled down to a normal writing career."

John Cashman

Carousso was born in Alexandria, Egypt, and his father, a Greek engineer, moved the family to the United States when Georges was eleven. He learned English with the aid of Horatio Alger and Frank Merriwell, he says, and then while he was in high school, he tried writing true confessions. "They were written from the woman's angle, and the recurrent, fearsome discovery that I was about to become a mother reflected itself in my studies, and my marks suffered."

Carousso is married to Dorothee Hughes (also a fiction writer), and they and their small daughter make frequent trips to the Adirondacks after fin, fang and fur.

Bruce Douglas, a Collier's reader living in Mexico, sends us a letter which says so much so well, we pass it on to you. He writes:

"May I add my word of praise to the many you will undoubtedly receive for your editorial No Tags, No Gags, No Labels. The philosophic basis for the principle of freedom of the press is the assumption that John Q. Citizen is a reasonable being, that there is no thought in all the world, no 'propaganda line' from which he needs to be protected; that if he has free access to all the facts, and all shades of opinion based on those facts, he will weigh those facts, and arguments and reach a sound conclusion by his own processes of reasoning. Solely on that assumption was freedom of the press added to our Constitution; and on that same assumption it becomes the most important thing in all the world that all the facts and all the shades of opinion be given to John Q. Citizen, for without all of them—if any are withheld—he is deprived of the basis for sound judgment. John Q. Citizen needs no 'protection' of tags, gags and labels. . . .

"All praise to Collier's for its expression of faith in the American way."

John Cashman, author of the short story, The Grenadier, p. 24, died last July in a plane crash on Okinawa. He was just getting a good start as a writer. Because he wanted to be in on the war, he became a correspondent for International News Service after the Navy gave him a medical discharge.

One of his INS colleagues writes of him: "Cashman was a man who could and did overcome obstacles that lesser men would never attempt to surmount. In May of 1942 a naval gun aboard his vessel misfired and wounded him. He lost his left arm just below the shoulder. But that boy could type with his right hand faster than most of us can with two hands. It was amazing to watch. He always said he started writing because he won a typewriter in a crap game in 1937 aboard ship."

Cashman is survived by his widow and a small son, John. . . . A. P.

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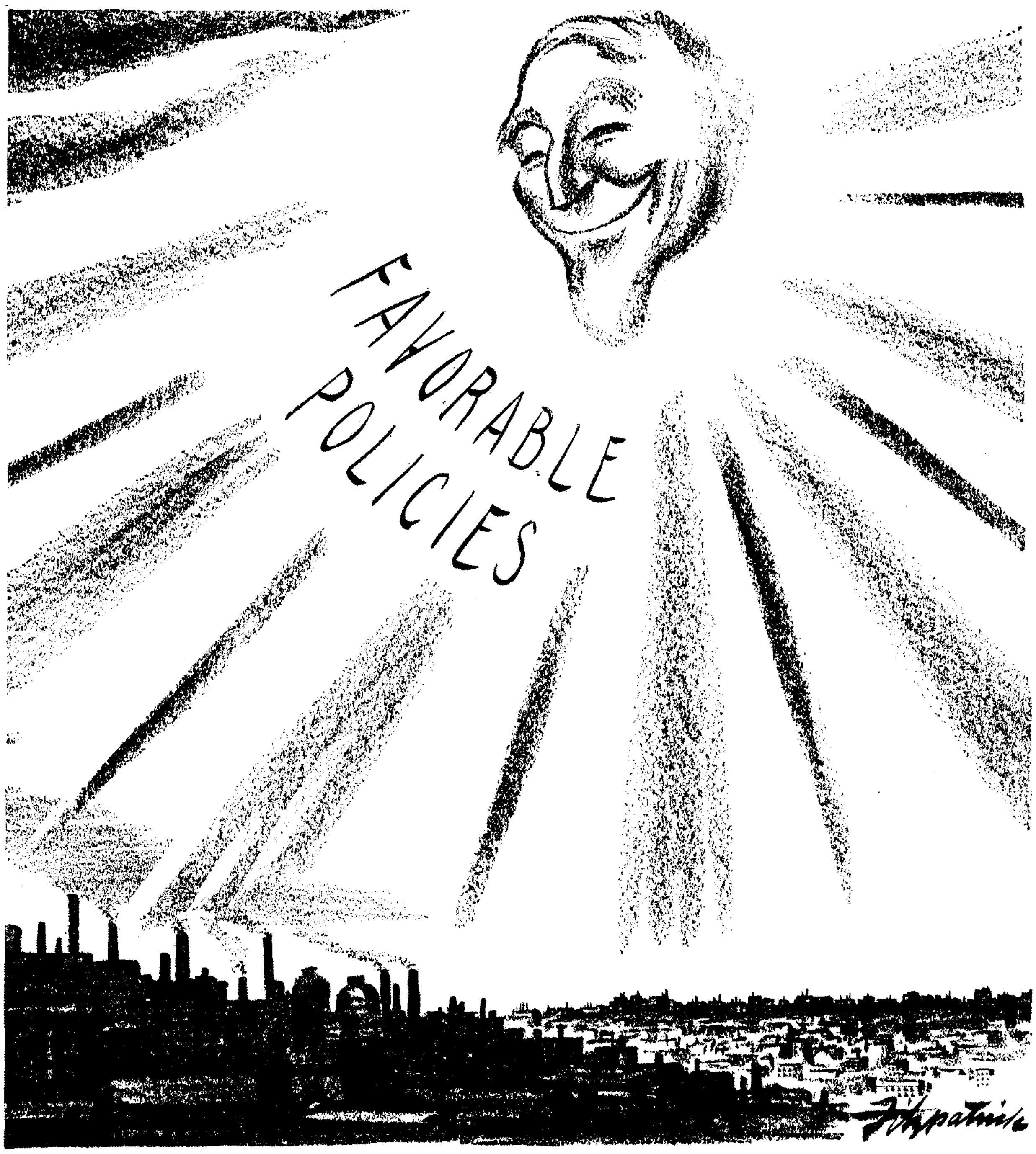

HOW TO GET FULL EMPLOYMENT

NO REAL conflict between government and business exists as to full employment. This is a current political phrase indicating national prosperity. It is the 1945 equivalent of the 1896 "Full Dinner Pail." Certainly there is little difference between President Truman's recommendations in his September message to Congress and the business proposals offered by the Committee on Economic Development. Still, politicians both attacked and defended President Truman's suggestions as New Dealish.

We will get nowhere by being muddleheaded or mulish on this business of full employment. We can blunder into first-class misunderstandings and quarrels if we shut our eyes and begin to shout. We can do well for ourselves and the country if we observe the facts and try to do what can be practically achieved. The important question is: Do we want jobs or a political fight? We can have either.

Everybody on all sides agrees that full employment is good. It is if we know what we are talking about. Premature child labor is not good. We have had a lot of it during the war. Educable children ought to be in schools and not employed as workers in factories or on farms. Mothers of young children should care for their babies. Many old men have done their duty and should now be allowed to retire. Full employment in the fury of war is not the same thing as full employment in normal prosperous peace years. That is a fact to remember.

It is, and it ought to be, the policy of government to bring about the conditions that result in the full employment of all those able and willing to work. What can our government—besides hiring workers for public jobs—do to bring about full employment? President Truman set forth the essentials, a few of which in summary are:

1. Gather all the facts about employment and opportunity periodically.

2. Promote maximum production and employment in private enterprise by governmental policy and program.

3. Understand that full employment means full production and the opportunity to sell goods.

This is a very brief but a very penetrating program. Who wants to quarrel with it? Not business surely. The Committee on Economic Development has repeatedly pointed out that the function of the government in fostering employment is to establish conditions under which free enterprise can operate most effectively.

Obviously the government itself cannot supply many desirable jobs. In 1940 the federal government provided about five per cent of the total civilian employment. This is natural. Private enterprise is the principal job-maker in our society. If we had to look to the government as a direct employer, we would live badly indeed.

On the other hand, a Commission on Full Employment appointed by the President can be immensely useful. It would naturally report to the President who, on the basis of such information, would be better able to report to a joint Congressional Committee on Full Employment. We can have such a commission if our various group leaders will put the national welfare first. Keep the record of employment straight and test proposed governmental policies by their probable effects upon employment and we shall be well on our way to mastering this central problem of our generation.

OLD MONEY-MAKER HATE

SPEAKING of Collier's articles, Walter Davenpor ripped off one recently under the title Savior from Texas. This one was about hate merchants in general and a pair named Vance Muse and Lewis V. Ulrey in particular. Muse and Ulrey do business under th name of Christian American Association, Inc.

As you probably remember from the Davenport article, Muse and Ulrey sell hatred of labor unions as their principal stock in trade, and have a working arrangement with Senator W. Lee (Pass the Biscuits Pappy) O'Daniel of Texas to push an antilabor-union constitutional amendment christened by them the God-Given-Right-to-Work Amendment. But they also sel various side lines of hate, directed at colored people Jews, etc., etc., and all dressed up in language disclaiming hatred of anybody or anything.

These hate peddlers of the Muse-Ulrey type probably are in for some boom times, what with the war over and a lot of tensions still unresolved among us, and the desire riding high in many a bosom to punch some nose which one couldn't see one's way clear to punching while the war was on.

We don't advocate the hate merchants' suppression. That would be contrary to the Bill of Rights and would only drive them underground. But we do advocate their frequent unveiling by magazines, newspapers, radio commentators and so forth; and we do earnestly advise the hate merchants' prospective customers, before they buy a bale of hate, to stop and think about where their money will go.

In the Muse-Ulrey Christian American case, a total of $67,873.49 was contributed to this organization for its campaign for the antiunion Constitutional amendment in Arkansas. This money was whacked around for salaries to Muse and assistants, for lobbying expenses, for "personal" expenses not itemized, etc.

The hate merchants, in short, make money out of marketing hate. Hate is the commodity they sell, the thing they live by—a purely destructive emotion which makes no jobs, builds no houses, raises no crops and settles almost no problems of any kind.

It's a strange way to make a living, when you come to think about it; and it's something of a commentary on human cussedness that so many hate merchants can make good livings out of hate, while dispensers of good will and generosity and tolerance so often have to give their wares away.

There's no law to keep you from buying hatred by contributing to one or more hate organizations. But you're just a sucker if you do it, and nobody but the hate peddler who gets your money will profit by it.

MEMO FOR VICTORS

LET us not forget, now or 20 or 40 years from now, an item which appeared in a Japanese newspaper during the tense interval when the Japanese were trying to make up their minds about surrendering to the Allies, their Emperor to become in effect the head office boy for the Allied command in Japan.

The item was an editorial; the newspaper, the Yomiuri Hochi, of Tokyo.

In the editorial, an ancient Japanese story was recalled: the story of a war 2,500 years ago between the states of Wu and Yueh. Yueh lost, and its leader spent the next 20 years enduring hardships and poverty, only to make a comeback and score a big victory over the state of Wu.

Concluded the editorial: "Confucius said that it is the maintaining of victory and not the winning of it which is difficult."

This was one of Confucius' major mouthfuls, as those of us who didn't know it before are now beginning to find out.

Let's paste it in our minds, alongside the fact that Japanese leaders for at least a year before V-J Day were in the habit of saying openly that Japan was prepared to fight a 30-year war or a 100-year war, with nonshooting intermissions, and that defeat in the first round would be nothing but an unpleasant initial setback.

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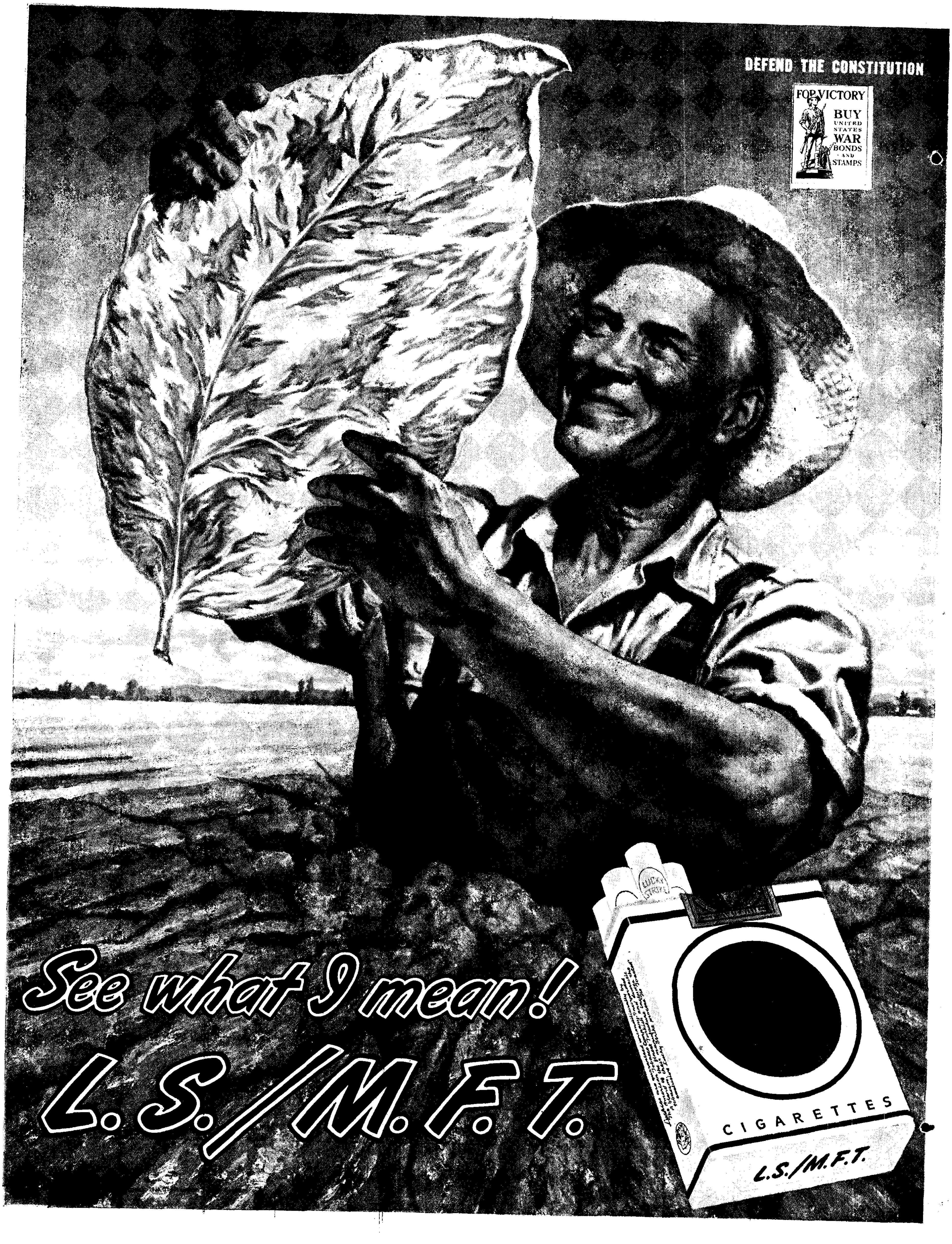
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